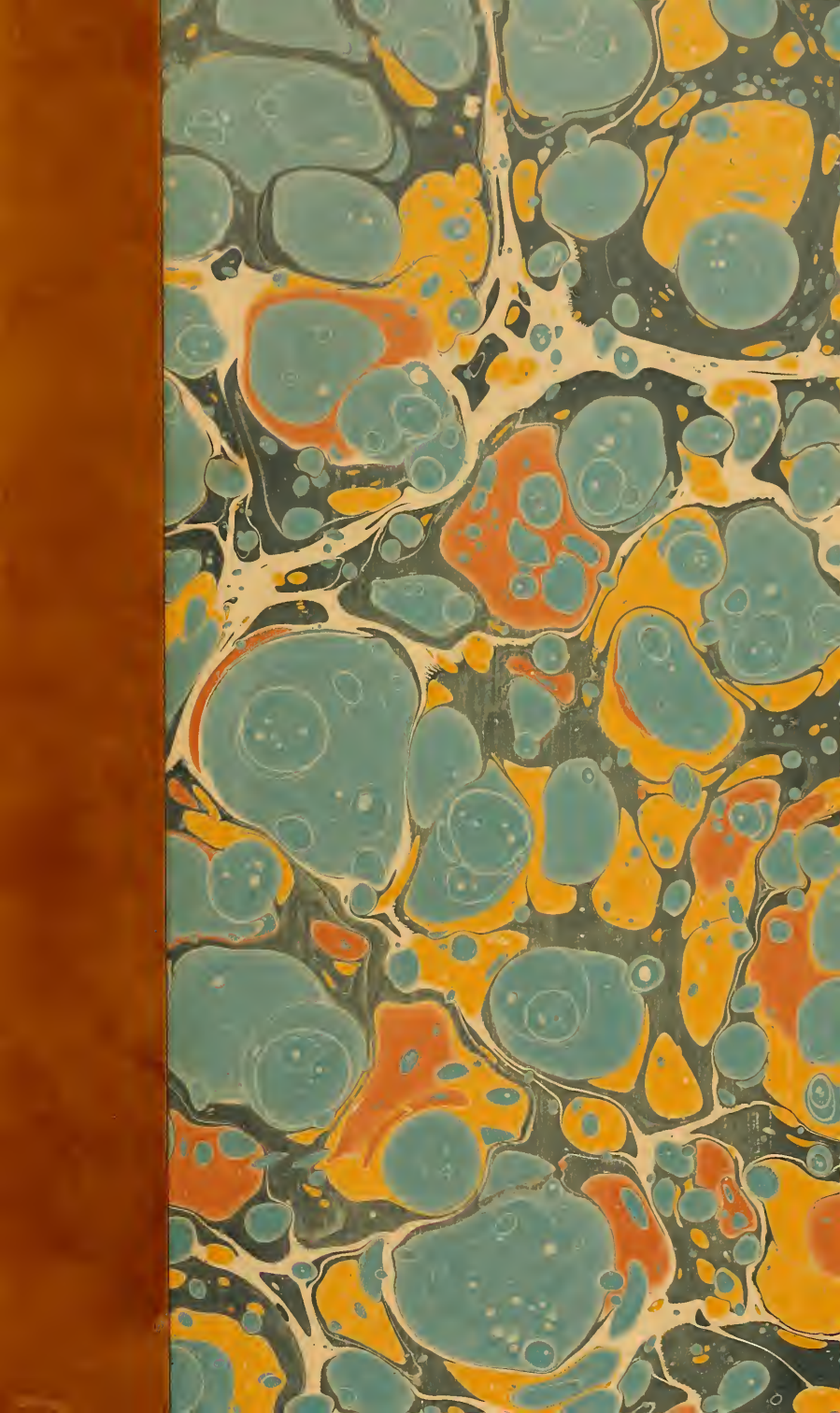

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# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *A SATIRICAL POEM.*

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## A SATIRICAL POEM

## *IN FOUR DIALOGUES,*

WITH NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED,

A VINDICATION OF THE WORK,

AND

TRANSLATIONS OF ALL THE GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH QUOTATIONS.

Υμεις, ω παντα εν πᾶσι φυσει και παιδειᾳ χρηστοι, και μετριοι, και φιλανθρωποι, και της Βασιλειας αξιοι, τυτοις τοις λογοις επινευσατε.

Athenagoræ Atheniensis Legatio Imperatoribus Antonino et Commodo.—ad fin. Op. Justin. Martyr. Ed. Paris. 1636. pag. 39.

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1800.

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# *ADVERTISEMENT*

TO THE

## SEVENTH EDITION.

*March* 30, 1798.

*THE Poem on the Pursuits of Literature being out of print, I have revised it with great care. I have indeed incurred some censure from the very attention which I have repeatedly given to it. Yet I am still of opinion, that no man of candour and reflection could wish to see any mistakes continued without correction, or the various parts of it again presented to the public, without improvements and additions to the poetry and notes, as circumstances arose to prompt or to require them. This is all which I have done from time to time. Though words are irrevocable, yet the last corrections of any author should be considered as the sense which he*

*wishes to express or to enforce. Impertinence and falshood I have at all times despised and neglected. It will be seen however, that, by omissions and alterations, I have expressed a liberal concern for my* unintentional *mistakes, with the spirit and breeding of a gentleman.*

*Additions made to a history, or to any professed work of science, may (if it be thought worth the trouble) be printed separately. But in a composition of this nature, a moment's consideration will suggest to any man, that it is impracticable.*

*The following, or similar, words are recorded to have been once delivered in Parliament a few years before the Rebellion in* 1745. *I shall apply the spirit of them to the enemies of* the principles *of this work, but not to the enemies of the work itself. The words are these.* " *The heat which has offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned when* (public) liberty *is threatened or invaded, nor look in silence upon* (intended) Public Robbery. *I will exert my en-*

*deavours, at whatever hazard, to drag the agressors to justice*, whoever may protect them, and whoever may (ultimately) partake of the (national) plunder!"

*It is remarkable: the Speaker was* William Pitt; *the Reporter*, Samuel Johnson.* *No more.*

* See Dr. Johnson's Parliamentary Debates in 1741. Vol. I. p. 307.

# TO THE READER.

I RECOMMEND the following anecdote to sagacious persons who know all authors (and me among the rest) by their style, or by any other certain or *infallible* sign. The anecdote is known to those who are accurately versed in literary history. Julius Scaliger wrote and published an oration, without his name, against the famous tract by Erasmus, called Ciceronianus. Erasmus, having perused it, immediately, (and upon conviction as he thought) fixed upon Hieronimus Aleander, who was afterwards made an Archbishop by Leo X. and a Cardinal by Pope Paul the Third, as the author of the whole, or of the greatest part of it, by signs which he conceived to

be certain and infallible. These signs were strong indeed. His phraseology, his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, his habits of life, and even the very intercourse which Erasmus had daily with him. Nay, his genius and disposition were so evident, that Aleander could not be more intimately known to himself, than he was to Erasmus. YET ERASMUS WAS MISTAKEN ENTIRELY. His judgment and sagacity will not be questioned. But hear his own words, for on such an occasion as the present they are particularly remarkable. "Ex *phrasi*, ex *ore*, ex *locutione*, aliisque compluribus, *mihi* persuasi HOC OPUS *maxima saltem ex parte*, esse Hieronimi Aleandri. *Nam mihi Genius illius ex domestico convictu adeo cognitus perspectusque est, ut ipse sibi non possit esse notior!**"

I recommend this anecdote to the consideration of those persons, who from random conjecture, without any knowledge, or any proof *whatsoever*, continue to ascribe the following work, to men, who are *all equally* guiltless of *my* labours, and *all equally* ignorant of my intentions. But

* Erasmi Epist. 370. c. 1755. Op. Fol. Ed. Opt. Lugd.

I believe, no gentleman to whom it either has been, or may hereafter be, liberally or illiberally attributed, will so far forget his character, as to appropriate *my* composition to himself. " The Town's inquiring yet;" and will inquire, as I think, for a long time.

I am of opinion, that if the Poem is read once without reference to the notes, the plan, connection, and manner of it will be perceived. I may add, that, The First Dialogue was *first* published in May 1794, the Second and Third in June 1796, and the Fourth in July 1797.

# AN INTRODUCTORY LETTER*

TO A

# *FRIEND,*

ON THE GENERAL SUBJECT OF THE FOLLOWING POEM

ON THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Nel cerchio accolto,
Mormorò potentissime parole
Girò tre volte *all' Oriente* il volto,
Tre volte ai regni *ove dechina il Sole;*
" Onde tanto indugiar? forse attendete
" Voci ancor più potenti, o più secre?"
Tasso, G. L. Cant. 13.

DEAR SIR,

AS the public have thought proper to pay some attention to the following Poem on the Pursuits of Literature, the parts of which I have presented to their consideration, and for their use, at various intervals; I have now collected the whole into one volume, after such a revision and correction as appeared to be necessary. It gives me pleasure to address this Introduction to you. As a mark of my friendship, I trust it is decisive. I always thought with Junius, that a printed paper receives very little consideration from the most respectable signature. But I would

* This Letter was *first* prefixed to the Fifth Edition of the P. of L. collected for the first time into one volume in December 1797; and published in January 1798.

not be understood to insinuate, with that great and consummate writer, that *my* name would carry any weight with it. I must own however, that I smile at the various authors to whom *my* work is ascribed. Doctors, Dramatic Writers, Royal Treasurers, Divines, Orators, Lawyers, Greek Professors, School-masters, Bath guides, and Physicians, have all been named with confidence. Sometimes the whole is written by one man, at others, ten or perhaps twenty are concerned in it. Criticisms and dissenting conjectures on the subject are alike the object of my ineffable contempt. More sagacity must be exerted than the *Ardelios* of the day are masters of, who are so kind as to think of me, who most certainly never think of them. It is however my resolution, that not one of these idle conjectures shall ever be extended to you. "Quid de me alii loquantur, IPSI VIDEANT; sed loquentur tamen." It is a voice; nothing more. Prudence indeed suggests a caution which I unwillingly adopt, and restrains the eagerness I feel for the display of *your* virtues and of *your* talents. But those virtues must at present be left to the testimony of your own conscience; and your talents within those limits of exertion, in which an undiscerning spirit has too long suffered them to be confined. The bird of day however always looks to the sun.

In regard to writing in general, the public expect neither thanks nor gratitude from an author for their favourable reception of his work. If it is unworthy of their notice, it is left to perish with the poetry of Knight or the prose of Lauderdale. "I cannot indeed affect to believe, that nature has wholly disqualified me for all *literary pursuits*." * Yet I would not trouble the public, or myself, with this new edition of my Poem, if I did not think it agreeable to their wishes. I am satisfied with the attention which has been given to it. And when I have commanded a silence within my own breast, I think a still small voice may whisper those gratulations, from which an honest man may best derive comfort from the past, and motives for future action.

The wayward nature of the time, and the paramount necessity of securing to this kingdom her political and religious existence, and the rights of society, have urged and stimulated me, as you well know, to offer *this endeavour* to preserve them, by a solemn, laborious, and disinterested appeal

* The words of Mr. Gibbon. Posthumous Works, 4. to vol. I.

to my countrymen. It it designed to conduct them through the labyrinths of literature; to convince them of the manner in which the understanding and affections are either bewildered, darkened, enervated, or degraded; and to point out the fatal paths which would lead us all either to final destruction, or to complicated misery.

I am not yet so old as to say, with the desponding bard, "*Vitæ est avidus, quisquis non vult*, MUNDO SECUM PEREUNTE, *mori*." Yet I see, with sorrow and fear, the political constitutions of Europe falling around us, or crumbling into dust, under the tyrannical Republic of France. She commenced with an imperious injunction to the surrounding nations not to interpose in her domestic government, while at the very same moment, she herself was interfering and disturbing them all. She has indeed terminated in the change or overthrow of each of them, *but of this kingdom*.

Frenchmen were always brutal, when unrestrained. With their own domestic misery and wickedness they never were satisfied. In these latter days, they have been *neighing* after the constitutions of their neighbours in their lawless lustihood. They first deflower the purity of the struggling or half-consenting victims, and then with their ruffian daggers they stifle at once the voice and the remembrance of the pollution. Such are their abominations. Such are their orgies of blood and lust. And when their cruelty is at last wearied out and exhausted, and demands a pause, they call it clemency. France had been long looking for that, which *her philosophers* had taught her to term THE PARALLELISM OF THE SWORD. She has indeed found it. That sword has indeed swept down not only every royal crest, but every head which raised itself above the plain of their equality. Such is their quaint and ferocious language. And now, when Englishmen are to be warned against the introduction of the horrid system, no appeal is to be made to the common feelings and passions of our nature, (this, it seems, is declamation;) no scenes of terror, and cruelty, and desolation are to be laid before them, but dry reasoning and mathematical calculations of *the quantum* of misery, plunder, and blood, necessary for the production and establishment in England of this blessed revolutionary government. But we will not be insulted and fooled out of our existence, or of our understanding. "Our sentence is for open war," till we can be safe. England is still prepared, and alert, and vigorous, and opulent, and generous, and bold, and undismayed. She has not cast away her confi-

dence. Among the bands and associated energies of England, I also, in my degree and very limited capacity, will struggle for the principle of her life. I feel, in common with the wise and reflecting, that the constitution of Great Britain, even with it's real or apparent defects, is worthy of continuance, and I hope of perpetuity. Our ancestors in 1688 once adopted the words of the aged Patriarch, "We have blessed it, yea, and it shall be blessed." In this one response, I trust we shall all be orthodox; and with one heart and voice condemn all the heresies of Gallick policy, in the words of the Alexandrian Liturgy of old, Των αἱρεσιων καταλυσον τα φρυαγματα."*

Government and Literature are now more than ever intimately connected. The history of the last thirty years proves it beyond a controversy. Still it is difficult to rouse the attention of men, and to persuade them of the fact. But I have attempted it. I thought it just and right to set before them excellence opposed to excellence,† as well as error contrasted to error. In the present change of manners, opinions, government, and learning, you may remember I gave it as my opinion, in which after some consideration you concurred, that a variation is now required in the mode of conducting satirical writing. I mean, by calling in the reciprocal assistance of poetry and prose in the same work, for the great end; if it is designed for general perusal and extended application. I think this work is the first attempt of the kind, in the sense which I propose.

(Αρχιλοχϛ) φωνημα και οφρυοεσσαν αοιδην
Πυργωσας στιβαρῃ ΠΡΩΤΟΣ εν ευεπιῃ.‡

I know not whether I am mistaken, but as it appears to me, the power of legitimate Satire thus extended and strengthened with the rampart of prose, and fully understood, is the best, if not the only literary support left. I am sure it cannot be construed into an hired service. It has nothing in it of professional labour: and as to interested views of

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* Liturgia Sancti Gregorii Alexandrina. Liturg. Oriental. Collect. Vol. 1. p. 107. Edit. Paris. 1716.

† Αγαθος ἀγαθοις αντεξεταζειν. Dion. Halicarn. ad Cne. Pompeium de Platone Epist. p. 757. Sect. I. Vol. 6. Ed. Reiske. 1777.

‡ Adapted from the Anthologi. p. 393. Ed. Brodæi. Fol.

personal profit or promotion how can they be consistent with it? It is as true in our time, as in that of Dryden, (I will give you his own words,) that " the common libellers of the day, are as free from the imputation " of wit as of morality." Satire has another tone and another character, All public men, however distinguished, must in their turns submit to it if necessary to the welfare of the state. The altar and the throne, the minister and the statesman, may feel and own its influence. I would express myself with diffidence of any Satirist: yet of the office itself, and of its higher functions, I would speak as becomes it's dignity and the excellency of it's ancient character. *Magnificabo apostolatum meum.*

In my opinion, the office of a Satirist is by no means pleasant or desirable, but in times like the present it is peculiarly necessary. It is indeed difficult to exercise the talent without an appearance of severity in the character and disposition. Even playfulness and humour are called by other appellations. Learning is ostentation, censure is malignity, and reprehension is abuse. There remains a more formidable objection. On a first and partial view, it might deter any man from engaging in Satire; at least any man who feels himself (and who does not feel himself, if he examines his own heart?) unworthy and wretched before *the* unerring judgment. It is said to be incompatible, if not with the profession, yet certainly with the practice, of Christianity. I am sure, if that is true, the praise of wit, or learning, or talents, is nothing worth. If private malignity is the motive, it is essentially contrary to the precepts and practice of this religion. It cannot be defended for a moment. But if Satire is an instrument, and a powerful instrument, to maintain and enforce public order, morality, religion, literature, and good manners, in those cases, in which the pulpit and the courts of law can seldom interfere, and rarely with effect; the community may authorize and approve it. The authorized instruments of lawful war are lawful.

Satire never can have effect, without a personal application. It must come home to the bosoms, and often to the offences of particular men. It never has its full force, if the author of it is known or stands forth; for the unworthiness of any man lessens the strength of his objections. This is a full answer to those who require the name of a satirical poet. What I have written, is delivered to the public in this spirit. If I had any private end or malignity in *any* part of it, I would have burned the

work with indignation before it should have appeared. I make no idle appeal to you, or to any man, for the truth of my assertion; it is enough for me to feel that I speak truth in the sincerity of my heart. If I am believed, I am believed.

But I may ask with confidence; Is there, in this work on the Pursuits of Literature, any sentence or any sentiment, by which the mind may be depraved, degraded, or corrupted? Is there a principle of classical criticism in any part of it, which is not just and defensible by the greatest masters of ancient and legitimate composition? Is there any passage which pandars to the vitiated taste, or to the polluted affections and passions of bad men? On the contrary; Are not the heart and understanding fortified unto virtue, and exalted into independence? Is there any idle depreciating declamation, against the real and solid advantages of birth, fortune, learning, wit, talents, and high station? Is there any doctrine, which a teacher of morality, I mean Christian morality, might refuse to sanction? A moralist and a divine have not the same office with the satirist; personality is foreign to them. But it is not sufficiently attended to or believed, that when the understanding is enervated, when it once loses, what one of the Fathers * calls emphatically, the της φρονησεως συννευν και πεπυκνωμενον, when that solid, tenacious power of the mind is dissolved, it is then open to all manner of deception, and to the impressions of sophistry in literature, government, philosophy, and religion. On this account, many works and many actions must be considered, wholly unworthy of reprehension or notice in any other point of view.

Ignorant men will cry out, it is a vexatious suit, when it is a just prosecution at the tribunal of public opinion. They who would consider my reprehensions of authors and of the tendency of their writings, as libels, or as libellous matter, are as ignorant of common law, as they are forgetful of common sense, or common integrity and candour. With such men, every piece of criticism is a species of libel. If they are inclined to *indict* any part of my work as *libellous*, it will be incumbent on them to contradict the great sage of the law, who declares that, "*In a* CRIMINAL "PROSECUTION, *the tendency which all libels have to create animosities*

* Basil. Archiepisc. Cæsareæ. Op. Vol. 2. p. 698. Ed. Par. 1618.

"*and disturb the public peace*, IS THE WHOLE *which the law considers.*"* I am content to be at issue with them on this point. If any part of *my* work is "blasphemous, immoral, treasonable, schismatical, seditious, or "scandalous," let it be produced publicly, and publicly punished. But I maintain that, under these restrictions, I have an undoubted right to lay my sentiments before the world, on public subjects, public men, and public books, in any manner I think proper. If I am denied this right, there is an end of the freedom of the press, and of the rational and guarded liberty of England. If the matter of my book is criminal, let it be shewn. I appeal to the courts and the sages of the law. But I will not be intimidated by the war-whoop of jacobins and democratic writers, or the feeble shrieks of witlings and poetasters. While I have power, I will plead in behalf of learning, and in the cause of my country. I have not, in this work, violated the precepts of Christianity, or the law of the land; and till I have done both or either, it is not in the power of any man to degrade my character and reputation with my country. If I have drawn any supposed characters, without a name or designation, I have done no more than Theophrastus or La Bruyere. I shall not condescend to a discussion of such a subject.

Many passages, and perhaps trifling or sportive allusions, in this work to persons and events, are best defended by the general apology of Horace, "Egosi *risi* quòd ineptus Pastillos Rufillus olet, *lividus et mordax videar?*" I shall offer no other apology. I would not descend to such minutiæ, if they were not connected with my general design. Yet Sporus and Lord Fanny must be noticed, as well as Bufo and Atticus. Perhaps such passages and allusions as these meet with the least indulgence. The works of Pope abound in them. To contemporaries they are pleasing and interesting, and to posterity they are often curious. But though I stoop to such trifles rather unwillingly, yet I feel they are often necessary to the full effect and completion of Satire. A Gentleman Usher is not the principal figure in the etiquette of a court, but he must stand in his place.

As to any supposed arrogance or presumption; a writer, especially a poet, will be sometimes warmed with the dignity and importance of his subject, and may express himself in terms rather strong. The "sume

* Blackstone Comment. B. 4. Ch. 11.

superbiam" of a poet is seldom severely examined. It is an extravaganza at most, and understood as such.

Much has been observed as to the defect of plan in my Poem. I will say a few words. I wish not to vindicate, but to explain myself. The object of the whole, is a View of Literature. The Poem itself is, "A con-"versation on the various subjects of Literature, in a very extended sense, "as it affects public order, regulated government, and polished society." Nothing is introduced which is not directly or indirectly, to that main purpose. It does not appear in the form of an Epistle, a mock-epic, or a didactic poem; but as a conversation in which subjects are discussed, as they arise naturally and easily; and the notes illustrate and enforce the general and particular doctrines. There is as much method and connection, as is consistent with what I state to be my plan, or *design*, if you like that word better. There is unity in the design. Conversation has it's laws, but they are pleasant, not severe restraints. Consuls indeed do not now meet Consuls in Tusculum; and, if I am rightly informed, the symposiacs at Wimbledon and Holwood have not too much severity of method, or equality in the glasses. I am willing to give my adversaries the full benefit of the sarcastic pleasantry of Lord Shaftesbury, "that it "would be a belying of the age, to put so much good sense together in any "*one* conversation, as to make it hold out steadily, and with plain cohe-"rence, for an hour's time*." I never desired to exhaust any subject, but to leave matter for the reader's own suggestion. I may add, that it would be difficult to analyze one of the most finished Satires in our language. I mean Pope's Two Dialogues, or as they are strangely called, the Epilogue to the Satires.

I am represented, as having threatened any person who makes inquiry after me or my name. It was not my intention to do so. I said, "it "will be more than foolish to be very inquisitive." I say so still; for when the avenue to any knowledge is strongly and effectually closed, who would labour after it fruitlessly? To waste our time to no manner of use, is not surely one of the discriminating marks of wisdom. I maintain it boldly; no man has a right to demand either my name or my situation. It has been observed on such occasions, that "some might fight,

* Shaftesbury's Moralists, Sec. I.

" but others would assassinate." For I believe I have no real enemies, but the lovers of confusion and the troublers of states. I will acknowledge it, I come armed into their confines, and I come in the darkness of the night. But if I were required or called upon to choose my companion, *you* know I am prepared with the answer of Diomede.

Ει μεν δη ἑταρον γε κελευεις μ'αυτον ελεσθαι,
Πως αν επειτ' ΟΔΥΣΗΟΣ εγω ΘΕΙΟΙΟ λαθοιμην ;
Ου περι μεν προφρων κραδιη και θυμος αγηνωρ
Εν παντεσσι πονοισι.*

And if I am forced to descend into the lower regions of sorrow and confusion, among the perturbed spirits of anarchy and democracy, I shall hope for the safe conduct of the Sibyll. She might produce the branch to the ferryman of France and Tartarus. I would wish her to exhibit this Poem, as the " Donum fatalis virgæ, longo post tempore visum." But to leave these allusions. My book is open to all the accumulated severity of public criticism and public reprehension. I shrink from neither of them. When I am wrong, (I have never been so intentionally) I will correct myself, and have done so frequently. In a field to extensive, candour, I think, will allow that my mistakes have not been very numerous.

As to my poetry or versification, it was not written as a vehicle for the notes, but the notes were composed to accompany the text. I offer the poetry to those who are conversant with the strength, simplicity, and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and them alone. I submit both my Poems, " The Pursuits of Literature, and the Imperial Epistle," in this spirit and with this confidence to the public. There are men, (and women too) who understand. But as to the lovers of exotic poetry, I refer them to the Botanic Garden of Dr. Darwin. My plants and flowers are produced and cherished by the natural invigorating influence of the common sun ; I have not raised them by artificial heat.

If the root of a tree is sound and vigorous, you strengthen the shoots by repressing their luxuriance. I approve and would uphold our sacred and civil establishment. I would *therefore* mark the aberrations and misconduct even of men of talents and virtue, who compose it. I would shew, that I am strictly impartial. I can censure, with discrimination, even where

* Il. 10. v. 242.

I generally approve, and consider nothing but the interest of the state upon the whole. It is to misunderstand or to misrepresent me, when it is asserted that I attack alike friends and foes. I attack no man in his *individual* capacity. I have nothing to do with the vanity or injudicious conduct of friends, but as they affect the community; and I can have no personal malignity against those of whom I am personally ignorant. But they shall neither disturb nor overthrow the state of England, civil or religious, if any observations of mine can avail. They may wish to know me; but they may depend upon it, I will never give a proof of my spirit at the expence of my understanding.

I would not have you or any man think, that I enter into a defence of my work, as if I thought it required one. No. I have vindicated, in a day of turbulence and terror, the authority of our national government and constitution; I have defended the purity and dignity of religion and our sacred establishment; I have pleaded the cause of sound literature and true philosophy; I have recalled the public attention to poetry without conceit, and to criticism without affectation; I have endeavoured to secure to women their honour, social rank and happiness, by an attempt to turn the thoughts and hearts of the inhabitants of this island from works of obscenity and indecency, from the morals and manners of atheists and democratic spoilers, to the wisdom of the just; I have boldly invaded the strong holds of impiety and anarchy, plebeian or tribunitian. I have done all this; and I have offended many. I have brushed away the insects of literature whether fluttering or creeping; I have shaken the little stems of many a plant, and the flowerets have fallen. I have almost degraded myself by an attention to minute objects in the service of the public; and I am called upon to defend myself. No....My countenance is unaltered; my perseverance is unbroken; the spirit and tenour of my speech is yet the same. My words are firm. *Semel causam dixi, (vel iterum dicturus,) quo semper agere omnia solitus sum*, ACCUSATORIO SPIRITU.*

As to political matters we shall never want observers. I hate deserters of their duty† on any principle whatever. But I suppose some statesmen think, there is a laudable obliquity and a seasonable fear. For my own part I shall not, on this occasion, invade the retreat of St. Ann's Hill,

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* Liv. Lib. 2. sect. 61. † H. of C. Nov. 1797.

or violate the purity of Drury Lane. If *such* statesmen are resolved to free at once both the senate and the throne, the "Sævi Spiracula Ditis" are open to them; they may descend in safety, and disburthen the land. I do not believe that the possession of absolute power is in the reach of Mr. Pitt, or of any man. But the continuance of such a minister in office will be approved, as I think, while the security, and independence, and dignity of the crown, the parliament, and of the people of Great Britain, are maintained against the tyrannical pretensions of pirates, buccaneers, and plunderers. I would say to Mr. Pitt, as Cicero said to Torquatus, "Tibi nullum periculum esse perspicio, quod quidem sejunctum sit ab "omnium interitu."* That minister has not looked submissively, at any period of his long administration, for personal protection in *any* quarter. There is a hardihood about the man, which I love. On the broad general question of the time, the public esteem has been commensurate with the royal approbation. In this, the policy of the closet, of the senate, and of the people, seems to have been one. I am sure, I hope, that wherever Mr. Pitt, or any minister, proceeds, he will always find a board of controll; nor would I by any means disapprove the advice of an honest Mandarin. But the stairs of the palace have *now* but one flight; the gate is in front and the ascent direct. The noble Marquis, who is now no more in office, may brood safely over beads and relicks. There is some propriety in this amusement. It is pleasing to preserve the memorial of departed dignity. In my opinion the Moor's head might have adorned our coin with the royal Gallic lillies, though the sovereignty of France and of Corsica is passed.

I can stand aloof from the scene itself, but I am no stranger to the moving principle. I was not formed to wait in the anti-chamber of a duke of Lerma, or a Don Calderone. A little experience is sufficient for the observing. It is either my advantage, or my misfortune, not to have adopted any profession. I never could decide that point. But, as you well know, I framed an early and an undaunted resolution, (perhaps not wholly justifiable, but certainly not degrading to the character) that I never would do *personal* suit and service, for convenience or emolument, to any man however high, in a subordinate station. I framed that reso-

* Cic. Ep. ad Fam. Lib. 6. Ep. 1.

lution; I adhered to it. Privacy is my lot. Be it so: it is the soil in which learning and reflection strike deepest. In these days it is my desire that obscurity should gather round me. Now and then indeed the thoughts of times, which are no more, will bring with them a casual, momentary, doubtful glimpse of what might have been; and often, with the poet of Valclusa by the fountain of Sorga, I have regretted some periods of inactivity, not of sloth, which have passed,

*Senza levarmi a volo*, avend'io l'ale,
*Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.*

But if the laurel, which I have *now* planted, should thicken round the temple of my retirement, the pillars will support it. The materials are solid, and the ground is firm.

I have indeed a few memoirs by me, written in other days and with other hopes; and if I could polish the style, and reduce them a little into form, I am convinced they would not be uninteresting. "*Le Roi et "ses Ministres pêutetre se fairoient lire ces Memoires, qui assurément ne sont "pas ceux d'un ignorant.*" But let this pass for the present. I am for practicable politics. I would not be driven into measures from which there is no retreat. I smile when I am told of love and hate in politicians and ministers. These are passions which they never felt. Circumstances alone unite and separate them. I would wish to act with those statesmen who would, as far as is consistent with the dignity and safety of the country, by a timely concession and a rational departure from too rigid principles, prevent those calamities which result from authority without power, and expense without supplies. But my hour for treating these subjects, in the manner I propose, is not yet come. I must turn to other thoughts for a season.

When Philosophy saw the Muses standing by Boethius in his affliction, she spoke in terms of some surprise and indignation.* In our time this indignation would have been retorted by the sisters of the song. Philosophy has appeared, not to console, but to deject. When I have read and thought deeply on the accumulated horrors, and all the gradations of wickedness and misery, through which the modern systematic philosophy

* Boeth. de Consolat. Philos. L. I. Pr. 1.

of Europe has conducted her illuminated votaries, to the confines of political death and mental darkness, my mind for a space feels a convulsion, and suffers the nature of an insurrection. I look around me. I look to human actions, and to human principles. I consider again and again, what is the nature and effect of learning and of instruction; what is the doctrine of evidence, and the foundation of truth. I ask myself, are all these changed? Have the moral and the natural laws of God to his creatures another basis? Has the lapse of fifty years made an alteration in HIM, who is declared to be THE SAME to day, yesterday, and forever? Can the violence, the presumption, the audacity, the arrogance, the tyranny of man, drunk with self-idolatry and temporary success, change the nature and essence of God and of his works, by calling good evil and evil good? I am told, that human reason is nearly advanced to full perfection; I am assured, that she is arrived at the haven, where she would be. I again look around me. I ask, where is that haven? where is that steady gale which has conducted her? I listen, but it is to the tempest: I cast my view abroad, but the ocean is every where perturbed. I pause again. Perhaps, it is "*the wind and storm fulfilling* HIS *word!*"

I resume the reflections of suffering humanity amid the wreck of intellect. This was not the ancient character of philosophy. The lovers of wisdom, in the best ages of Athens and of Rome, always discoursed with reverence and submission to the Author and Governor of the world. They considered of whom they spoke. If they turned to the origin of evil, or to any dark and unfathomable question, they *first* called upon man to consider the limits of his understanding. They warned him, with most peculiar emphasis, to beware of those αλυτοι απορια, those difficulties of hard solution, which are but increased by defences or arguments ill constructed. They implored him affectionately, to avoid all that tends to overthrow, to trouble or disturb those principles, which conduct to peace and to right action. Their advice was to strengthen the intellect, and to compose the passions, not by braving and insulting the all-powerful, all-wise, and all-merciful Creator, but by an humble, patient inquiry into his works, and by submission to his dispensations. They seemed to be well aware, that to him who understood all the bearings and relations of the word, *Resignation* to the will of God was the whole of piety. If upon sages like these the light of revelation should appear, as the regent of *their* philosophical

day, nothing can be conceived more august, nothing more ennobling, nothing more dignified. Poetry and philosophy may then speak a language worthy of themselves:

> *Altius his nihil est; hæc sunt fastigia mundi!*
> PUBLICA NATURÆ DOMUS *his contenta tenetur*
> *Finibus.**

When we have read such writers, it is hardly possible not to turn from modern sceptics and sciolists with something more than neglect. If to *their* philosophy they add witticism and ribaldry, they are nauseous. If to their ribaldry they join folly and gross ignorance, they should be driven from our fellowship with contempt. The continued labours of the arch Theomachist of the age, the records of that perpetual conflict which he maintained, during the course of fifty years of a long and impious life, against the spiritual "kingdoms of God and of his Christ," and the memorials of his desolating days, will all be entombed in the French Pantheon with the mouldering remnant of his bones.† *Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!* He sowed unto the flesh, and of the flesh he and his disciples have reaped death and corruption. All the minor powers of infidelity, anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, may *yet* be dispersed *in England:* from their leaders Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Condorcet, to the vulgar illiterate blasphemy of Thomas Paine, and the contemptible nonsense of William Godwin. I feel for mankind when they are insulted by such writers. I make common cause with my fellow creatures, and call upon them to rally round the constitution of our human nature, and to support its dignity.

From writers of this character, my thoughts are directed to the professors of *that superstitious corruption* of Christianity, which *originally* gave occasion to those attempts, to which it has pleased Providence to

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* Manil. Astron. L. 1.

† To the writings of Voltaire the strong words of Eusebius are applicable: "Αυται ἀι ΤΟΥ ΘΕΟΜΑΧΟΥ φωναι επι κακιας ισχυϊ μεγαλαυχημενε, και τας προς τε Υψιστε τοις αγγελοις παραδοθεισας των εθνων οροθεσιας διαρπασαι και συγχειν απειλεντος, προνομευσειν τε την οικεμενην, και παν το των ανθρωπων γενος διεκσεισειν και μεταστησειν της προτερον ευταξιας απαυθαδιαζομενε." Euseb. Demonstrat. Evang. Lib. 4. Sect. 9.

permit a temporary success, to scourge the nations of Europe. I am sure the plain simplicity of the protestant religion of England could never have suggested so daring, so extensive a project. I have therefore spoken at large of the Roman Catholic religion, and its professors, and the emigrants and French priests. From some observations I have heard and seen on this part of my work, you may remember I was tempted to think, that I had advanced something new on this subject. I am sure the principles are as old and as moderate as those of the reformation. I know that every page of our history confirms their truth. Have we forgotten the history of that Reformation? Is "the Preservative against Popery" buried in oblivion and unmerited neglect? Do we remember Mede and Chillingworth, and Hooker, and Tillotson, and Hoadly and Sherlock? Can we pass by the phalanx of statesmen, and bishops, and lawyers, who stood forth in 1688? What I have advanced is in substance very old; in manner it may perhaps be new. All I have advised, is on the side of caution. I only declared and pronounced solemnly in the face of my country, that A COLLEGE OF ROMISH PRIESTS of a religion hostile in principle and in action too, whenever it has the power, against the established church of this kingdom, *should not be set upon a hill*, and authorised and maintained by the ministers of the crown, and the public money of the land. They have been dispersed since that warning was given. I only said, let support be administered to them privately, and in detached situations. I have pity for them, and relief too, according to my ability.

But, "though I give all my goods (said an apostle) to feed the poor "and the distressed, *and have not charity*, it profiteth me nothing." What does he mean? He surely means something. Alms alone, it seems, however liberal, however extended, neither are, nor can be, the whole or the essence of Christian charity. They are indeed a material part, and one of the best external proofs of its existence. Charity is in reality a principle of general safety, of kindness, of active benevolence, of discernment, of prudence, of moderation, and of guarded virtue. It originated from HIM, who commanded his disciples to join the innocence of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent. We may depend upon it; the system of Christianity is not inconsistent with itself. Surely this is not to teach persecution or intolerance. My language and arguments are designed only to shew, that the spirit of the system of Popery yet remains unal-

tered in its great and leading principles. *If it perishes, it will perish altogether.* I love toleration in the constitutional sense of the word, as much as the most designing patriot of the day: but indifference to the public form of religion is the first step to its neglect, and to its consequent abolition. I cannot think it a mark of intolerance, when I deprecate the revival of the Romish superstition in England.* There is an enthusiasm, an ὀργασμος, in the professors of it, which, I know, never forsakes them. It is active, where its influence can hardly be supposed. It is said to pervade even the squabbles of a society set apart for the preservation of our national antiquity. With a cat-like watch, it peers and pries over every paper on ecclesiastical reliques, and garbles the slightest casual effusions of protestant zeal, before it is presented to the world. If it

* "From obvious causes (indeed) *the cruelty, the tyranny, the impiety of* "*the church of Rome have almost faded from our memory; but we must* "*bring them back to our recollection, if we would understand* "THE JUDG-"MENTS OF GOD WHICH ARE ABROAD IN THE EARTH." She is now "persecuted in her turn. As Englishmen, we forget her injuries; as "Christians, we pity and give alms to her exiled adherents, regardless of "the malicious endeavours of our adversaries to represent the Church of "England, as itself interested in her preservation. But let us only advert "to the principles, religious and civil, upon which we are separated from "that idolatrous and intolerant power; and it will be evident that, as a "national Church, we have neither part nor lot in this matter. OUR "CAUSES ARE DISTINCT AND MUST EVER REMAIN SO: and we have "now more abundant reason than ever to rejoice in our reformed religion. "Our fathers obeyed the warning voice, and left her corrupt communion "when she had risen to the zenith of her glory; and we have hitherto "escaped the plagues by which she is now tormented." And it may be added, that "as England was formerly (and I trust is still) the bulwark of "the Protestant faith, so must she now be the bulwark of Christianity "itself." See the Bishop of Lincoln Dr. Pretyman's sermon before the King and Parliament at St. Paul's on the public thanksgiving on the 19th December, 1797. (Published in February, 1798.) It is a composition written with great judgment, eloquence, and discernment of the signs of the times.

cannot be openly recommended, it will effectually guard against the least reproach or insinuation of its subtlety. Romish baronets will be busy, and Romish priests will meddle. Perhaps the Secretary to that society knows, whether these hints are true and justifiable. It surely will be understood, I am only speaking of *the spirit and tendency of the system itself.* I would carry charity with me in my heart and in my hand, but I know that charity is, and must be, consistent with a love to my country, and to her rights civil and religious. If I am wrong, I fear, I must continue so. I have yet seen no argument to shake my conviction.

I would say a few words on another part of my work. I have been under the necessity, at least as I thought, of appealing for illustration to writers of all ages and in various languages. There is an appearance of ostentation in it, to which I must submit. I certainly am of opinion with Casaubon, that it cannot be supposed, "facere aliquid ad veram "pietatem seu doctrinam, Græcâ potius qum aliâ linguâ loqui."* Certainly not. But to enforce and to illustrate any position, the language of poets, and the dignity and spirit of ancient eloquence and history, in the original words, are of no mean assistance. The nature and full force of this work could not have been sustained without the notes, in which the most important subjects, sacred, moral, and political, are occasionally discussed. But I have generally given, in English, the substance of the allusions, contained in the learned languages which are brought forward.

I would not have any one think, that an appeal to the higher poets of modern Italy is either trifling or disgraceful. No man ever felt the power of poetry, if he refused his homage to Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso; I mean, if their language was familiar to him. In their primal poet their is an originality and a hardihood of antiquity. His soul was dark and sullen; it was proud and full of his wrongs. Frons læta parum et dejecto lumina vultu. He passed through imaginary realms without the sun, to the confines of light and hope. The day shone full upon him, and the beams were from on high. His draught of men and their passions is eternal. His language was like himself, deep and full of matter; its strength and harmony may be best expressed by his Tuscan brother:

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* Is. Casaub. Exercitat. 16. ad. Annales Ecclesiast. Baronii.

Aspro concento, orribile armonia
D'alte querele, d'ululi, e di strida,
Istranamente concordar s'udia.*

As to Petrarch; we are led by every milder feeling to the retreat of Valclusa. The strain of the poet is yet softer than the breeze, or the murmur of his fountain.† Yet was he not without energy. His subject was sometimes high and holy. He was familiar with death, and his breathings were after immortality. He too could describe *the disruption of the mortal veil*, and the departure of the soul,

*Svegliata fra gli spirti eletti,*
*Ove nel suo Fattor l'Alma s'interna!*

I will not pursue this theme; and of Ariosto and Tasso it would be idle to speak. But, by the way, I may observe, that the three greatest masters of heroic verse, in unlaboured ease and flowing dignity, are to my apprehension and judgment, Homer, Ariosto, and the glory of Spain, Alonzo d'Ercilla.‡ I have without intention indeed, but with the privilege of a letter, descanted a little on a favourite incidental topic. For when I hear the language of Italy under these mighty masters, called frivolous and light, I cannot pass it without a moment's vindication. In my opinion they strengthen and harmonize both the intellect and the ear. My references to them are however very few.

I am told, I am forgiven for my Latin; but for the Greek, not so easily. In this particular indeed, I am rather surprised that no man *of wit* has said of my notes, "They are Greek invocations to call fools into a "circle."|| Certainly there will be halos round the brightest luminaries; and it must be confessed, that many of my notes have such a circular appearance. If some galled theologian were disposed to banter, and to question the validity of my Greek ordination, he would perhaps shrewdly

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* Ariosto. O. F. c. 16.

† "Ωσπερ απο των ευωδεστατων λειμωνων αυρα τις ηδεια απ' αυτης φερεται." Such is the harmonious prose which distinguishes the critical writings of the great Halicarnassian. Epist. ad. Cn. Pompeium. de Platone. Sect. 2.

‡ Shakespeare's As you like it. act 2.

|| The author of *Araucana*.

remind me of the Council of Florence in 1439, when the Greek and Latin churches proposed, as a principle of union, that *the Greeks* should alter their manuscripts *from the Latin*. He might tell me of that celebrated "Fœdus cum Græcis," so well known among the sacred manusuript critics. And if I were to adduce from the great Erasmus, my "Capita "argumentorum contra morosos quosdam et indoctos;"* I should be reminded by Dr. PARR, that I have not the erudition of Erasmus, or the gentle manners of the serene Sepulvèda. Mr. Knight would remand me to the Greek alphabet (to any one, I hope, but his own,) and his modesty would attempt some jucundity from the Lusus Priapi. I will endure them all. I have patience and pity too.

I know you were surprised, when you found me beset with poetasters, and rhetoricians, and commentators, and old seventh form boys, that I was so patient. In truth I thought there might be some remedy. Yet I will own, that when I see so many heads around me deprived of the substance of sense, I am perpetually calling for the *ampolla* of Astolpho, that sacred vessel which he brought from the upper regions.

"Che tempo é ormai, *ch' ai capi voti o macri*
"*Di senno, si soccorri con l' ampolla.*†

But I should have too much on my hands, and I recall my wish. In the political, as well as in the mere literary world, there is more to do in that way than I can attempt.

A few drops from this ampolla might now and then, on particular occasions, fall on the Minister himself, who *now* in his taxes appears as the political Hecate,‡ or Diana, in their *triple* forms. Some of it also

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* Nov. Test. by Erasmus in 1595. 5th Edit.

† Ariosto. O. F. Cant. 38.

‡ Hecate is termed in the Argonauticks of Orpheus,

Τρισσοκαρηνος ιδειν, ολοον τερας, υτι δαητον,

Ταρταροπαις Εκατη! (v. 974.) Edit. Eschenback. p. 66.

For the Diana τριμορφος, look at the gems of Fulvius Ursinus.—It is odd, that Lycophron, in all the darkness of his prophetic song, chanting forth the powers ως Αρης εφι λατο, couples together Bellona and Minerva, "Και "δι' Εννω και Τριγεννητος Θεαι." Cassand. v. 519.—What is the allego-

might be spared for Earl Fitzwilliam with good effect; but I should be unwilling to waste the precious liquor on the noble head of his Grace of Bedford. Some crests are indeed vulnerable: but the natural constitution is sometimes so radically impaired, that when the head is once opened, it is in vain to think of closing it. Mr. Horne Tooke, for instance, is out of the reach of art. I would only set up *the bidental* at the bookseller's door at Wimbledon. It will at least serve as a land-mark for the French, on their first invasion. As to the *mendici*, *mimi*, *balatrones*, what can be done? The most infamous are the most contented. But there are minor members of the great democratic body, and all have not the same office. Yet there is a marvellous use (and they understand it better than WE do) in that which *every* joint supplieth. I should leave Mr. Tierney (*a*), with some little hope, to the discipline of Cocker and Oldfield (*b*). He may perhaps improve in calculation; but I think it will be some time before his anti-professional prattle will impose on another boy-committee on a contested election. The drops of the *ampolla* would never penetrate the thick rotundity of Mr. Nicholls (*c*); but they might insinuate themselves through the zig-zag crevices of Sir John Sinclair's head. If we pass to subjects of lighter moment, even the Bavian drops from Mr. Gifford have fallen off, like oil, from the plumage of the Florence and Cruscan geese. At *home* also, I am sorry that his success is imperfect. I am told, that Mr. Greathead and Mr. Merry yet write and talk; and Mr. JERNINGHAM (poor man!) still continues *sillier than his sheep*.

But a truce to this badinage. Like the warrior of Ithaca, I would appear but for a season, and for a peculiar purpose, in such a garb. It is necessary *now* to assume those higher functions to which I am called, to claim for myself, and to vindicate the undoubted right* and hereditary dignity of the satiric muse.

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ry? It seems as if war and wisdom might be joined together; but the sooner the union can be dissolved, the better.

(*a*) M. P. for the Borough. (*b*) An obscure writer on the Boroughs, "The sad historian of that tainted plain." (*c*) M. P. for Tregony.

* Συνδικον Μοισᾶν κτεανον Pind. Pyth. 1.

Γυμνωθη ῥακεων πολυμητις Οδυσσευς,
ΑΛΤΟ Δ' ΕΠΙ ΜΕΓΑΝ ΟΥΔΟΝ! εχων ξιφος ηδε φαρετρην
Ιων εμπλειην, ταχεας δ' ἐγχευατ' ὀιστους
Αντιπροσθε ποδων.*

I had once a thought, as you advised me, of analysing the following poem. But to what effect, and for what use? To men, like you, it is needless or presumptuous: to others it is superfluous. I am indeed confident, that when all the personal objects of my praise or censure shall have passed from the scene, this work will be found to contain principles of government, polity, religion, morality, education, criticism, poetry, and literature, worthy of being transmitted to another age. I have indeed already said much: but I think, I have something more to offer to my country, if the blessing of strength and health should graciously be extended and continued to me. I mean, if I see a proper occasion to present it, and if England should not be absorbed in the vortex and abhorred gulph of democracy and tyranny.

Still perhaps I am incautious in my words. I can promise little. However that may be, my principle is and ever has been, that "NO MAN LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF," for his own little pleasures, or mean gratifications, or low unworthy passions, the dirty family of selfishness, which by the law of Providence defeats its own purposes. I speak not of a romantic, impracticable, general good, but of the specific benefit which an individual may and can confer on his fellow-creatures in his own limited sphere of action, by a continued exertion of the faculties or talents with which he finds and feels himself intrusted.

Well-wishers to their country are, above all things, desirous of the steady light of Literature, and of the day-spring from on high. Yet whatever they or we may hope, the horizon may perhaps be now illuminated with its departing beams. I will yet strive to be full of hope: though in some passing moments of dejection, the strain of the Florentine poet, in all its melancholy harmony, dwells on my ear: *Pensa, che questo dì mai non raggiorna!* †

But let us still contemplate the glory which was cast round other times. I will therefore conclude this letter, by complying with your request in

* Hom. Od. 22. † Dante Parad.

offering you a very few ideas on the *chief* Satirists of ancient and of modern fame. I may be singular perhaps; but if I except LUCILIUS, (who is known to us only by detached lines and short passages,) in my opinion, the fulness of that glory never shone *but on* SIX POETS: "Quos orbe sub omni Jam vix septenâ numerat sapientia famâ." The character of LUCILIUS, the inventor of Satire, was respected by Scipio and Lælius, They were his friends. Poetasters, rhetoricians, and even men of high quality and of consular rank were often the subjects of his censure. I know not what a modern French Directory might do with a man of his character; but Lucilius enjoyed respect and impunity in the Roman Republic. HORACE in the politest age, under the despotism of Augustus, insinuated himself into the graces of the emperor: yet he was peculiarly studious to mark the obnoxious, foolish, or wicked characters of his age. He was careful not to be misunderstood. He noted the name, the profession and the rank of those whom he devoted to undying ridicule, or consigned to the eternity of fame. Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the value of such a poet. They looked to the stability of government and the empire of good sense, and found them intimately connected with literature and poetry. In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Persius exerted a severity without playfulness, and veiled themselves in obscurity, yet without being misunderstood. They applied directly and irresistibly to the inmost feelings of the heart, callous and depraved as it was. The writers were either spared or neglected; but their works were admired and circulated. I know the person to whom I am now addressing myself too well, to enter into a criticism on Horace, Juvenal or Persius. Mr. Dryden indeed has done it already.

An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous. The power of Satire, in its full and legitimate strength, was never again felt till the reign of Louis the Fourteenth of France. Then appeared a poet, second to none of his predecessors. A philosopher without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was BOILEAU. If I am not deceived, there is something in all his compositions so finished, so removed from conceit and forced thought; such an ardent zeal for propriety in sentiment and in expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human

character, when undebased; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man whose works as a poet and a critic, may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the Fourteenth are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour not receiving it. The majesty of the French monarch, in that cultivated age, was surely as worthy of homage as the *deity* of the Roman Augustus. To read the works of Boileau with full advantage, some accuracy of knowledge, and some insight into the delicacy of the *ancient* French language are required. I call their language *ancient*, which existed before the revolution, for I scarce understand the modern democratic jargon. *Grave virus* munditias *pepulit*. It is also necessary to have a perception of the peculiar cast of the French poetry, and of the construction of the verse. An allowance must be made for the language itself, which is not poetical as contradistinguished to prose, but forcible, terse, and well adapted to the condensation of satirical expression. As a writer, I think him *original*. What he has borrowed, he almost seems to have restored to its proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans; and maintains an honourable contest for the mastery. Equal to either of them taken singly, and in the merit of composition, sometimes their superior. He is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners will ever suffer to be broken.

Nearly at the same period, after some momentary gleams and strong flashes in the horizon, Satire arose in England. When I name Dryden, I comprehend every varied excellence of *our* poetry. In harmony, strength, modulation, rythm, energy, he first displayed the full power of the English language. My business with him at present, is only as a Satirist. I will be brief: I speak to the intelligent. He was the first poet who brought to perfection, what I would term; "the Allegory of Satire." Fables indeed, and apologues, and romances, have always been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. It was the peculiar happiness of Dryden to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. He placed his scene on the ground of actual history. The reader of every age has an interest in the delineation of characters

and names, which have been familiar to him from his earliest years. He is already prepared, and feels a predilection for the subject. This accommodation of ancient characters to existing persons has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addressed; and posterity reads with delight a poem founded on pristine story, and illustrated by the records of modern times. Dryden's power of Satire has been generally acknowledged in his Mac-Flecknoe; but his master-piece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, Absalom and Achitophel. He presents to us an heroic subject in heroic numbers, a well constructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrors of anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo; and he gives the speeches of his heroes with the strength, propriety, and correctness of Virgil. It is Satire in its highest form: but it is Satire addressed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this species of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the style and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Persius, or Boileau. Pope called him "*unhappy*," from the looseness of the age in which he lived. He has enthusiasm, majesty, seriousness, severity, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery. But sprightliness, gaiety, and easy badinage, an occasional playfulness, so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry, were all wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or he would not, descend to the minutiæ which are often required, the anecdotes, and the passing traits of the time. His satire had an original character. It was the strain of Archilochus sounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

The Sixth and last of this immortal Brotherhood, in the fulness of time, and in the maturity of poetical power, came Pope. All that was wanting to his illustrious predecessor found its consummation in the genius, knowledge, correct sense, and condensation of thought and expression, which distinguished this poet. The tenour of his life was peculiarly favourable to his office. He had *first* cultivated all the flowery grounds of poetry. He had excelled in description, in pastoral, in the pathetic, and in general criticism; and had given an English existence in perpetuity to the father of all poetry. Thus honoured, and with these pretensions, he left them all for that excellence, for which the maturity of his talents and judgment so eminently designed him.

Familiar with the great; intimate with the polite; graced by the attentions of *the fair;* admired by the learned; a favourite with the nation; independent in an acquired opulence, the honourable product of his genius and industry; the companion of persons distinguished for birth, high fashion, rank, wit, or virtue; resident in the centre of all public information and intelligence; every avenue to knowledge and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect. His works are so generally read and studied, that I should not merely fatigue, but I should almost insult you by such a needless disquisition.

As a disciple of these great masters, and full of that spirit which an unbroken and an honourable intimacy with their works has inspired, I now present myself a votary at their temple; and in some measure clothed in the robes of their hereditary priesthood, I would also enter, and offer my oblation at the high altar of my country. But if, unworthy of this hallowed investment and interior ministry, the door of the sanctuary is closed upon me; I shall retire without a murmur, and with devotion unimpaired worship in the vestibule. You can best judge of my motives, who have known most intimately the nature and extent of my studies, solitary so long in their acquirement, and now public at last in their application and in their end. With a necessary indulgence for all my frailties, vices, errors, follies, and imperfections, and with the partiality of friendship, you, and such as you, may perhaps allow me to apply to myself, with some little variation, the words of the most fervid poet of antiquity:

Non tenues ignavo pollice chordas
Pulso, sed *Aurunci* residens in margine templi
Audax magnorum tumulis adcanto Magistrûm.

I am, &c. &c.

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *DIALOGUE THE FIRST.*

Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles
*Aspice et hæc, si forte aliquid decoctius audis;*
Inde vaporatâ lector mihi ferveat aure,

PERS. SAT. I.

# PREFACE

## *TO THE FIRST DIALOGUE**

OF THE

## PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

THE importance of the subject of this Poem, and the necessity of such an appeal to the kingdom *at this time*, are the best reasons which I can offer for its publication. But in regard to the various matters which are considered in the following composition, I recommend to my readers a passage from a collection of the most pleasing and informing treatises in natural philosophy which I ever read, or I believe ever were written; I mean the Chemical Essays by Dr. Watson, the present Bishop of Landaff;† It is this; "Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Bentley met accidentally in Lon-"don, and on Sir Isaac's inquiring what *Philosophical Pursuits* were carry-"ing on at Cambridge, the Doctor replied, none; for when you go a "hunting, Sir Isaac, you kill all the game; you have left us nothing to "pursue." "Not so, said the philosopher, you may start a variety of "game in every bush, if you will but take the trouble to beat for it." "And "so in truth it is," (observes Bishop Watson) "every object in nature "affords occasion for philosophical experiment." I may add, that such a

* First printed in May, 1794. † Vol. 4. p. 25.

state of society and of literature, as the present, affords occasion for numerous *experiments* and observations, without any danger of mutual interference.

In this Poem no imitation whatsoever is intended of any former writer, or of any former poem. *It was written upon no private motive whatsoever; but simply and solely as the conduct of the persons mentioned or alluded to, or the manner of their compositions, or the principles of their writings, tend to influence and affect the learning, the government, the religion, the public morality, the public happiness, and the public security of this nation.* My intentions are just and justifiable to reasonable men, who will reflect on what has passed and is passing before them. We must indeed be sensible, that it is *now* no longer a mere sport of the pen, a light skirmish, or a random shaft, the Apollineæ *bellum puerile* pharetræ, which is *alone* demanded; but our weapons must be instruments of war, able to break down the strong holds of anarchy, impiety and rebellion, and mighty to vindicate the powers of legitimate authority. In every region of Europe there should have been a common cause. But in no kingdom, except Great Britain, has that cause been maintained *in full integrity.* While I am writing, we are convulsed to our centre; and yet in the midst of fear, we are impudently and wickedly told, there is no cause of alarm.

> Talia dum celebro, subitam civilis Erinnys
> *Tarpeio* de monte facem, Phlegræaque movit
> Prælia; sacrilegis lucent *Capitolia* tædis,
> *Et Senonum furias Lætia sumpsere cohortes.**

We may (for we can) all of us contribute to the assistance, and the comfort, and the good of others and to the stability of social happiness. The sword, the voice and the pen must be resolutely and decisively called into action, for defence, for counsel, for admonition, and for censure. Satirical writings must submit to the imputation of ill-nature, though I see no necessary connection between them. In my opinion, Satire has nothing to do with good-nature or with ill-nature. Its office respects the public good alone, and the interests of the community. It is frequently designed *to supply the laws* in all cases which are

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* Statius. Sylv. Lib. 5. Carm. 3.....*Senones* were the Gauls or French.

beyond their jurisdiction. From such courts it appeals to perhaps a still higher tribunal, that of public opinion, character and reputation.

Such are my ideas; yet I am sure I have nothing of the wild American in my composition; I never wished to destroy any man, either to inherit his wit or plunder him of his understanding. But I will bow to no Cyrill of Alexandria, to no executive director of a modern republic, to no lordly president of factious councils, of democratic delegates, or of societies in open defiance of established authority in regulated empires. There is darkness mixed with fire, and volumes of smoke are rolling from the mouth of the cavern. I love no atheist French Bishops, nor unfrocked grammarians in England. Horne Tooke is still living, and Edmund Burke is no more. SOL OCCUBUIT! I hope Mr. Pitt will assure us of the old prodigy, *nox nulla secuta est!* We must *now* all assist in our various capacities, and feel and act as public men. In times like these we may assume a virtue, a character, a courage, and a firmness, not originally our own. I protest I have no private animosity in my nature; but I come forth (boldly enough, I will confess, but as I ought to do) in behalf of my country, her literature, her laws, her religion, and her government. Nor would I publish this satirical Poem, *but from a full conviction of its tendency to promote the public welfare*, in its degree and according to its subject, when it is (if it ever should be) *studied* and considered with impartiality.

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## A SATIRICAL POEM.

## *DIALOGUE THE FIRST.*

### THE AUTHOR AND OCTAVIUS.

THE AUTHOR.

I WHO once deem'd my race of labour run,
And camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates shun,
Still to the public raise no venal voice,
In the full freedom of a Briton's choice,
Though tracts aloft on daring pinions rove,
Where'er by duty borne, or led by love.
Yet not unconscious of this awful age,
I mark what new conflicting systems rage,
Systems which laugh to scorn th' avenging rod,
And hurl defiance to the throne of GOD;

a First published in May 1794.

Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
And grant no pause....but everlasting sleep! [b]
Blood-guiltiness their crime; with hell they cope;
No flesh, no spirit now must rest in hope,
But under foliage dark, and cypress gloom,
The [c] sculptur'd mock'ry marks and seals the tomb.
New lights on all, but on the Poet, rise;
Still can he smile, and with no murm'ring sighs
Can own well-pleas'd, that *now* the meanest bard,
Bavius, [d] or Maro, finds the same regard. 20

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b This alludes to the French decree which in 1793 abolished, *by law*, a futurity of existence. Impiety and absurdity are the natural consequences of their principles.

c The French have also *decreed*, that in every church-yard trees shall be planted, and the figure of sleep erected pointing to the tombs; and this sleep they *decreed* to be *eternal*. N. B. This was the fact, when *this First Part* of the Pursuits of Literature was *first* published in May 1794.—It may be so again, or it may be so at this moment, 1796.

d The name suggests the honourable mention of a poem lately published, under the title of "The BAVIAD," or an Imitation of the first Satire of Persius. *Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?*—Though the author professes to be conversant only among the *sheep folds* at present, he threatens a descent upon the nobler and more *reluctant animals*. If this be a first production, the poet must proceed with the consciousness of genius: he has the ground work of all excellence, good sense, and a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. He has divulged his name *imprudently*. Such compositions require secresy for their effect; especially if they are published at an early period of life, and still more if the poet commences his career with Satire. Mr. Pope suffered *pure descrip-*

Not as Mæcenas once with partial ray
Illum'd the rising glories of his day;
Whose orb the Mantuan plains alone would warm,
Or beam propitious on the Sabine farm.

OCTAVIUS.

Why should *you* write? the world is now so fickle
Scarce is there room for Sheridan[e] and Tickell;[f]
And though in tone sonorous, blithe or grand,
The loud *Laurentian*[g] trumpet through the land

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*tion to hold the place of sense* for a long time, before he took his proper station. The author of *The Baviad* has taken some pleasant trouble off my hands. The *Albums*, the *Laura-Marias*, the *Jerninghams*, *Antony Pasquins*, *Mary Robinsons*, *Piozzis* and *Bozzi's;* the *Phillidas*, *Hypsipilas*, *vatum et plorabile si quid.* Unfortunately there are too many left. (1794.)

e R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq. M. P. I am sorry to say of this *extraordinary* man, that in the realms of wit and humour he is now silent. "Unus *sceptra potitus*, eâdem aliis sopitu' quiete est." Why is it so? Politics are transitory; wit is eternal.

f Since this was written, the public has lost this very ingenious man. He was the happiest of any occasional writer in his day: happy alike in the subject and in the execution of it. I mention with pleasure *Anticipation*, the *Wreath of Fashion*, &c. &c. &c. and I wish to preserve the name and remembrance of such a man as Mr. Tickell. Poets and ingenious men, who write on occasional subjects with great ability, are too often lost in the most undeserved oblivion. But we must recollect, that even such a poem as "The Absalom and Achitophel" of Dryden himself (perhaps his greatest production) was but *occasional*, and written *for a party*.

g It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the political composition of the Rolliad and the Probationary Odes *by Dr. Lawrence and Company*. (1794.)

Sound Pitt, and Prettyman, and Rose, and Rolle,
With strength of Stentor, but Mezentian soul;
THE DOCTOR may for Fox and Portland [i] vouch,
With spectacles on nose, [ii] but empty pouch.
Why must *you* seek this sad Cumæan shore?
Or why to genius give one victim more?

AUTHOR.

Forgive me: all conspire to waste my time;
Languor, and care, and solitude, and rhyme:
Now while each Sage, to fame and science known,
Or leaves the field of life, or listless grown,
Reviews his trophies with an idle pride, [k]
Sick of the dunces rising at his side.

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1 I know not for whom the Doctor will *now* vouch; I am not called upon to vouch for the Doctor. (1796.)

"Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
"Tenets with books, and principles with times."

ii Shakspear says, "*With spectacles on nose and pouch on side.*" I am contented simply to admire Doctor Lawrence's spectacles, but I have ventured to qualify *his pouch*—I wrote this in 1794....Doctors Commons and the House of Commons are recommended in all the chronic cases of the *deficiens crumena*, and are found to be excellent restoratives. (1798.)

k I allude to such publications as, "*Prose on several Occasions, ac* "*companied by some Pieces in Verse. By George Colman, (Senior.")* I think, however, that it is a provident wisdom, in men of great abilities, like Mr. Colman, to collect and publish what they wish to deliver to posterity as *their own*. Posthumous works are rarely to be considered in *that* light.

If I *may* write, let Proteus [1] Priestley tell,
He writes on *all* things, but on nothing well;
Who, as the dæmon of the day decrees,
Air, books, or water makes with equal ease.
May not I strive amid this motley throng,
All pale and pensive as I muse along?

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1 *Proteus Priestley*....There is one very material difference between this Proteus and his namesake of antiquity. Of the latter it is recorded, *Sine vi non ulla dabit præcepta;** now our Proteus gives *precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little and there a little;* and is continually obtruding *his oracles* upon the public, *without any compulsion* at all, upon every subject which can, or which cannot be known. I believe that Dr. Priestley would dispute very *intelligibly* upon the famous Germanic question, "*Utrum Chimæra* bombinans in vacuo *possit comedere secundas intentiones.*" As to Dr. Priestley's *King-killing* wishes and opinions take a few words: IT IS TO BE REGRETTED, that the situation of things was *such*, that the SENTENCE *(of* DEATH *on Charles the First)* could not be passed *by the* WHOLE NATION OR THEIR REPRESENTATIVES, *solemnly* ASSEMBLED *for that purpose.*" *Priestley on Government*, p. 39. Are the words and the meaning plain? How must this *Reverend Deputy elect* to the National Convention of France have *exulted* on the 21st of January 1793!!! The Deputy, however, had the wisdom of the *serpent* in not taking his seat, though he could not assume the innocence of the *dove*. The late Mr. Gibbon well understood Dr. Priestley's character and opinions, and expressed himself strongly on that subject. No man of discernment can see their *direct tendency* but with reprobation, and sometimes not without fear and horror! (1794.)....Lord Sheffield has lately published the correspondence between Mr. G. and Dr. P. in the first volume of Mr. Gibbon's Posthumous Works, 4to. These letters are not unworthy of attention. (1796.)

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* Virg. Georg. L. 4.

## OCTAVIUS.

Say, would your thought to Homer's pomp aspire,
Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's [m] lyre?

m *Pindar's lyre*....In this verse I speak of the *great Theban:* but there is an obscure person, stiling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom I shall say a few words. This man certainly possesses a mind by no means uninformed, and a species of humour; but it is exhausted by a repetition of the *same* manner, and nearly the *same* ideas, even to disgust. He has the power of rhyming ludicrously, and is sometimes even gifted with poetry; and finally, he is puffed up with a vanity and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. *This obscure man* has contrived, by these qualifications, to thrust himself upon the public notice, and become the scorn of every man of character and of virtue. Such is the blasphemy, such is the impiety, the obscenity, the impudence and the contempt of all decent respect, which pervade his numerous pamphlets in verse, that the reader is ill repaid by the lively sallies of humour which frequently animate this mass of crudities. I form my judgment *from his works*, and not from any acquaintance whatever with the man. Yet I hear that he breathes a warm *constitutional* spirit, because, forsooth, he has told us in some trumpery ode, of the necessity of a *king*, or a *log*, or a *nail;* after he has perpetually reviled and held up to scorn every master principle by which government and society are maintained. I will not waste a verse on such a character; but say honestly and plainly, that though I can often smile and sometimes be pleased with the humour and the manner, yet I think I perceive such a rooted depravity and malignity of heart, that *from the consideration of his works*, I can affirm almost unequivocally of this obscure man, in the words of the severest writer of antiquity,

Stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
Pingue, caret culpâ, nescit quid perdat, et alto
Demersus, summa rursum non bullit in unda.*

N. B. This man's works (now published) amount *in value* to above *four guineas;* but we are informed that a set may be had for TWO GUI-

* Pers. Sat. 3. v. 32.

Go then and view, since clos'd his cloister'd day,
The self-supported melancholy Gray: [n]
Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
Without one fost'ring ray from Britain's king. [nn]
Granta's dull abbots cast a side-long glance,
And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance.
With his high spirit strove the master bard,
And was his own *exceeding great reward;* [o]
Years without hope in tardy progress pass,
'Till some few grains yet ling'ring in his glass,
He rose late-headed by patrician care, [p] 59
Though private friendship help'd him to the chair.

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NEAS AND A HALF IN QUARTO, or for TWO GUINEAS *in four volumes octavo !!!*....What an inducement to a purchaser ! (1794)....Posterity (if it can be supposed that such trash should exist) will be astonished, that the present age could look with patience on such malignant ribaldry. I am very sorry, that Mr. Roscoe in his admirable life of Lorenzo de Medici, and The British Critic, (I suppose inadvertently) should give any portion of it the slightest approbation. For shame ! *Non hæc in fœdera !* (1796.)

n This character of Mr. GRAY is drawn from the consideration of his *Memoirs* and *Letters*, published by Mr. MASON.

nn If I have read Mr. Gray's Letters rightly, I believe he neither sought nor wished for royal favour. I wish however, that it had been *offered* to the first poet and the first scholar of the age.

o "I am thy exceeding great reward." *Genesis*, chap. xv. ver. 1.

p He was appointed *Professor of Modern History* in the University of Cambridge, late in life, by the Duke of GRAFTON the Chancellor, at

Saw you not Mason stand with down-cast eye,
While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by? pp
'Till wrapt in terrors of avenging night,
He starts Macgreggor q with dilated might.
Have you not seen neglected Penrose r bloom,
Then sink unhonour'd in a village tomb?

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the particular recommendation (as it was strongly believed) of Mr. STONEHEWER.

pp The discernment of his Majesty GEORGE THE THIRD in poetical merit, is acknowledged in the patronage of Dr. Beattie, author of The Minstrel, and of Mr. Cowper, author of The Task. Mr. Mason must have been *overlooked* for a *particular* reason. I shrewdly suspect that Mr. Stonehewer (the common friend of Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason) *could account* for it. (1794.)

q See the *Heroic Epistle* to Sir William Chambers, and the *Heroic Postscript* to the Public, by Malcolm Macgreggor, Esq. A friend of mine has assured me that I am wrong in this conjecture; and I must own that the *Epistle to Shebbeare*, and the *Dean and the Squire*, attributed to the same author, have somewhat *diminished*, but *not destroyed*, my confidence in its probability.* The abilities of great men are generally versatile. But as I have written the lines, they shall continue to stand as a tribute of gratitude to a man, from whose acknowledged poetry I confess myself to have received much delight. The strains of Musæus and the Druid minstrells have still their charms, and he must have cold feelings who cannot be moved by the simplicity of Elfrida. The *English Garden*, though with a few faults, deserves the thanks of every admirer of our national taste. (1794.) See the Fourth Dialogue of the P. of L. (1798.)

r See the Flights of Fancy, 4to, by Thomas Penrose, curate of Newbury, Berks. The names of the poems alluded to are these, The Hel-

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* The papers of the late Lord Orford, (Horace Walpole) may possibly throw some light on this subject. (1798.)

Content a Curate's humble path he trod,
Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God.
To worth untitled would your fancy turn?
The Muse all friendless wept o'er Mickle's urn:
Mickle,[s] who bade the strong poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.

AUTHOR.

Then I must suit the temper of these times,
Degraded now to mere *historic* rhymes;
And last be hail'd in some sagacious page,
The finest, brightest poet of the age,
And that with grave solemnity so sad,
Faith, 'tis enough to make poor Hayley[t] mad.
No: though in vain I may attempt to please,
I'll write with learning what I think with ease.

mets, The Carousal of Odin, and Madness.—He published these *himself*, and no more; and I speak of these. No author should be judged for posthumous works, published *by friends*, except he ordered them to be published after his decease.

s William Julius Mickle, a man of genius, and of great poetical powers. He translated the *Lusiad of Camoens* in a free paraphrastic manner, but with the spirit of an original poet. I never could account for the neglect of so very poetical a work.

t *Hayley*.—Piger scribendi ferre laborem,
*Scribendi recté*, nam *ut multum* nil moror.*

* Hor. 1. L. 1. Sat. 4. v. 12.

What?....from the Muse, by *cryptogamic* stealth [v]
Must I purloin her native sterling wealth?

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The notes which Mr. Hayley, who is a very ingenious man and a pleasing scholar, has written on his various poems are very amusing, and not unfrequently afford much instruction. Had he but learned the art of blotting, he might possibly have attained considerable eminence, and *preserved* it. But as he is in general too feeble, tedious, and insufferably prolix, *(une boutique de verbiage)* consequently, &c. &c. See Horace, who has pronounced an irreversible sentence on all such persons stiling themselves poets, *however voluminous* their works may be.

v See the *Botanic Garden and the Loves of the Plants*, by Dr. Darwin. I wish men would peruse the treatise *de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*,* before they attempt by prettinesses, glittering words, points, conceits, and forced thoughts, to sacrifice propriety and just imagery to the rage of mere novelty. This will always be the case, when writers in prose, or verse (if I may be allowed to use Sancho's phrase a little metaphorically) "want better bread than is made of wheat." Modern ears are absolutely *debauched* by such poetry as Dr. Darwin's, which marks the decline of simplicity and true taste in this country. It is to England, what Seneca's prose was to Rome. *Abundat dulcibus vitiis*,† Dryden and Pope are the standards of excellence in this species of writing in our language; and when young minds are rightly instituted in their works, they may, without much danger, read such glittering verses as Dr. Darwin's. They will then perceive the distortion of the sentiment, and the harlotry of the ornaments. It would also be a happy thing for all naturalists, whether poets or writers in prose, if they would in the words of a true poet, "Look through nature up to *Nature's* God!" Dr. Darwin is certainly a man of great fancy; but I will not cease to repeat, that good writing and good poetry require something more.

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* Printed at the end of Tacitus, under the title "Dialogus de Ora-"toribus," one of the most finished treatises of antiquity.

† Quintil. lib. 10. c. 1.

In filmy, gawzy, gossamery lines,
With *lucid* language, and most dark designs,
In sweet *tetrandryan*, *monogynian* strains,
Pant for a *pystill* in botanic pains;
On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
On beds of yielding vegetable down,
Raise lust in pinks; and with unhallow'd fire
Bid the soft virgin violet expire?[x]

Is it for me to creep, or soar, or doze,
In modish song, or fashionable prose?[y]
To pen with garreteers obscure and shabby,
Inscriptive nonsense in a fancied Abbey;[z]
Or some Warkworthian hermit tale indite,
Such ditties as our gossip spinsters write?

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Ου γαρ εν μεσοισι κειται
Δωρα δυσμαχητα Μοισῶν
Τῳ 'πιτυχοντι φερειν.

x I would just hint that it is a matter of some curiosity to me to conceive, how young ladies are instructed in the terms of botany, which are *very significant*.

y I allude to the poising of sentences, their triads, and other artificial divisions of modern prose, by which the whole simplicity and natural dignity of our English style is abandoned and lost.

z Such trash as a vile pamphlet called Kilkhampton Abbey, &c. &c. &c. in short, the whole *mugitus labyrinthi*.—Every age produces similar trash, and this name serves as well as any other to mark my meaning in this place.

Or must I tempt some Novel's lulling theme,
Bid the bright eye o'er Celestina [zz] stream;

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zz Put for almost any modern novel. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Mary Robinson, Mrs. &c. &c. though all of them are very ingenious ladies, yet they are too frequently *whining* or *frisking* in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures, and now and then are tainted with democracy....Not so the mighty magician of THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO,* bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of inchantment: a poetess whom Ariosto would with rapture have acknowledged, as the

La nudrita
Damigella Trivulzia AL SACRO SPECO. O. F. c. 46. (1796.)

I would say a word on Romances or novels. No man of genius or judgment ever despised or neglected the great masters in this useful and alluring species of writing, beginning with the Odyssey of Homer. No works can be read with more delight and advantage, when they are selected with discrimination. They animate and improve the mind. Every person should be well acquainted *with the whole* of Cervantes, of Le Sage's unequalled and unrivalled Gil Blas, and of Tom Jones, (that great comic Epic poem) by Fielding. These perhaps are all, which it is *necessary* to read. They afford illustration to every event of life. From these, with great caution, we must pass to later writers. Smollet had much penetration, but is frequently too vulgar to please; but his knowledge of men and manners is unquestionable. Of Sterne and Rousseau it is difficult to speak without being misunderstood; yet it is impossible to deny the praise of wit and originality to Yorick, or of captivating eloquence to the philosopher of vanity. Their imitators are below notice. I never read the Eloisa without the pathetic exclamation of Dante.

Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, et scolorocci il viso;

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* Mrs. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

With fabled knights, and tales of slighted love,
Such as our Spanish Cato[a] might approve? 100

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*Ma solo un punto fu, quel che ci vinse.*
Quando leggemmo, cominciai, *Ahi lasso,*
*Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio*
*Menò costoro al doloroso passo!**

The Eloisa is a very dangerous book, in its commencement, and I would particularly warn young persons to avoid it. But as it is now beyond the reach of *any* control, and as the character of the author is now *fully* understood, its power of doing harm is considerably diminished. But to extract good out of evil, I must observe, it is some comfort to think, that, (as the book is so much read and cannot be suppressed,) the result *from the perusal of the whole taken together* is this, namely *that perpetual uneasiness, disquietude, and irreversible misery, are the certain consequences of vice or of fatal misconduct in any woman however gifted, or, as it appears, however reclaimed.* It is difficult, I think impossible, to deny or disprove this; but I still wish the novel had never been written. Let us then turn to Clarissa, the work of a man of virtue and genius, which is too celebrated for any additional praise. Mrs. Charlotte Smith has great poetical powers, and a pathos which commands attention. Much knowledge of life and ingenuity are seen in Miss Burney, now Mrs. D'Arblay; but her propensity to high colouring and broad farce have lessened the effect of her works. It is a fatal error in this species of writing to overstep the boundaries of nature and real life. I cannot descend among all the modern farrago of novels, which are too often "receipts to make .....s." Yet I could select a few, which have merit, with great pleasure, if it were not foreign to my purpose to enlarge on this topic. I cannot however refrain from giving a just and sensible observation from the latest writer on this subject, in his view of Romance;† an Essay composed rather hastily, and perhaps inaccurately,

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* Dant. Inf. c. † Prefixed to Dr. Moore's Edition of Smollet's works in 1797. page 92.

In Travels for the Heart,[b] and not the head,
From post to pillar, and from board to bed,
Through climes of various woe the pilgrim lead,
Till Charlotte droops, and master misses bleed.

OCTAVIUS.

If these disgust, to serious cares attend,
And make serene Philosophy your friend.
Pen some choice Fragment[c] in the genuine taste,
Each pow'r combin'd of wit and learning waste;

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but with all the power of pleasing and happy facility of writing so conspicuous throughout his works. Dr. Moore thus expresses himself: "Modern romances and novels are, or ought to be, a representation of "life and manners in the country where the scene is placed. Had works "of this nature existed in the flourishing ages of the Greek and Roman "Republics, and had some of the best of them been preserved, how "infinitely would they be relished at present! as they would give a much "more satisfactory picture of private and domestic life than is found in "history, which dwells chiefly on war and affairs of state." (1798.)

a The late venerable Earl Camden (once Lord High Chancellor of England, a character of dignity, ability, learning and independence,) *is said* to have learned *Spanish* very late in life, to read the romances in that language, having exhausted those written in English, French and Italian. All the world knows that Cato learned Greek, at sixty years of age, to read the romances in that tongue.

b All such works as abound in what is called in modern jargon, *The sublime instinct of sentiment.*

c Alluding to the swarm of free thinking and democratical pamphlets with which the public have been pestered. It is hoped that the

Smart and concise, with deepest meaning fraught,
Neat be the types, and the vignettes high wrought;

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interference of the legislature and the constitutional exertions of private societies have either lessened their number, or deprived them of their malignant intentions. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration is fully granted to all opinions, subject to the control of the legislature after their publication, in the open courts of law by the verdict of a *jury*, in which *true liberty* consists. Good order and just authority must be maintained with vigour and decision.

But HE is chiefly to be consulted, who, if I may be allowed to use the language a little metaphorically, *hath stood between the dead and the living*, and *stayed the plague*, EDMUND BURKE; greater and brighter in the decline than in the noon day of his life and vigour. It would be almost an injury to name the works whereof all Europe rings; but to his countrymen they speak with a force not to be resisted.

*OMNES*

Admonet, et *MAGNA* testatur *VOCE* per umbras,
*DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI, ET NON TEMNERE DIVOS.* (1794)

Indeed on a second consideration I think it right to name these works of Mr. Burke. 1. Reflections on the Revolution in France, and on the proceedings in certain societies in London relative to that event (1790) 2. A Letter to a member of the National assembly (1791.) 3. An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs in consequence of some discussions in Parliamant relative to the reflections on the French Revolution (1791.) 4. A Letter on the Attack made on him in the H. of L. by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale (1796.) 5. Two Letters on the proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France (1796.) 6. (Posthumous in 1797,) Letters on the Conduct of our domestic Parties with regard to French Politics, including observations on the Conduct of the Minority in the Session of 1793. 7. Memorials on French affairs, 1791, '92, and '93.....N. B. *The remainder* of Mr. Burke's posthumous writings may be expected from the exemplary zeal and honourable attention of his executors, Dr. Laurence and Dr. King. " Sunt adhuc curæ

With frontispiece to catch the gazer's eye, 111
Treason, the pile; the basis blasphemy;[cc]
Free from dull order, decency, and rule,
With dogmas fresh from the Sans Souci school;
With definitions vague and terms mysterious,
Seeming humility, but tone imperious,
Mankind's meek friend, and Nature's gentle Sage,
The Priest of Reason in her chosen age;[d]

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" hominibus fides et officium; sunt qui defunctorum quoque amicos agant." Plin. Ep. (1797.).....Whoever warns *the living* against a mortal distemper, or shews the cause of it, and the mode of prevention, and the final remedy, may be said to stand as a guardian angel, between the dead and the living. In this sense, EDMUND BURKE stayed the plague, by his masterly, vigorous, and formidable exposure, to the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, of the modern French principles and national desolation, in all the fulness of their deformity, and in the terrors of their operation. The spear of Ithuriel discovered and displayed Satan in his proper shape.

cc *The basis, blasphemy*....This is the progress of modern Republicanism. The dissolution or rejection of *all* religious principle prepares the mind for breaking every bond of established government, however just or reasonable, to introduce into practice some new theory of general good: so very general, as to have nothing to do with the good of the individual. For the nature of this GENERAL GOOD consult the national Assembly and Convention of France: " Agri, edificia, loca, possessiones, " (*cælum et mare prætermiserant, cætera complexi sunt*) publicé *data*, " ASSIGNATA, *vendita!*" Cic. de Leg. Agr. Orat. 3....Mirabeau *began* with these memorable words: " Si vous voulez une REVOLUTION, il faut *commencer* par *decatholiciser la France*."

d One of the most extraordinary treatises of this kind, is a work in French, intitled, " THE RUINS: *or a Meditation on the Revolution of*

Then bending low, with equal reverence search
The storied portico, and sainted church,

"*Empires by* MR. VOLNEY, Deputy to the National Assembly in 1789." It is written with some spirit, and not without eloquence in some parts, and abounds with what is *now* called *Philosophy*. The intent of this book is to attack every principle of religion in the heart, even the principles of the religion now termed *natural*. Mr. Volney wishes to convince mankind, that *every* pretence to revelation, in every age and in every country, is equally false and equally unfounded; and by a jargon of language, and antiquity, and mythology, and philosophy, he labours to confound and blend *them all* in uncertain tradition and *astronomical* allusions. And all this is attempted to be done, that the world may be prepared for the French Revolution, and the principles on which it was effected. In this point he seems to act not without reason, as the principles of this revolution are laid in the rejection of *all* religion, and were so *from the very beginning of it;* though we may be surprised when we are assured, that it is "*An age of* DELIVERANCE *for a great people and* OF HOPE FOR ALL THE EARTH!!" p. 88.* The real ignorance of this man, on the subject of true religion, is as conspicuous as the puny literature which appears to support his strange doctrines and foolish opinions. Upon the subject of what he calls the *Filiation* of religions, (for the French must have their new jargon of words in every subject) he says, "We acknowledge in one word, that *all the theological doctrines* on the origin of the world, on the nature of God, on the revelation of his laws, and the appearance of his person, *are nothing more than recitals of astronomical facts, and figurative and emblematical stories of the play of the constellations!!!" (du jeu des canstellations.)* p. 167. I cannot but acknowledge the superstition and credulity of mankind in many parts of the world; but what Mr. Volney would impose upon us, for the truth, exceeds the bounds of any credulity ever yet required. Then he introduces the systems of idolatry, the worship of the stars, the two principles of *dualism*

* I refer to the pages of the French original.

Till, wheedling round with metaphysic art,
You steal Religion from the unguarded heart,
And in the see-saw undulating play,
The moral chorus dies in words away.

---

(a little more French jargon) the *monde animé* and the *monde machine*, Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Brama: and last comes *Christianity*. The chapter on this subject is the strangest of all, for he declares that CHRISTIANITY *consists in the allegorical worship of the Sun under the cabalistical names of Chris-en, or Yes-us or Jesus!!!* "Christianisme ou culte "allegorique du *Soleil*, sous les noms *cabalistiques* de *Chris-en* ou Yes-us "ou *Jesus!!!*" And this is a formidable opponent! this is one of the guides to whom we are to give up our *prejudices!* Read any one of the four Evangelists and give your answer. The impudence of Mr. Volney is at least equal to any other power he possesses, for he requires of his reader *only* the surrender of his common sense, and common understanding, and the common principles of *any* knowledge. Yet he demands the admission of *all his* allegories and mystical meanings, (of which, in the true French stile, no doubt is to be entertained,) and then the world is to be emancipated and delivered. From what?—From credulity and superstition. Q. E. D. Upon this Mr. Volney observes, *the priests murmur*. I think the laity will at least do as much, at the words of this apostle of nonsense, blasphemy, folly, and—the rights of mankind, which the French never fail to introduce, when they have laid *them all* prostrate, civil, moral and mental. This is but a specimen of such writers to whom we are to bow as the deliverers of mankind from superstition, and the directors of our minds in the ways of *truth*. *Professing themselves wise they are become fools!*—The best men are indeed convinced, that the ways and works of Providence are inscrutable, and the nature of GOD incomprehensible; and they lament their own insufficiency. Yet they feel themselves bound by the laws of reasoning, and of the specific evidence in every great question divine and human. They are best prepared to acknowledge *the depth and height* of eternal wisdom and mercy, and the

Thence careless saunt'ring in Vacuna's vale,
Tune to your listless lyre some crazy tale;[f]
Dash for applause, nor seek a poet's name,
Content with scribbling and ambiguous fame,
From laws of metre free (which idly serve
To curb strong genius and its swelling nerve,) 130
In verse half veil'd raise titillating lust,
Like girls that deck with flowers Priapus' bust.[g]

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difficulties of attaining to this knowledge. They assent to the words of a man of no vulgar erudition* or mediocrity of talents, when he declares, "Quantis suspiriis et gemitibus fiat, ut *quantulacunque ex parte, possit* "*intelligi* DEUS!"....Before I close this note, I cannot help reminding, not informing, *every* reader, that even Tacitus, (the favourite author of many free-thinkers, though I know not why) has borne testimony to the existence and last sufferings of *JESUS CHRIST*, under the procurator Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius. "Auctor nominis ejus CHRIS-"TUS, qui Tiberio imperitante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, "supplicio affectus erat." Annal. 15. S. 44. Yet we are assured, with an effrontery without a parallel, that *CHRIST*, or *Chris-en* is only a *cabalistical* name of the *Sun*. So is the name of Cæsar, of Socrates, or of Plato. Are we not *ashamed* of listening to such writers as Mr. Volney, who addresses us so unworthily? Yet this is the manner in which Mr. Volney, and such as Mr. Volney, treat the whole human race, men and women, learned and unlearned. The *general* character of all these writers may be expressed in language at once awful and true: "*Non est* "*qui judicat vere; confidunt in nihilo, loquuntur vanitates; conceperunt* "*laborem, pepererunt iniquitatem.*"

f See *Crazy Tales*, &c. and the whole school of La Fontaine.

g See ANGELICA KAUFFMAN's elegant print; but it is to be remembered that the subject is purely classical. N. B. A friend of mine would

* Augustinus.

Go turn to Madan, and in Gospel truth,

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*insist* upon my perusing a long disquisition in quarto, *ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS*, (printed in 1786) with numerous and most disgusting plates. It has not been published but distributed liberally,* without any injunction of secrecy, to the *emeriti* in speculative Priapism, as one would think. As I hope the treatise may be forgotten I shall not name the author†, but observe that all the ordure and filth, all the antique pictures, and all the representations of the generative organs, in their most odious and degrading protrusion, have been raked together and *copulated* (for no other idea seems to be in the mind of the author) and *copulated*, I say, with a new species of blasphemy. Such are, what I would call, the records of the stews and bordellos of Grecian and Roman antiquity, exhibited for the recreation of antiquaries, and the obscene revellings of Greek scholars in their private studdies. Surely this is to dwell mentally in lust and darkness in the loathsome and polluted chamber at Capreæ. *Essays on*

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* i. e. By the *Dilettanti* Society. The solemnity with which *the Dilettanti* meet and *present* their *valuable* works to the chosen few, and the inscription in the blank leaf of each book, are rather ludicrous. The President (of the day) is invested with a Roman Toga in a sort of consular pomp. Before the vote for printing Mr. ———'s *Priapus* had passed, I should have said with Roman sternness, had I been present, *I lictor, colliga manus.*‡—This Roman farce would (and perhaps may) form the subject of a legitimate Satire. (1796.) The *Dilettanti* Society best know *what emblem*, modelled in wax, is laid upon their table at their *solemn* meetings.

*Græcè*
*Discumbunt; nec velari PICTURA jubetur:*
*Forsitan expects, ut Gaditana canoro*
*Incipiat* prurire *choro.*" JUV.

† The author afterwards named himself, and was very angry with me without any reason. I only did my duty to the public.—See P. of L. Dial. 2. v. 57. (Added August, 1797.)

‡ Liv. Lib. 1. c. 26.

And Thelypthoric [h] lore instruct our youth:
Some plain positions lay, as simply thus;
Marriage [i] *consists* in.....*actu cöitûs:*
Laymen may have ten wives; poor priests but one:
Then growl at British laws in surly tone,
That "loving man must grind with loving wife
In *molâ asinariâ*, during life."
With Thickness [k] give some useful *Hints for Health*,
For public good, though not for private wealth;

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*Landscape and Gardening* may, I hope, purify the mind: and as the author is conversant with Greek writers and is now *at a certain time of life*, I recommend to him a sentence from an author, who perhaps is not in his catalogue, though Mr. ..... would be thought a philosopher: Σοφια πρωτον αγνη εστιν, επειτα ειρηνικη. (1794.)

h See a book intitled *Thelypthora*, or *the Causes of Female ruin;* in 3 vols. 8vo.

i These expressions, and some that follow, are taken verbatim from the book itself; and yet there are persons who think that such treatises should be answered seriously.

N. B. if in this and in a very few other places, I have been obliged to introduce expressions *rather strong*, I beg pardon, which will be granted by readers who reflect: for it is impossible to give an effectual exposure of the unwarrantable and scandalous licence of some writers without it. The following excellent words will explain my meaning: "The "*ancient satirists* often used great liberty in their expressions; but their "freedom no more resembles this licentiousness, than the nakedness of an "Indian does that of a common prostitute." HUME'S *History of England.* vol. viii. p. 334. *(Si sic omnia!)*

k Mr. THICKNESS, in his *Valetudinarian's Bath Guide*, dedicated to the Earl of SHELBURNE, now Marquis of LANSDOWNE, has these

Like him, to shun the cold embrace of death,
Inhale in virgin arms ambrosial breath.
Or from the Alps extend to Norway's rocks,
With Switzer-Russico-Kamtschatcan Coxe,[n]
Then turn full-fraught from bleak Siberia's shore,
And leave us just as knowing as before.
Or bound with Barrington in charming spell,
Of Irish [o] trouts with gizzard stomachs tell;

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words; "*I myself am now turned of sixty, and in general, though I have* "*lived in various climates, and suffered severely in body and mind*, yet "having always *partaken of the breath of young women whenever they lay* "*in my way*, I feel none of those infirmities which so often strike my eyes "and ears in this great city, in men much younger than myself." Chapter v. to which Mr. T. has put *his own* name, and he is rather a voluminous author. But, alas! what says a witty Italian: *Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piange.*

n The Rev. *William Coxe*, M.A. F.R.S. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. The author is a gentleman of learning, ability and information; but he is too prolix and too voluminous, "Composuit OCTO Volumina, "*inepté magis quam ineleganter.*"* A writer of Travels should tell us what *he* has seen or heard *himself*, and not *abridge histories of former times*, and insert them in his book, or croud it with biographical memoirs of *deceased* great men. Travels lose their name *by this method* of composition, and the public complain with justice of the noble art of book-making. Mr. Coxe is a writer of great respectability, but my fear of his works passing into an example, has *extorted this notice* from me. I look upon it as a duty to the public, and to the Commonwealth of Literature. (1794.)

o This alludes to a *very ingenious* account transmitted to the Royal Society in the year 1774, of a strange fish called the *Gillaroo Trout*, with

* Sueton. Claud. Sect. 41.

While o'er the bulk of these *transacted* deeds
Prim Blagden pants, and damns [P] them as he reads.

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the *gizzard-like stomach*. "The first time, (says the honourable Mr. "BARRINGTON) I ever happened to hear of this singular fish, was from "an Irish Judge, who being on the Connaught Circuit, at Ballynrobe, "in the County of Mayo, expressed his incredulity with regard to their "existence; but was obliged to pay *the common Irish wager* of a *rump of* "*beef, and a dozen of claret*, on three or four being produced the next "day from a neighbouring lake." The honourable and ingenious Mr. B. next proceeds to inform the Royal Society, that these *gizzard-stomachs* are often served up at table in Ireland, (which account this R. S. swallows with as much ease as it would the trout itself;) but supposing that some might be inclined to doubt, he adds, "I could *corroborate* this fact, "were it necessary, by *the testimony of an Irish Archbishop*." From an Irish Archbishop, by an easy transition, Mr. Barrington introduces an *English Fishmonger*, and declares with great solemnity, "I have shewn "the stomach to Mr. Everett of Clare Market, *a very intelligent fish-* "*monger*, who declares, that though he has *cut up* thousands of trouts "and salmons, he never observed any thing similar in the inside!" See (what are called) *PHILOSOPHICAL Transactions*, 1774, page 116. Euge, bene, recte. I cannot help saying to Mr. B. on this occasion,

Propera stomachum laxare saginis,
Et tua servatum consume in sæcula rhombum.
Juv. S. iv. v. 67.

The reader will observe the rhetorical beauties in this short extract. Mr. B. darts from Ireland to England with incredible swiftness, from Ballynrobe to Clare-market; then come in long array, incredulous Irish judges, and rumps of beef, with dozens of claret, not tempered, I would swear, with water from any trout stream. Next appear *Irish Archbishops* and *INTELLIGENT English Fishmongers*, (an epithet, by the bye, he denies the Archbishop) and all this waste of beautiful language and deep research is expended to convince the Royal Society of the existence of

AUTHOR.

Hear me yet once: (oh might these labours end,
And I to peace and privacy descend!)
Must I, like Chatterton, [q] that varlet bright, [r]

---

gizzard-stomach'd trouts. Yet this Royal Society not only receives all this nonsensical ichthyological farrago, but *selects* it for publication *BY THEIR COUNCIL*. Of Mr. Barrington's talents and erudition I could speak, and have often spoken, with pleasure. But when such a learned man will write, and a Royal Philosophical Society will publish such stuff, for the edification of Europe, I think it proper to select this (from myriads of late similar pieces of stuff) for public notice, that men of real learning and abilities (and such I acknowledge Mr. Barrington) may be rendered cautious how they *commit* themselves and the societies to which they belong. The Royal Society has been, and might again be, of national utility and honour; it has my best wishes, and *therefore* I have written this note. (1794.)—All learned societies must *now* look to their *original* principles, and consider well *the characters of the candidates* who are offered for their choice, as associates. If they will not, the busts of Newton and of Boyle should be veiled. (1797.)

p It is by no means intimated that DOCTOR (I beg pardon) SIR CHARLES Blagden (the Secretary to the Royal Society 1794.) is given to profane swearing when he is tried on such occasions, but such works damn themselves. It cannot be otherwise, till *THE COUNCIL* will exert some discrimination, and refuse to shelter themselves under their foolish declaration of not answering, *as a body*, for the works they publish. Every society must be answerable for its own sense or nonsense, *AS A BODY*, unless they choose to inscribe, in large gold letters, over their meeting room, "*CORPUS SINE PECTORE!*" (1794.)

q I draw my humble information of Chatterton from his life in the New Biographia Britannica, though I cannot compliment Dr. Gregory on such a meagre performance. They who have time may read Mr. Tyrr-

Rouse some new Rowley [s] from a steeple's height?
Like Hardwicke, [t] shelves with gossip volumes clog,
Of *Baby Charles*, and Jemmy's *slave and dog;*
Of Lorkin's [v] diligence for lords' arrears,
With trumpery notes of long forgotten peers? 160

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whit, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Milles, Mr. Thomas Warton, and all the tribe of major and of minor critics (*of single and of double pinks*, as Mr. Sheridan says in *his* CRITIC) on this *important* subject: but I have read something about *vitæ summa brevis*, &c. &c. and confine myself to the *general view* of this controversy in Mr. Mathias's candid and comprehensive Essay.

r "I am the veriest *varlet* that e'er *chew'd;*" says Falstaff, in Henry IV. Part I. Act 2.—*Mr.* HORACE WALPOLE, now Lord Orford, did not however seem to think it necessary that this *varlet* CHATTERTON should *chew at all.* See the *Starvation* Act, *dated* at STRAWBERRY HILL. Vide Gregory's Life as above, &c. (1796.)

s As to this strange subject, the worst that can be said of it is, "magno conatu magnas nugas;" but they are trifles rather pleasant and instructive. I am sure Dr. Milles proved a pleasant subject for that chef-d'œuvre *the Archæological Epistle*, written by Mr. Mason.

t See the Miscellaneous State Papers, published in 1773, by the late Lord HARDWICKE, in 2 vols. 4to. Letters from *Baby Charles's dear Dad and Gossip*, James the First, and his *slave and dog*, Steenie Buckingham, &c. &c. There are however some curious and valuable papers in the collection. The noble editor was a man of learning.

v Mr. LORKIN doth use *miraculous diligence* about your "Lord-"ship's arrears." *State Papers vol.* 1. p. 631. N. B. It often requires *miraculous diligence*, even in these days, to *get at one's* arrears. See Mr. Pitt and the Lords of the Treasury, *if you can get a sight of them.* I never could.

Shall I new anecdotes from Darkness draw,
That Strawb'ry Horace on the Hill [w] ne'er saw,
With *wire-wove* [x] *hot-press'd* paper's glossy glare
Blind all the wise, and make the stupid stare;

---

w The Honourable Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford; the owner of the Gothic mansion called Strawberry-Hill near Twickenham. (1796.)

x All books of all kinds are now advertised to be printed on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*, with *cuts*, down to the *Philosophical* Transactions, (the uniformity of which work is destroyed by this folly unworthy of such a Society) and Major RENNELL's learned Memoir on Hindostan; as if the intention were, that they should be looked at and not read. As to the fury for *prints and cuts*, the folly and *rapacity for gain* in some booksellers, have degraded many works of established fame, and subjected some learned editors to unmerited ridicule. I feel for the injury and injustice which a Gentleman, I mean Mr. CHRISTIAN, Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge, and Editor of Blackstone's Commentaries with valuable notes and illustrations, and who has well deserved from his profession, suffered on this occasion. It was a transaction shameful and unjustifiable. As to the wire-weavers or drawers of paper and hot-pressers, I must say to the public, in the indignant words of Apuleius, "Quousque frustra pascetis *ignigenos* istos?" (Apuleii Metamorph. L. 7. page 157. Ed. Bipont. 1788.) Surely this *foolery* must soon cease.

I wish every author who prints and publishes *his own works* on a *wire-wove* paper, *glazed* and *hot-pressed*, would imitate the honesty of the late Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar Star, who says, in a letter to Voltaire, which accompanied his wonderful book on Oriental Gardening; "It contains (says the knight) *besides a great deal of nonsense*, two *very pretty prints* by Bartolozzi." *European Magazine* for *September*, 1793....While this note was printing, I was informed that *COKE UPON LYTTLETON WITH HARGRAVE'S NOTES*, is advertising to be published on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*. This folly, by such a pro-

Or on imperial foolscap with vignettes
Engrave like Staunton, my Chinese Gazettes?
Or must I, as a wit with learned air,
Like Doctor Dewlap, [y] to Tom Payne's [z] repair,
Meet Cyril Jackson [a] and mild Cracherode, [b]
'Mid literary gods myself a god? 170

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ceeding, must surely sign its own death-warrant. I wish, to be sure, some of our *Statutes at Large* could be a little *wire-drawn* and *hot-pressed* by a Committee of Parliamentary Printers and Compositors.

y Put for any portly Divine, *né pour la digestion*, as Bruyere would say. The reader will supply one to his fancy. But he must not imagine, that I mean mere London Divines, frequenters of routs, plays, operas, Bond-street and Kensington Gardens, or chatterers in bookseller's shops, as the representatives of the British Clergy, who, as a class of men, are in general distinguished for literature and philosophy, and for manners correspondent to their profession.

z Not that detestable fellow *Tom Paine* the Democrat, whom we all execrate, and who is now, with or without a head in France, I hope in the late fashion of that country (in 1794)—but one of the best and honestest men living, the very respectable Mr. Thomas Payne, Senior, to whom as a bookseller, learning is under considerable obligations. I mention this *Trypho Emeritus* with great satisfaction.

a The present Dean of Christ-church, Oxford, exemplary for his diligence and learning "*in* OUR University," as the Dean *loves* to talk. (1794.)

b The Reverend *Clayton Cracherode*, M. A. Student of Christ-Church, Oxford, and one of the Trustees of the British Museum. A rich, learned, and most amiable man (to use the words of the son of Sirach) "furnished with ability, living peaceably in his habitation." His library is allowed to be the choicest in old Greek and Latin authors, of any private collection in this country.

There make folks wonder at th' extent of genius
In the Greek Aldus or the Dutch Forbenius,
And then to edify their learned souls,
Quote *pleasaunt* sayings from *The shippe of Foles.*
Hold! cries Tom Payne, that *margin* let me measure,
And rate the separate value of each treasure.
Eager they gaze: Well Sirs, the feat is done;
" Cracherode's *Poëtæ Principes* [cc] have won:"
In silent exultation down he sits,
'Mong well be-Chaucer'd Winkyn-Wordian wits.
Or shall I thence by mock-appointment stop,
And joke with Bryant at his Elmsly's shop?
And hear it whisper'd, while I'm wondrous pliant,
'Twas Doctor *Dewlap* spoke to *Mister* Bryant.[d]

OCTAVIUS.

How just was he, who in this sapient age,
When learning's varied cares the mind engage,

---

cc The famous edition, by H. Stephens, of the principal Greek poets, called *Poetæ Græci Principes.* All literary men, from the little Reverend Bibliopolish Dr. Gosset, well known at sales, to the humblest collector, understand this farce of *margin*-measuring, and the profit of it. (See also P. of L. Dialogue 4.)

d. When I name Mr. Bryant, it is a sufficient eulogy. But see more in the Second Dialogue of this poem.

Stood up self-taught, and in mankind's defence
Pray'd for professors of plain common sense.
But say, what think you of the tragic stage?[dd] 210

AUTHOR.

No....you'll excuse me there, I know this age.
What from the French [e] Aristotelian school,
Must I plan tragedies by line and rule;
To the high Gods address my first appeal,
Then bid the press my hidden worth reveal,
While round my temples many a tendril plays
Of owlish ivy with the Mævian bays;

---

dd As to the modern comedies of the day by Mr Reynolds, and the *rapid* School, they are below criticism. Farce and O'Keefe have seized upon the stage. "The players and I, thank Heaven, are no friends." (1797.) I wish our present writers would consider with attention the emphatic words of the Duke of Buckingham in his essay on Poetry.

"But *to write plays!* why, 'tis a bold pretence
"To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence;
"Nay more; for they must look within, to find
"Those secret turns of nature in the mind: &c. &c. &c.

The author of *The Heiress* remembered this. It is the production of a man of fashion, delicacy, wit, and judgment.

e There are some deep critics who read Aristotle in French and quote him in Greek.....I know not what to say *now:* the French have proscribed Corneille, Racine, &c.

And close in mournful pomp the tragic rear,
Though Jephson [cc] scarce can gain the public ear.

OCTAVIUS.

Still there are works which lead to sure renown,
In the lay habit or the sacred gown;
Will stamp your credit at an easy price,
Learn'd and ingenious, [d] or a Vir Clariss:
Take Markham's Armorie, [e] John Taylor's Sculler, [f]
Or Sir Giles Goosecap, [g] or proverbial Fuller:

---

cc *Jephson*:....Author of Braganza, The Count of Narbonne, &c. My wish is,

Grande munus
Cecropio REPETAT cothurno.*

but no more dull *Roman Portraits* in 4to.

d Any person who communicates even a single note, however silly or whimsical, to the modern editors of Shakspeare, is stiled the *learned* and *ingenious* Mr. two stars**: the title of *VIR CLARRISSIMUS* is appropriated to the commentators on the Greek and Roman Classics, and often with the same propriety.

e The names of some few books of that vast system of *coglionerie*, or *Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, which is called forth to illustrate our old dramatic writers. It is high time that the reader of sense should see what may be called in the old language, "THE UNTRUSSING OF THESE HUMOROUS CRITICS." namely the Commentators on Shakspeare, from George Steevens, Esq. *downwards*.

"Ces propos, diras tu, sont bons dans la Satire,
"Pour égayer d' abord un lecteur qui veut rire:

* Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 1. v. 11.

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Of Gibbe our cat,[h] white Devils, or [hh] Old Vice;

---

" Mais il faut les prouver. En forme. J'y consens.
" Repons mois donc, Docteur, et mets toi sur les bancs.
" QU'EST CE QU' UN COMMENTATEUR ?"*

What is a Shakspearean Commentator? a specimen of the notes will best explain the name, dignity, and import. I shall therefore begin. The extracts will be as plenty (and as valuable) as blackberries; though I do not give my reasons upon compulsion. Sir John Falstaff's advice is good.

The first chapter of *Markham's Booke of Armorie* is intitled, " *The* " *difference between Charles and Gentleman;*" and it ends thus: " From the " offspring of *Gentlemanly Japhet* came Abraham, Moses, Aaron and the " Prophets, *&c. &c;* also the King of the right line of *Mary*, of whom " that only *absolute Gentleman Jesus* was born, gentleman by his mother " Mary, *Princesse* of coat armour, &c."..... Reader, Mr. Steevens and Dr. Farmer will tell you " *all this is so*," and QUOTED too, Hen. V. vol. ix. p. 441, edit. 1793; though you may begin with a staring doubt.

f John Taylor thus dedicates his *Sculler;* " To the whole Kennel of " Antichrist's Hounds, Priests, Friars, Monks, and Jesuits, Mastiffs, " Mongrels, Islands, and Bloodhounds, Bob-tail'd Tykes." &c. &c. &c.

g Old plays intitled, " Sir Giles Goosecap, Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance, Pierce Pennyless's '*Supplication to the Devil*, Webster's *White* '*Devil*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, &c. &c. &c.; in short, *toute la* '*diablerie dramatique*."

h *Of Gibbe our Cat*....Falstaff says, " I am as melancholy as a GIBBE " CAT." H. IV. p. 1. a. 1. sc. 2. On this the commentators are right pleasant. Dr. Johnson begins, " A *Gibbe* cat means, *I know not why*, an " *old* cat." Dr. Percy informs us next, that a *Gib*-cat in Northamptonshire, means a *He*-cat, which in some parts of England is called a *ram*-cat, and in Shropshire a *tup*-cat. Then follow other wise critics, and last of all appears Mr. Thomas Warton, who brings a train of *authorities* on this important question, shewing *how* Gib is short for Gilbert, and *Tib* for

* Boileau sat. 8.

Then lead your readers many a precious dance,
Cap'ring with Banks's 'Bay Horse in a Trance:'

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Tibert; *how* Jack is appropriated to a horse, and *Tom* to a pigeon: *how* Chaucer, in his Romaunt de la Rose, mentions *Gibbe our Cat*, to which *Tib* was synonimous, as it is at this day; *how* we read in *Grammar Gurton's Needle* (which is a right pleasant, witty and merry comedy, written by Mr. S. Master of Arts) viz. "Hath no man stolen her ducks, or *gelded* GIBBE her cat?" Upon which Mr. Warton very *gravely* observes, "the composure of a cat, is almost characteristic, and *I know not*, (see "Dr. Johnson's words above) whether there is not *a superior solemnity* "*in the gravity* of a HE CAT." Mr. Steevens says, "A *Gib Cat* is a "cat *qualified for the Seraglio*, 'for all animals *so* mutilated *become drowsy* 'or *melancholy*." Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have left it a matter of doubt whether *their own drowsiness and gravity*, and that of their *brother-commentators*, was in consequence of &c. &c. &c. (See Abul-Pharagi's great Babylonish chapter, "De Semiramide, Sapientibus ejus et *Eunuchis*, &c.") To be sure they do sympathize with Grammar Gurton, and her poor unfortunate *Gibbe-cat*. For my own part, I neither can, nor (if I could) would I decide this momentous question; and will only add, (without being in the least *melancholy* or *drowsy* myself) in the words of an author who imparted a manly vigour to the Roman muse, "*Propria* "*quæ maribius* tribuuntur, *mascula* dicas."

hh OLD VICE was a personage very frequent in our ancient comedies. I beg leave to present my reader with a *part*, (and a very short part) of Mr. Upton's account of him. "Old Vice was a droll character "in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap, a pair of asses ears, "and a dagger of lath. This buffoon character was used *to make fun with* "*the devil*, and he had several trite expressions, as, 'I'll be with you in "a trice—ah-hah, boy, are you there?" &c. and this was *great enter-* "*tainment* to the audience to see their *old enemy* so belaboured in effigy. "*Vice* seems to be an abbreviation of *Vice-devil*, AS *Vice-roy*, *Vice-doge*, &c. "and THEREFORE called *very properly* THE VICE. He makes very free "with his master like most other *Vice-roys* or *Prime-minister*, SO THAT

The Housewife's Jewel read with care exact,
Wit from old Books of Cookery [i] extract:
Thoughts to stew'd prunes and kissing comfits suit,
Or the potatoe,[k] vigour stirring root:

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" he is the devil's *Vice* or Prime-minister. And, (adds Mr. Upton) *this* " it is which *makes him so saucy*." Extract from Mr. Upton's note on Richard III. Act iii. sc. 1. N. B. I make no doubt but the reader will observe the beautiful compliment to monarchy and aristocracy most *logically* deduced. This personage has been much patronized of late in France, where every species of *Vice*, old or new, is exercised and used *without any abbreviation*, to speak with Mr. Upton.

i *Books of Cookery.*—I am afraid that these extracts will prove what Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, calls, " *The sinful Suburbs of Cookery.*" Mr. Collins, (in his POTATOE-note, at the end of Troilus and Cressida) extracts without a blush, from the *Good Housewife's Jewel*, a receipt with all the ingredients *AT FULL LENGTH*, *To make a tart that is a COURAGE to* " *a man or woman.*" And this is but a specimen.

Non more probo; cum carmina *lumbum*
*Intrant*, et tremulo *scalpuntur ubi intima* versu.*

k The commentators on Shakspeare are peculiarly, and even zealously, studious in minutely explaining and declaring all the various modes and receipts which the age of the Virgin Queen afforded or recommended for the service of the Queen of Love and soft desire. Whole pages are absolutely filled with venereal provocatives, with the power of kissing comfits, stewed prunes, the virtues of potatoes, eringo root, &c. &c. Must these comments be stiled the " Pauca suo Gallo quæ vel legat ipsa Lycoris?"† I sometimes doubt what book I have in my hand. These fair editors give all they can, nor let us dream the rest. Mr. Steevens in his advertisement to the edition of Shakspeare in 1778, seems to have had his scruples on the subject of these pious prunes, and virtuous bulbs; " Such (says

* Pers. Sat. 1. v. 20. † Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 2.

And then returning from that antique waste,
Be hail'd by Parr, [1] THE GUIDE OF PUBLIC TASTE.

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he) as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falstaff's allusion to stewed prunes, should not be disgusted at a multitude of instances," &c. &c. &c. Some folks are very sagacious, and cry out first; but it will not do.

After a very long note on stewed prunes, by Mr. Steevens, vol. v. p. 375, edit. 1778, and vol. viii. p. 529, edit. 1793, (which see and read,) *The Reverend Doctor* Farmer adds, very properly, "that Mr. "Steevens has *so fully* discussed the subject of *stewed prunes*, that one "can add nothing but *the price;*" (Right:—*Hoc defuit unum Fabricio:** Juv. S. 4.) and therefore adds the Reverend Doctor, in a piece called Banks's Bay Horse in a Trance, 1795, "we have a stock of wenches set "up with their *stewed prunes*, NINE for a tester." At other times these subjects are explained in the learned languages, *for the use* of scholars, as in vol. iv. p. 211, edit. 1778, and in vol. iv. p. 80, edit. 1793, by Mr. Steevens. "Urticæ marinæ omnes *pruritum* quendam movent, et acrimo-"nia sua *Venerem sopitam* et extinctam *excitant.*" Johnston Hist. Nat. de Exang. Aq. p. 56. I protest I sometimes think these reverend or irreverend commentators are about to change sexes, or have done so, and set up for (what Milton in his Apology for Smectymnus calls) "*Old Pre-*"*latesses* with all their young *Corinthian* Laity." I wonder we have never yet had *The Beauties* of Mr. Steevens, of The Reverend Doctor Farmer, of Mr. Collins, (the potatoe-critic,) &c. &c. as a convenient manual for young or old men, who would be young. Mr. Collins has given the public four pages in 8vo. small print, on the astonishing virtues of POTATOES, (a tempest of provocation) printed by themselves at the end of Troilus and Cressida. This *useful* note would have been placed with better grace at the end of "Love's Labour Lost."—It is indeed matter of great and offensive scandal to obtrude such refuse and filth upon this nation, and upon all the countries in the East and West who read Shakspeare's works. It is highly injurious to make Shakspeare the vehicle of so much

* Fabricius, i. e. George Steevens, Esquire!!!

AUTHOR.

What?....must I enter the dramatic course;
Burst thro' the countless squadrons foot and horse?

---

obscene trash, raked together from old plays, old cookery books, and trumpery novels. But, I am told, the poet must be illustrated. In these particulars, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Collins, and Mr. (I know not whom) may as well illustrate the latter part of the fourth book of Lucretius.[1] The corruptions of our nature are the most mortifying comment. They need neither incitement nor *illustration*. Whoever considers, seriously or politically, the dominion of lust and lewdness, and the wide-wasting desolation and irreversible misery which they throw among the defenceless and much-suffering sex, left to destitution, and disease, and poverty, and despair, and contempt, and barren sorrow; will be cautious how he adds even one unnecessary or heedless incitement to this overbearing fury. A man of sense, if not of morality, in remarking on all such passages as I have noted, and many others, would content himself with saying, "This or that passage contains an indecent "allusion not uncommon in the novels or plays of the time;" or at least would be satisfied with a single instance to shew it. Whatever is more than this, cometh from a source which is not good. At present, there really should be an epurgatory index to the best edition, (and in many respects it is the best) of Shakspeare, before it is put into the hands of ladies and the younger part of the readers of Shakspeare. I believe there is not one *reflecting* scholar in this learned kingdom, who will not join in this and in the following criticisms on the present subject, whether the criticisms are severe, jocular, or indignant.

*Carminaque Aonidum, JUSTAMQUE probaverat IRAM!**

1 The Reverend Doctor Parr, in his dedication of "Tracts of War-"burton and a Warburtonian," &c. (reprinted in 1789) note 8, p. 150, has most kindly pointed out to such undiscerning persons as myself, that

* Ovid. Metam. L. 6. v. 2.

All that for Massinger and Beaumont fight,
But leave their authors in a wretched plight;

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" *Malone*, *Reed*, *Farmer*, and *Tyrwhitt*, have come forward as THE " GUIDES OF THE PUBLIC TASTE." To be sure he has added, " Mr. " *Steevens*, the *two Wartons*, *BURKE*, and in his critical capacity, Dr. " *JOHNSON*." But even in this latter part I must remark a strange coalition. With the names of Burke and Johnson who can place a third modern in the same rank? Of Mr. Steevens's classical erudition and ingenuity much might be said; yet all which he has acknowledged as his own writing, consists of notes on Shakspeare. Every one must regret that the History of English Poetry was left unfinished by it's lamented and deeply learned author: and as to his brother Joseph's pleasant Common-Place Book on Pope, it was always amusing to me. But when the title of *Guides of the Public Taste* is given to *Malone*, *Reed*, *Farmer*, (and *Tyrwhitt*,) who are note-makers alone by profession, I find myself constrained to look into my English Dictionary for the meaning of the words *guide* and *taste*. Indeed I have often wondered how so deeply learned a scholar as Mr. TYRWHITT ever suffered himself to be enrolled with these note-makers on Shakspeare. But the *leader* of them has a tongue to flatter and wheedle. Homer explains it best: Παρφασις ἡ τ'ἐκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων. In this manner the name of *SAMUEL JOHNSON* was *inseparably* associated with that of *GEORGE STEEVENS*.

I have selected this passage from Dr. Parr's splendid dedication of these Warburtonian Tracts, in which a man, in the vigour of his faculties and srength, has not thought it unbecoming his character to attack, like a puny whipster, the established dignity of departed excellence; and with unbridled licence of language has endeavoured to invade the retreat and the repose of a most learned and venerable prelate,* now *in full age and hoary holiness*. I speak with feeling of such a conduct, and I speak with the feelings of a man; for what is a mere scholar and a quoter of Greek, when he forgets the man? I trust Dr. Parr has severely felt the unmeaning vanity and silly cruelty of calling forth again to public notice

* Dr. HURD, Bishop of Worcester.

From Capell steal, yet never own the theft,
And then desert [m] him of his store bereft.
Oh injur'd Patron of our noblest bard!
Capell, [n] receive this tribute of regard,

---

these tracts, which their authors long wished to give up to oblivion. Leland, and the great and truly liberal Jortin, might have been as ably defended at another time and in another place. I cannot be repaid for such indecent conduct by the amusement I receive, (to use Dr. Parr's *own* words) "from the lucky and lucid intervals between the paroxysms "of (Dr. Parr's) polemic phrenzy; from all the laughable and all the "loathsome singularities which float upon the surface of his (Dr. Parr's) "diction; nor can I hang with fondness and admiration over the crowded "yet clear and luminous galaxies of imagery diffused through (Dr. Parr's) "works, p. 151," &c. &c. But if I should quote any more of such words, the reader would take the Doctor's Greek for English and his English for Greek, and be apt to cry out with honest old Doyley, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* (which I am not, but the Doctor may know who is) "I'll be curs'd if this is English." Indeed I have no more time or place to allot in this *First Part* of my Poem to Dr. Parr....I refer my reader to the *Third Part*, in which the Doctor makes a more public and distinguished entry.

m There are men now in great vogue, who will feel the force of these two lines. (1794.)

n Mr. CAPELL, the Editor, I call him *the Patron** of *SHAKSPEARE*. This gentleman was of a singular turn of mind, perhaps a little too minute, but of a curiosity unbounded and insatiable. They who are acquainted with his critical writings on Shakspeare, and his accurate researches into this species of antiquity, and who have considered and estimated his edition of the poet, will not scruple with me to pronounce him, *The Father of all legitimate Commentary on Shakspeare*. To this gentleman's intimacy, and to the knowledge of his most learned investigations, were admitted

* The ὁ Προστατευων.

And may this honest verse to life and light
Call forth thy name, and vindicate thy right.
Must I for SHAKSPEARE no compassion feel,
Almost eat up by commentating ° zeal?

---

men whom I forbear to name. But mark the consequence. *His* edition was condemned, or I should rather say, *damned* by those, who in the poet's own words,

" To his *unguarded* nest, like *weasel critics*,
" *Came sneaking*, and so suck'd his princely eggs."*

And when the SCHOOL of SHAKSPEARE in 3 vols. 4to was published (alas! after his death) we were told forsooth, that we had nothing to learn on the subject. *Indeed!*—I am pleased however, to see that Mr. Capell's Preface is admitted into the new edition of Shakspeare, in *Fifteen* volumes. It will not be too much to hope for an edition in *Fifty* volumes quarto, printed on a *wire-wove paper*, *glazed*, and *hot-pressed*.

o I hope the reader will not be displeased with a short observation on this subject.—SHAKSPEARE was born in the year 1564, and died on the 23d of April in 1616, on his birth-day. It was not until full seven years after his death that his plays were first collected and published together in folio, in the year 1623, by two of his principal friends in the company of comedians, *Hemminge* and *Condell*. They likewise corrected a second edition in 1632. It may seem strange to us, but it is true, that no other edition of his works was attempted till eighty-two years after that time, when in the year 1714 a third edition was published by Mr. Rowe with very few, if any, corrections. Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capell, Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, have since that time given new editions. Mr. Steevens, in the year 1766, published a particular edition in 4 volumes in 8vo. of all the plays which were printed in 4to. in Shakspeare's life-time or before the Restoration. It is printed verbatim from the old copies, and is curious and valuable. Mr. Steevens asserts unequivocally, that " no proof can be given that the poet superin-

* Hen. V. Act 1. sc. 2.

On Avon's banks I heard Actæon [p] mourn
By fell Black Letter Dogs in pieces torn;
Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,
All well broke-in by Coney-catching [q] Art, 230

---

" tended the publication of any one of these himself." Pref. vol. i. p. 14. If this be true, as I believe, what can any editor arrogate to himself concerning the genuine text of this great poet? I am not speaking of conjectural criticism, and of an accurate revision of the punctuation, which is of real consequence, but of the actual words themselves as written by Shakspeare. The original players, Hemminge and Condell, were in possession of the only MSS. which were extant at the very time when the plays were first acted; and it is probable that the *play-house manuscript copy* was the only one to which they could refer, and no MSS. whatsoever existed after that time. Shakspeare appears wholly to have neglected or despised reputation in succeeding ages. It is for this age to amuse itself with schools and galleries, and without blame, in my opinion.

p Videre CANES; primusque *Melampus*,
*Pamphagus* et *Dorceus*, velox cum fratre *Lycisca*,
*Ichnobatesque* sagax, et villis *Asbolus* atris,
*Nebrophonosque* valens, et *trux* cum Lælape *Theron*,
*Labros* et *Agriodos*, et acutæ vocis *Hylactor*,
Quosque referre mora est. Ea turba *cupidine prædæ*
Quà via difficilis, *quàque est via nulla*, sequuntur.
Heu famulos fugit IPSE suos: clamare libebat,
*Actæon Ego sum; Dominum* cognoscite *vestrum:*
*Vellet abesse quidem*....sed ADEST. Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

N. B. It is conceived that this *canine* metamorphosis of the commentators on Shakspeare, will be received in a pleasant point of view without offence; for I must speak it to the credit of our English Black Letter dogs, that upon the whole there is more harmony among them, (a few cases excepted) than among the dogs that worried Greek and Roman authors in former times. I surely may be excused for this *caninity*, if Mr.

So tender to the Paphian notes they move,
*And seem as they were only born for* [qq] *love.*
Hark, Johnson [r] smacks his lash; loud sounds the din:
Mounted in rear see Steevens *Whipper-in,*

---

Bryant himself has been allowed to declare, without censure, that Κυνες signify Οι Ἱερεις: though certainly the Hierarchy are infinitely indebted to him for the discovery. Bryant's Mythol. vol. i. p. 329, &c.

q The singularity of this term "Coney-catching," (which is the only reason of my introducing it) called for my attention; as no treatises or farces, or whatever they may be, are more appealed to by the commentators that "Greene's Art of Coney-Catching; Greene's Ground work of "Coney-Catching; Greene's Disputation between a He Coney-Catcher "and a She Coney-Catcher." As my poor library will not afford these *valuable* books, I profess myself still ignorant of this ancient *art of Coney-Catching*, and therefore am by no means fit for a commentator; yet the reader may perhaps think me fit for writing a note or two upon these "SNAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES." (Wint. Tale, A. 4. sc. 1.)....I do not agree with Mr. Steevens that *Coney-Catching* means *the art of picking pockets;* (see his note on the words "Silly Cheat," vol. iv. p. 368, ed. 1778.)....except there is any pleasant allusion, by anticipation, to some late editions of Shakspeare. My poor pockets cannot keep up with these rising demands upon them. *Six Pounds Fifteen Shillings!!* for the last edition of Shakspeare, and without any binding! I cry you mercy, my good Master Steevens; think of us poor poets.

qq "They of love and love's disport
Treat largely, of their mutual guilt the seal." Milt. P. L.

See the Comments on Shakspeare, as above, and *passim* through the whole edition.

r SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D. The reader must know enough of this *Huntsman*, his green velvet cap, and brown brass buttoned coat, and his churlish chiding of every hound that came near him, &c. &c. at least it is not Jemmy Boswell's fault if he does not.—Johnson and Bos-

Rich with the spoils of learning's Black domain,
And Guide supreme o'er all the tainted plain.
Lo! first *Melampus* [s] Farmer deftly springs,
(Walter de Mapes [t] his sire) the welkin rings:

---

well; Αυτον και Θεραποντα! But now we must all regret the loss of the cheerful, the pleasant, the inimitable Biographer of his illustrious friend.

Dr. Johnson's comments on Shakspeare are never sullied and contaminated with minute explications of indecent passages:

He bears no token of those sable streams,
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.*

In whatever Dr. Johnson undertook, it was his determined purpose to rectify the heart, to purify the passions, to give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.

s *Melampus* signifies a dog with black feet. He is supposed to have run over the town and county of Leicester, but never could be persuaded to give any account of it.† This dog scented out the *Learning of Shakspeare* with true and original sagacity, and absolutely unkennelled it. This is his proper praise. Mr. Steevens says, "Could a perfect and decisive edition of Shakspeare be produced, it were to be expected ONLY "(though we fear in vain) from the hand of *Dr. Farmer*, whose *more* "*serious avocations forbid Him* to undertake what," &c. &c. See Advert. by Mr. Steevens to Shakspeare, edit. 1793, p. 11. Such gravity of compliments between two editors, reminds me of what Shakspeare calls, "*The Encounter* of *two Dog Apes*. (1794.)

t *Walter de Mapes* was the jovial archdeacon of Oxford, the Anacreon of the eleventh century. "*A decent priest where monkies were the gods*,‡" and author of the *divine* ode, beginning:

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* Pope Dunc. L. 2. v. 297.

† I lament that Dr. Farmer never published his intended *History of Leicester*. I lament it, but I do not reprobate the Doctor, as he behaved in a gentlemanly manner when he declined prosecuting that work, which is a real loss to the antiquary and the lover of topography.

‡ Dunciad B. 3. 208.

Stout Gloucester [u] mark in *Pamphagus* [v] advance,
Who never stood aghast in speechless trance; 240
The sage *Ichnobates* [w] see Tyrwhitt limp;
Malone *Hylactor* [x] bounds a clear-voic'd imp;

---

" Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
*Deus sit propitius huic Potatori!*"* &c.

u Stout *Gloucester*....Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester....See Gray's Bard. " Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance," Stanza 1.

v *Pamphagus*....signifies a dog of a most voracious appetite, who snaps at and devours every thing digestible or indigestible. They who are acquainted with the *Divine Legation*, &c. &c. well know the nature of Warburton's literary appetite and the danger of hunting in the same field with him. With all his eccentricities this was a noble dog, and there is not one of the true breed left, worthy of the progenitor, though there are a few mongrels.

w *Ichnobates* means a dog who *tracks* out the game before him. No one was more diligent than this dog, yet he frequently went upon a wrong scent; but would never suffer the huntsman to call him off, especially in the neighbourhood of *Canterbury* and *Bristol*....If I were again to metamorphose these hounds into men, I should lament the application of Mr. Tyrwhitt's learning and sagacity. " Illum *pro literato* plerique laudandum " duxerunt, quum ille, *næniis quibusdam anilibus* occupatus inter *Milesias* " *Punicas* APULEII SUI et *ludicra literaria* consenesceret." (Vid. Julium Capitolinum in vita Clodii Albini ad Constantium Augustum;) I will however say, as to my own part, Illum pro literato *laudandum* semper duxi, but with a reserve as to the application of his learning. I wish this *Ichnobates* had been *utilium* sagax *rerum*.

x *Hylactor* means a dog with a clear and strong voice. One would think that *this dog* was one of Canidia's breed, which called from the sepulchre the actual remains of the dead to enchant and stupify the liv-

* Hor. A. P. v. 228.

*Asbolus* [z] Hawkins, a grim shaggy hound,
In music growls, and beats the bushes round; [a]
Then Porson view *Nebrophonos* [b] the shrewd, [c]
Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's [d] critic blood;

---

ing. This dog has been scratching up the earth about *Doctors Commons*, and has torn up all *the Wills* of the actors who lived in Shakspeare's time, and carried them in his mouth to the printer of a late edition of that author....But when I speak of rational men, it passes the bounds of all sagacity to divine, by what species of refined absurdity *the Wills and Testaments of Actors* could be raked up and published to *illustrate* Shakspeare. (see Malone's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 186. &c. &c. &c. and in the 2d. vol. of the edit. of Shakspeare, in 1793.) A critic for such an ingenious invention should be presented with the *altum Saganæ caliendrum*, which would not easily fall from his head....But Mr. Malone has redeemed this piece of folly by many valuable literary excellencies.

z *Asbolus* signifies a dog of a swarthy complexion.

a Beats the bushes round.—Descriptive of Sir John Hawkins's History of music; in which however there is much original and valuable information, as in all his other works, so unjustly censured in my opinion. Sir John's principal fault was *digression from the subject*; but if you excuse that, you are well repaid by the information you receive.

b *Nebrophonos* signifies a dog that slays the fawns and deer, and so in truth it is;

Archdeacons, rats and such small deer,
Have been DICK's food for many a year.

And, as Lear says, "I'll take a word with this same *learned* THEBAN?" my learned *Master* Richard Porson: but he loves *no titles!* It would be better if he did.

c ....Mr. Malone says, the word *shrewd* means *acute*, or *intelligent*; Mr. Steevens says, it is *bitter* or *severe*. Shaks. Ed. 1793, vol. vi. p. 430. Reader, you may choose, or rather combine the terms.

d The reader may be surprised to find any theological writings in this part; but Mr. Steevens's ingenuity has contrived to press Mr. Profes-

See *Dorceus* [dd] Whiter o'er the learned soil,
Brisk, though at fault, with new associates toil;
In *Theron's* [e] form, mark Ritson next contend,
Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's [f] friend; 250

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sor Porson's letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis into the service of Shakspeare; and by such ingenuity *who* or *what* may not be pressed into it? This is quite a sufficient excuse for me, or rather a full justification of my allusion to them. See Tempest, vol. iii. p. 68. Steev. Edit. 1793. Mr. Steevens stiles M. P. "*an excellent scholar and a perspicacious critic*;" in which I most cordially and most sincerely agree. But, if I am rightly informed, he thanks neither Mr. Steevens, nor me, nor Dr. Parr, nor Dr. Burney the schoolmaster, or any other Doctor or Mister in this country, for any opinion they may entertain or express of him or his works. He neither gives or takes. I find the Archdeacon has re-published his work, and in my opinion has very wisely declined being *led* any more by DICK *and the foul fiend* "through fire, and through flame and whirlpool, o'er bog "and quagmire, and having knives laid under his pillow." But the Archdeacon has had the weakness to print his work on a *wire-wove paper* and *hot-pressed*. Had I been the Archdeacon, I should have been contented with the *hot-pressing* by Mr. Porson, hot indeed, *hissing hot!* This controversy has no good end. Learning is good, and theology is good; but there is something better, Η Αγαπη. There is also a writer who says, Κατακαυχᾶται ΕΛΕΟΣ κρισεως. Is it not so, Mr. Professor?

dd *Dorceus*, signifies, in my opinion, a dog of a sharp sight, apt to see *what nobody else can* in a large field. Some derive it from Δορκας, capra, *quasi per saltum*, which I reject....See Mr. Whiter's Commentaries on Sheakspeare, on a *new* principle &c. published in 1794. This is certainly a very learned and sagacious dog. He is out of the actual chace; but might with great propriety, join the pack on a future day: or in plain words, when a new edition of Shakspeare is printed, there should be a selection of notes from his book. His criticism on the second Eclogue of the poems ascribed to Rowley, (truly or falsely) in point of ingenuity and illustrative learning has never been surpassed. *Puicunque veterum fortiter opposuerim.*

Tom Warton last, *Agriodos*[g] acute,
With *Labros* Percy[h] barks in close pursuit:

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e *Theron* signifies a dog of innate ferocity.

f *Poor Tom Warton* could have told a piteous tale, how *his* historic *body was punched full of deadly holes* by his literary Richard IIId. Dr. Percy could make a lamentation or two in some ancient ditty, in a *fit* or canto. Mr. Malone probably has felt a gripe rather strong. The antiquaries....but they have *spoken for themselves*. The Antiquarian Society is *amiable* and harmless, and from what I have seen, their publications resemble the subjects of them, Νεκυων AMENHNA καρηνα. Who could wish to disturb such repose?

g *Agriodos* signifies a dog with a sharp tooth.....I always regret the loss of THOMAS WARTON: in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical. I never received information so agreeably from any modern writer. His edition of Milton's Smaller Poems (an exquisite specimen of classical commentary, and worthy of his former observations on Spencer) leaves it a matter of unceasing regret, that he never published the Paradise Lost and Regained. The want of the last volume of the History of English Poetry, must forever be lamented. I despair of any artist able to finish such a work, with so few imperfections, and with such various erudition. Tom Warton had rather a kindly affection for the jovial memory of Archdeacon Walter de Mapes of the 11th century, mentioned for his drinking ode in a former note. Mr. W. tells us, (with a warm panegyric) in his 2d Dissert. to the Hist. of E. P. that this divine Anacreon wrote also a Latin ode in favour of *married* priests, concluding with these *spirited* lines:

Ecce *pro Clericis* multum allegavi;
Nec non pro Presbyteris multum comprobavi;
Pater noster pro me *quoniam peccavi*,
Dicat quisque Presbyter *cum sua* SUAVI!

I quote this for *my own* sake, *quoniam peccavi*, and am inclined to hope that every *Presbyter cum sua* SUAVI, will be as kind to the author of this poem on THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE. Requiescat!

Hot was the chace; I left it out of breath;
I wish'd not *to be in* at Shakspeare's death.

OCTAVIUS.

Here yet awhile [i] these honest labours close,
And leave indignant Genius to repose.

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h *Labros* signifies a dog that *opens* continually.—But I forget; Si quis dixerit EPISCOPUM *aliquâ infirmitate* laborare, anathema esto.... AND thus I take my leave of the WHOLE Black Letter KENNEL, with all their wit, and all their follies, and all their merry humours; and they may both now and hereafter, unawed by their great *Huntsman* who is no more, and most probably unmolested by me, continue to bark and growl, and snap, and quarrel and teaze one another, till there remains not a critical offal for which they may contend. *Et velut absentem certatim* Actæona *clament.**—*Finally*, as to this *famous* Edition of Shakspeare by George Steevens, Esq. and the whole Black Letter *Kennell*, I must pronounce *its great Eulogium*, as it is beautifully conceived and expressed in the words of a master of the most finished Latinity of the Augustan age. "HIC LIBER *est conglutinatus ex tam multis libris*, quot unus pinguis Cocus *Oves*, *boves*, *sues*, *grues*, *anseres*, *passeres*, *coquere*, aut unus fumosus Calefactor *centum magna hypocausta ex illis calefacere possit!!!*" Epist. *Obscurorum* Virorum!

i "Hæc SAT ERIT, Divæ, vestrum cecinisse Poetam." So said Virgil,† and so says my friend OCTAVIUS, to whose judgment I submit, and write this note *in conclusion for the present*, that I may offer and recommend to the consideration of all Poets, Orators, and Writers, sacred and profane, a sentence from SWIFT, which I could wish to see engraven in letters of gold, as an everlasting admonition. It is this: *To say the truth*, "no part of knowledge seems to be *in fewer hands*, than that of "discerning WHEN TO HAVE DONE." (1794.)

* Ovid. Met. Lib. 3. † Virg. Ecl. 10. v. 70.

END OF DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *DIALOGUE THE SECOND.*

Ετ' αξηλητος και ανετατος οξειϊ χαλκω,
ΔΙΝΕΥΩ ΚΑΤΑ ΜΕΣΣΟΝ, αγοι δε με Παλλας Αθηνη
Χειρος ἑλεσσ', αυταρ ϛελεων απερυκοι ερωην.

Hom. Il. 4. v. 540.

# PREFACE

## *TO THE SECOND DIALOGUE**

OF THE

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Ανειρυσας
Και φασγανε ζωστηρα, και ξιφος πατρος,
Κρημνων ενερθεν αιγιλιψ ροιζεμενων,
Παλιν δοκευω.
Lycophron. Cassandra. v. 1321.

TWO years have passed since I published "The first Part of the Pursuits of Literature." I now offer a continuation of it to the attention of those persons who may feel themselves interested in such researches; the subjects of which are, *in their event*, important to us all. What I observe of the First Part, I observe of this, and the following Parts, "that no imitation is intended of any former writer or of any former "poem." That it will attract *some* attention in *some* places, I am confident; but it will be idle to make any conjecture as to the author. He is, and will be, concealed upon motives very different from the apprehension of any private resentment. I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any supposed name; it is as unjust as it is absurd.

* First printed in May 1794.

" Flebit et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe,"* was said of old. I do not say this, but I recommend to every gentleman and lady of eminent sagacity and curiosity to remember, that there is a darkness *which may be felt.*

As to the subject of SATIRE in general, I will add a few words, as they are not wholly unimportant, and as they explain my own ideas. All reprehension of vice, or of folly, or of any moral depravity, must cease at once, if it is required of the author of that reprehension, that he be *blameless* himself in the strict, or indeed in any, sense of that word. But if the enumeration of evils, wickedness, folly, extravagance, abuse of knowledge in theory or in practice, and a censure of such actions and of such opinions, be considered as the production of a mind bad, reprehensible, and unquiet in itself, I fear, that few philosophers, are exempted from the charge. In my opinion, the Philosopher himself is a Satirist, speaking to the world at large, without a specific reference to any nation. The Satirist, (in the common acceptation of the word) is a writer in poetry or in prose, who addresses himself to a peculiar part of the world, and generally to his own countrymen, calling them to a view of their faults, follies, or vices, which are destructive of society, of government, of good manners, or of good literature. The philosophic Satirist effects his purpose by appealing to man and his nature; the modern poet, supposing and acknowledging the truth of these original principles, argues virtually from them, but directs his attention to existing persons, circumstances, opinions, and books, in his own times. He illustrates his doctrine by that forcible appeal, assisted by learning, wit, and ridicule; with an honest endeavour to uphold the common cause of wisdom, of truth, and of virtue, *without which* criticism is malignity, and satire is scandal.

Yet however excellent, the work of any Satirist is transitory as to its immediate subject. But as it is a view of life *designed* (a) to be presented to other times, as well as those in which it is written, the necessity of an author's furnishing *Notes to his own composition* (b) is evident, to clear up

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* Hor. Lib. 2. S. 1. v. 45.

a I refer the reader to Dean Swift's dedication to Prince Posterity.

b " *The notes* I wish *to be very large* in what relates to the persons concerned: for I have long observed that, twenty miles from London, nobody understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages, and

for himself such difficulties as the lapse of time, (and indeed of a very little time) would unavoidably create. This is a privilege and a liberty which was denied to the ancients, which Dryden rejected, and Pope partially adopted.

After these few observations, (which I thought necessary or I would not have written them) I offer this continuation of the poem to my readers, not without the spirit of a writer who has endeavoured well. I will also, upon reflection, add the words of A MAN, not to be named on such an occasion. " I do not look to be asked wherefore I wrote this " book; it being no difficulty to answer, that I did it to those ends, which " the best men propose to themselves when they write."

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in a few years not even those who live in London." Swift's letter to Pope. July 16, 1728.—Pope's Works, Vol. 9. p. 117. *Warburton's* edition, 8vo. N. B. Dr. Joseph Warton observes in his edition of Pope Vol. 4. p. 323. that, this observation of Swift " is a *mortifying* reflection " to the writers of Satire, and daily topics of censure." I have taken particular care in my poem to prevent *this mortification.* (added Jan. 1798.)

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *DIALOGUE THE SECOND.**

AUTHOR.

ALL hail to Cestria, and her mitred lord![a]
And may the muse in lasting strains record
That lawn'd Endymion of a happier age;
Who, wild with rapture and empiric rage,
On bold aspiring pinion could presume
To journey through the vast ethereal gloom;
Who tir'd of earth and dreams of gowned rest,
Sunk in the elysium of his Cynthia's breast!
But ah, *for us* those wizard wonders cease:
In war, death, pestilence, or dang'rous peace,

* First published in May, 1796.

a John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, in the last century, wrote a celebrated "Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to the Moon." Upon my word, Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one of the best is, it makes us laugh sometimes.

Condemn'd to groan in this disorder'd hour,
Victors and victims of th' unhallow'd pow'r,
That bids the western world or rouse or weep,
O'erwhelm'd beneath the formidable deep.

OCTAVIUS.

Of France [aa] enough: go bend before that tomb,
Where other palms and other laurels bloom,
Where Maro sleeps; or in the Sabine shade,
Or in severe Aquinum's inmost glade,

---

aa I can mention no lines so expressive of the state of France, (1796.) as the following adapted from Boileau.

" Dechirans á l'envi *leur propre Republique*,
" Lions contre Lions, parens contre parens,
" Combattent follement POUR LE CHOIX DES TYRANS!"*

To some persons the following sublime picture, as drawn by the master hand of that mighty poet Lycophron, will have its force, under the same allusion.

Καταιθει γαιαν ορχηστης Αρης,
Στρομβω τον ἀιματηρον ἐξαρχων νομον.
Απασα δε χθων πρὸυμματων δηΐεμενη
Κειται, πεφρικαν δ' ὡστε λῃΐδ γυαι
Λογχαις αποστιλβοντες. Οιμωγη δε μοι
Εν ωσι πυργων ἐξ ακρων ινδαλλεται,
Προς αιθερος κυρβασα νηνεμιδς ἑδρας,
Γοω γυναικων, και καταῤῥαγαις πεπλων,
Αλλην επ' αλλῃ συμφοραν δεδεγμενων.†

* Boil. Sat. 8, v. 132. † Lycophron. Cassandra. v. 249.

Fast by Volterra's [a] dark Etrurian grove,
With Boileau's [b] art and Dryden's rapture rove.
Be wise betimes, and in resistless prose
Leave Burke ALONE to thunder on our foes:
Let Wakefield [c] rant, and pallid Thelwall bawl,
Lords of misrule in anarchy's wild hall;

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a Juvenal was born at Aquinum, and Persius at Volterra, in Italy.

b Boileau.—The most perfect of all modern writers in true taste and judgment. His sagacity was unerring; he combined every ancient excellence, and appears original even in the adoption of acknowledged thoughts and allusions. He is the just and adequate representative of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius united, without one indecent blemish; and for my own part I have always considered him as the most finished gentleman that ever wrote. I have spoken more at large of this poet in the Introductory Letter to the P. of L.

c Wakefield. Whenever I think of the name of Gilbert Wakefield, and look at the list of his works, (for I would not undertake to read them *all*,) I feel alternate sorrow and indignation. His learning and sagacity are indeed sufficient to entitle him to some patronage, and to the removal of every want. But his spirit is so restless, his temper is so overbearing and tyrannical, (I speak from the consideration of his works alone) his contempt for others is so great, and his personal vanity so conspicuous, that even literature begins to be weary of him. But when I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and asperity of the reformer, all the insolence and even impudence of the assertors of equality, a want of decent, or even of common respect to dignified characters, and a mind (naturally designed for better exertions, and cultivated in the groves of an university) hostile and implacable to every establishment, and with a strong tendency even to * sanguinary persecution. I speak of him as a

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* See (if it is worth while) Gilbert Wakefield's pamphlet entitled "Remarks on the General Orders given by the Duke of York to his army,

Such prophets as ere long Horne Tooke may save,
And hide and feed *by fifties* [d] in a cave.

You read perchance a minister in books, [f]
And know an honest statesman by his looks;

---

public man; I have no contempt of his attainments. But I will never suffer him, or any other man, who obtrudes himself and his political principles and measures upon the public, to pass me without notice; or as the poet strongly expresses it,

Glomerare sub antro
Fumiferam noctem, *commixtis igne tenebris*,*

without the reprehension he deserves. (1796.)

d By fifties. "Obadiah took the prophets, and hid them by fifty in "a cave, and fed them with bread and water." Kings B. 1. ch. 18. v. 4. In the provisions of that most important, and I wish I could say, perpetual act, (passed in 1795) for preventing seditious assemblies, &c. &c. &c. it is specified, that none of these prophets, or lecturers, or diviners in democracy, shall meet in greater numbers than by fifty in a cave, or elsewhere: and considering the inflammatory nature of their disorders it is devoutly to be wished, that they may be kept upon the same cooling diet.

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"July 7, 1794, respecting the decree of the French Convention, to give "no quarter to the British and Hanoverians, 1794." I only mention this or any of Mr. Wakefield's writings for *their spirit and tendency*, as the compositions are worth little notice. I shall not at present wander through his *Silva Critica*, "Ubi passim palantes *Error* recto de tramite "pellit."† His ravages on Virgil and Horace, in his late edition of them, are often as shocking to taste as to truth. Bentley's *book* (I beg pardon for coupling the names) was nothing to the *levelling axe* of Gil. Wakefield. If Mr. Wakefield does not write with greater care and ability than he has hitherto shewn, neither *men*, nor *gods*, nor *columns* will permit his works to be extant very long.

* Hor. L. 2. Sat. 3. v. 48. † Virg. Æn. 8. v. 254.

Think in debates the spirit may be seen,
In Thurlow just, in Wedderburne, serene;
In Grenville, firmness; majesty, in Pitt;
And in Dundas, the courage to submit.
Proud of your keen discernment you retire,
Smit with the fame of Rollo's bard [g] and squire,
You'd print (poor man!) your satire and your song,
Correct as Gifford, or as Cowper, strong.

AUTHOR.

Yes: to my country's justice I appeal,
Nor dread the press, the guillotine, nor wheel,
Nor fulsome praise, nor coldness of neglect,
Nor all that poets meet, but scarce expect;
Yet though *the question* I shall never fear,
A rhyming culprit's bold confession hear.

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f I allude to the profound knowledge which busy men acquire of the most secret designs of the British, or even of foreign cabinets,—from the news-papers. Nothing is so pleasant as to hear men assert without the least hesitation what they know of the intention of Ministers. I really envy the satisfaction they feel, when they communicate their discoveries to such unenlightened and ignorant men as myself.

g Dr. Lawrence; Author or Editor of the Rolliad, Probationary Odes, &c.

Memory I have, not Middleton[i] has more;
Plays I could frame, like Ireland,[k] by the score;
Could sing of gardens, yet well pleas'd to see
Walpole[l] and Nature may, for once, agree;
Or give with Darwin, to the hectic kind,
Receipts in verse to shift the north-east wind;[m]

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i The famous witness on Mr. Hastings's trial, the disciple of Themistocles.

k The publisher of the newly-found manuscript *in Shakspeare's own hand writing*. The reader will find more on this subject in the course of *this* Second Dialogue.

l Read (it well deserves the attention) that quaint, but most curious and learned, writer's excellent Essay on Modern Gardening, at the end of his Lives of the Painters.

m See Dr. Darwin's Loves of the plants and a long and pleasant note, in which the Doctor thinks it very feasible to *manage the winds*, (and every thing else I believe) at *his* pleasure, *by a little philosophy*. I never read any thing so comfortable in my life. Martinus Scriblerus will be, after all, a legitimate natural philosopher. It appears to me, that Dr. Darwin's *ingenious understanding* is peculiary adapted to solve the following problem in *natural* philosophy: "WHETHER, *the hybernal* "*frigidity of the anitpodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the* "*homogeneous solidity of the centre, might warm the superficial connexity* "*of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?*" I have given a translation of this great and useful problem, (as *the French* philosopher *Pantagruel* is not quite so intelligible in the original,) that Dr. Darwin may discuss it at large in the next edition of his *Zoonomia*, which is much to be desired. I refer the reader to the *Creme Philosophique des Questions Encyclopedique* at the end of Rabelais Book 5. The *true cream* of their *modern Encyclopedie* is to be found in the French Revolution, 1789, &c.

With Price[n] and Knight grounds *by neglect* improve,
And banish use, for naked Nature's love,
Lakes, forests, rivers, in one landscape drawn,
My park, a county, and a heath, my lawn;
With Knight, man's civil progress[o] could rehearse,
*Put* Hume, or Smith, or Tacitus *in verse*,

---

n Price and Knight.— See the various treatises, all curious and in some degree pleasant, on the subject of landscape, and the art of laying out grounds. Knight and Price, *versus* Mason and Brown, REPTON, Moderator. I have no doubt of the decision at the bar of taste, but I certainly would not bring the cause in the court at Guildhall. With *the giants* on the jury, and Lord Kenyon for the Judge, there certainly would be a virdict for the Brogdignag Gardeners, Knight and Price.

o See and *read* (if possible) what Mr. R. P. Knight calls a Didactic *Poem*, " The PROGRESS of Civil Society, in six books, 4to." I protest I speak impartially, when I assert that Mr. Knight seems to have no other ideas of poetry, than that of lines and syllables, put into a measure with, now and then, some litle attention to grammar. I mean when he *writes verses himself*. For if he conceives, that the versification of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, Tacitus on the Germans, Smith on the Wealth of Nations, Robertson's Introduction to his History of Charles V. Stuart on the View of Society in Europe, and such works, is *poetry*, there is no help for him, he must be suffered to *rhyme on*. " *Dogmatizer en vers, et rimer par chapitres.*"* It is impossible to criticize or examine the whole in a note, but I will give a specimen of such observations as I should make, if I were to go through the whole of this *tedious* piece of work. Mr. K. is very fond of beginning all his books *with doubt*, like a true philosopher; he always uses the words " *Whether* this, or *whether* that— or *whether* the other"—is the case, never deciding the point, nor giving even a *doubtful* solution of *doubtful doubts*, as Mr. Hume kindly used to

* Boileau, Sat. 8. v. 116.

And, while Silenus and his votaries nod,
Quaff Paphian grossness from my crystal[p] God;

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do. But *whether* Mr. K. understands himself, even in the very beginning of his poem, may be a doubt; but *whether* his readers understand him, is no doubt at all. He begins thus; Book *the first*, Verse *the first*. (I take the verses at the very beginning, to shew my impartiality.)

" *Whether* primordial *motion sprang to life*
From the wild war of elemental strife,
In *central chains* the mass inert *confin'd*,
And sublimated matter into mind;
Or *whether* one great, all pervading soul, &c.
Or————
*Whether*, in Fate's *eternal fetters bound*
Mechanic Nature *goes* her endless round, &c. &c.

In all this mist and darkness which he flings round him, he certainly is little better than Punch in the puppet shew, " Hazy weather master " Noah:" for I am certain that neither punch, nor Mr. Knight can look through this preparation of the poetical sky for the metaphysical deluge which ensues, when he is to

" Trace out the slender *social links that bind*
" In *order's* chain, the *chaos* of mankind, &c. &c."

*Ohe jam satis*—But then I am told there are so many pretty and intelligible passages (I grant it Horum *simplicitas* miserabilis!) in this and t'other poem (I must mean the landscape;) and the ladies say it is so charming to wish to be buried *under an oak*, and so romantic, see p. 153---I wish from my soul that all the democracy and infidelity in the kingdom were buried under the great guardian oak of England, and the spirit of Mr. Knight confined in the stem of it. He might cry out as lustily as Polydorus, and all the conjurers of the *Dilettanti* might assist at the disinchantment if they pleased.---N. B. I am infinitely indebted to Mr. Richard Payne Knight *for the honour* he has been pleased to confer on my note in the First Dialogue of this Poem on the Pursuits of Litera-

Or I could *scribble* [q] for historic fame,
Like Gillies, feeble, formal, dull and tame; [qq]

---

ture; see p. 17. &c. of *his* Preface to *his* Progress of Civil Society.--- "*if* Mr. Knight's *bed be a bed of tortures, he has made it for himself.*"* I did *not* name him, as the author of the Essay "ON THE WORSHIP OF PRIAPUS," but he has *now* named himself. I am glad however that he has some sense of shame left, by endeavouring to *explain away* one of the most unbecoming and indecent treatises which ever disgraced the pen of a man who would be thought a scholar and a philosopher; and I persevere in that opinion, and could be tempted to *copy* even my former note.† Mr. K. had better have kept to his *Principia*, A, B, Γ, Δ, κτλ. (See his Greek alphabet.) I hope he will do better in future; and spare me more trouble. I am as tired of him as he can be of me. As Mr. Knight is a Member of Parliament, I must fairly tell him, that if he is appointed Chairman of any polite poetical Committee, and any more "*reports* PROGRESS, and asks leave to sit again," the motion will be *negatived by the whole house.* (1796.)

p "Vitreo bibit ille *Priapo.*" Juv. Sat. 2. v. 95. See Mr. Knight's Essay on the Worship of Priapus, and my note on it in the First Dialogue of this Poem.

q Soon after Mr. Gibbon had published the second and third volumes of his Roman History, the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and intending to pay him a great compliment said; "How do you do, "Mr. Gibbon, I see you are always *at it*, the old way, *scribble*, *scrib-* "*ble*, *scribble.*"---There are various judges of historical writing, from Quintilian to the late Duke of Cumberland.---Dr. GILLIES wrote the History of Greece, &c. in a manner quite different from Mr. Gibbon. But,

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* I quote JUNIUS in English, as I would Tacitus or Livy in Latin. I consider him as a legitimate English classic.

† See the First Dialogue of the P. of L.---I have been told that FIVE GUINEAS is the price of *The Essay on Priapus*, if a copy is at any time to be sold.

Then tir'd of truth, like Coxe, to fables stray,
And vie with Croxall in my notes on Gay; [r] 60
I could, like Seward, if for scraps you call,
Turn public bagman, [s] train'd in Walpole's stall;
Or to Cythæron, from the Treasury, move,
And, like Sir James Bland Burgess, [t] murmur love;

---

according to Pliny's good-humoured observation; *Historia quoquo modo scripta delectat.* (1796.)

qq The epithets in the verse are designed to characterize the writings of Dr. Gillies. There is some learning, great diligence, attention and application, but no marks of genius or of strength in his compositions. *Sed tamen in pretio.* And I wish them to be so, as the Doctor is a man of good intentions, a passable scholar, an indefatigable reader, and of most respectable character. I speak of nothing but his writings.

r Fables by John Gay, illustrated with notes by WILLIAM COXE, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Rector of Bemerton, Prebendary of Sarum, Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Member of the Imperial Economical Society of St. Petersburgh, and of the Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, Chaplain to H. G. the Duke of Marlborough; &c. &c. &c. !!! (1796.) What will Mr. Coxe write next? To be sure Addison did gravely comment on Chevy Chace. I am not inclined to make any other comparison. (1796.)

s See (for they are very entertaining but very dear) Mr. Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished persons, &c. in four volumes. I prefer Mr. Seward to every compiler of anecdotes, except the Honourable Mr. Horace Walpole, now Lord Orford. A *visiting library* is very convenient and pleasant to one's friends. (1796.)

t I allude to Sir James Bland Burgess's Poem, entitled, "The Birth "and Triumph of Love," accompanied by the prettiest little designs of the *Amoretti alati* by one of the fairest, most ingenious, and most illustri-

Or with Fitzpatrick, mark the space between
A tainted strumpet and a spotless Queen; [tt]
Then furnish feasts for each Parnassian prig,
A *Florence* goose, *three* ducklings, and *one* [v] pig;
With Spartan Pye [x] lull England to repose,

---

ous hands * in the kingdom. Sir James, late Under Secretary of State, is very properly, (as all Under Secretaries of State, or Chief Secretaries in the Treasury, should be,) attentive to his character, and is particularly afraid of the smallest Cupid *without a muzzle*. Sir James says, "That boy "and that boy's deeds shall not pollute my measure." St. 1. Now when I consider what Virgil and Tasso have said and sung of "that boy and "that boy's deeds," it is a little prudish in Sir James Bland Burgess, Baronet and Poet, on such a subject to have such fears. A poet may be a little playful. But Sir James Bland Burgess is right after all; there certainly should be none but the *most virtuous* persons about Secretaries of State, and in the precincts of the Treasury, though now and then a straggler of another description will be found, notwithstanding the unremitted diligence and undiverted attention of George Rose, Esq.

tt A line taken from the Political Eclogue, intitled "*The Lyars;*" the most finished of all the productions by the authors of the Rolliad. Public report has assigned this classical but too free composition to the keen, sarcastic pen of General Fitzpatrick. "Such is the Bard whose "distich some commend," &c. I may be mistaken as to the author, but I have selected this eclogue to reprobate the licentious spirit which pervades the whole of it. The *Art of Political Lying* indeed was not invented by Lord North, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, General Fitzpatrick, or any modern Statesman. It is an ancient and approved art by John Bull.

v *A Florence goose*, &c.---See a publication, entitled, "An Ode to "an Eaton Boy, *Three* Sonnets, and *One* Epigram:" by William Parsons, Esq. This gentleman is the fairest of all Mr. Gray's critics: he

* H. R. H. The Princess Elizabeth.

Or frighten children with Lenora's[y] woes: 70
I could....

OCTAVIUS.

Do what?....where will your vaunting reach?
Is this a prelude to your parting speech?

AUTHOR.

Spare, spare; till time subdues my hapless rage
With blast autumnal, or the damp of age.

---

even allows the superiority of his genius, and gives *his own* verses in Mr. Gray's measure. The *obliquity* of the principles and of the understanding is sometimes unaccountable.

x *Spartan* Pye.---Mr. Pye, the present poet Laureat, with the best intentions at this momentous period, if not with the very best poetry, translated the verses of Tyrtæus the Spartan. They were designed to produce animation throughout the kingdom, and among *the Militia* in particular. Several of the *Reviewing* Generals (I do not mean the Monthly or Critical) were much impressed with their *weight* and importance, and at a board of General Officers, an experiment was agreed upon, which unfortunately failed. They were read aloud at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs by the Adjutants, at the head of five different regiments, at each camp, and much was expected. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or *verse-shot*, dropped their arms suddenly, and were *all found fast asleep!!!* Marquis Townshend, who never approved of the scheme, said, with his usual pleasantry, that the first of all poets observed, that "*Sleep* is the brother of *Death*." (1796.)---N. B. Certain kinds of *poetry* and writing (to which I have been too much accustomed) may be added to the number of the Υπνε Αγωγα, or *Soporifics*, which great medical

What poet will refuse to drink, or sing,
Since Helicon is now an Irish spring?
All thirst alike; which made Sam Johnson think,
That no man visits, where he cannot drink.yy
Why should I faint, when all with patience hear, 80

---

writers affirm to be, *accustomed noises*, motions, &c. &c. in short the παση τα ξυνηθεα. The acute physician *Aretæus* thus speaks:---Υπνω αγωγα ἁπασι τα ξυνηθεα. Ναυτικω μεν ἡ εν ακατω κατακλισις, και εν θαλασσῃ περιφορα, και αιγιαλων ηχος, και κυματων κτυπος, ανεμων τε ξομβος---κτλ. Aretæi *De Morbis Acutis* Cap. 1. p. 75. Edit. Boerhaave 1731. The whole passage is uncommonly eloquent and sensible. My medical readers, will thank me for pointing it out. Aretæus, is perhaps, the first descriptive painter in his art. Such accomplished scholars as the venerable Dr. Heberden, Dr. Glynn, Sir George Baker, Dr. Turton, Dr. Milman, Dr. Littlehales, Dr. Vivian, and a few others, *(Apollineo nomina digna choro)* will confirm my opinion.

y A tale from the German, translated by the Laureat, H. J. Pye, Esq. by J. T. Stanly, Esq. M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c. a sort of Blue-Beard story for the nursery. I am ashamed to think, that the public curiosity (I will not say, *taste*) should have been occupied with such *Diablerie Tudesque*. (1796.)—But I should be unwilling not to do justice to the elegant and fascinating pencil of Lady Di. Beauclerc who has honoured and decorated the subject. But the painter and the musician are often employed in illustrating silly subjects and silly words. Still it will be most true *mutatis mutandis*, of both these divine arts;

Il cantar, che nell'anima si sente!
*Il più ne sente l'alma, il men l'orecchio.*

yy Dr. Johnson's character of the Irish hospitality, in one of his letters or among the *Boswelliana*, I forget which. It is not wholly inapplicable to some of our own countrymen.—"*Few young men visit, where they cannot drink.*" 'Tis a pity.

And Laureat Pye *sings* more than twice a year?[yyy]

OCTAVIUS.

Truce with the Laureat.

AUTHOR.

'Tis but what I think;
For once I hop'd to see the title sink,
While piety and virtue grac'd the throne,
And genius in lamented Warton shone:
Aye, while Britannia cries from shore to shore,
AUGUSTUS reigns; MÆCENAS IS NO MORE.
Pitt views alike, from Holwood's sullen brow,
(As near-observing[z] friendship dares avow)

yyy "They scarce can bear their Laureat *twice a year*." So said Pope. In these times we can bear our harmless fluttering birth day odes, better than *the French Dithyrambics* in the orgies of democracy.—Mr. Pye is a man of learning, and some little fancy; but I wish his poetry had more force.

z I must own, that unless the Province of encouraging Letters, which should belong to the great, is administered with wisdom and discretion, it is more desirable that there were no encouragement at all. In confirmation however of my opinion of the minister, I refer the reader to a pamphlet published in 1795, entitled, "Friendly Remarks on Mr. Pitt's Administration, by a Near Observer." It is written by a good scholar, a man of fortune, of an upright mind, of an independent spirit, and the principles of a gentleman. It has been ascribed to M. Montague, Esq.

The fount of Pindus or Bœotia's bog,
With nothing of Mæcenas, but his frog.[a] 90

late M. P. and it is, I believe, acknowledged by him. He boldly tells the Minister of his fault, namely, an improvident and *systematic contempt and neglect of all ability and literary talents.* "They had no poet, and they died." I would by no means apply to Mr. Pitt what Spenser said of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, once Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, because it would neither be true nor just. But the Muse of satire may, with more respect and delicacy, win an easier way to the region of his sensibility in the words of a Roman poet;

> FELIX CURARUM! *cui non Heliconia cordi*
> *Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus;*
> Sed viget ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus,
> Fert animus *quascunque vices!*

These are the virtues of a minister in times of change, and of general convulsion. History indeed may say of Mr. Pitt in the words of Tacitus, H. 4. S. 5. "INGENIUM ILLUSTRE altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, ut nomine magnifico segne otium velaret, *sed quo firmior adversus fortuita* REMPUBLICAM CAPESSERET."—I might proceed and describe him as "*Opum* contemptor*, recti pervicax, constans "adversus metus;" but I cannot pursue him through the integral character of Helvidius Priscus, because I conceive POWER, and not FAME, to be the principle of this mighty minister of Great Britain.

a In the time of Augustus, during the administraton of Mæcenas that minister's seal, bearing the figure of A FROG, was annexed to all *money-bills.*

* Though Mr. P. *despises money*, yet I wish he would give *more attention to economy*, private as well as public, than he has hitherto done. He is deserving of much censure in this respect. He seems to have forgotten what Mr. Burke once thundered in the ears of one of his predecessors, (Lord North) in the H. of C. "*Magnum est* VECTIGAL *Parsimonia.*" (1797.)

OCTAVIUS.

Mere spleen to Pitt; [b] he's liberal, but by stealth.

AUTHOR.

Yes, and he spares a nation's inborn wealth,

---

I mention this anecdote as curious, and perhaps not generally known. It is recorded in the 37th book of Pliny's Natural History, ch. 1. "*Mæcenatis* RANA, *ob collationem pecuniarum*, in magno terrore erat." I also refer the reader to the Duke of Marlborough's Gems, vol. 2. engraved privately, and the elegent Latin descriptions of them by the Rev. Dr. Cole, late Fellow of Kings College in Cambridge.—Nothing is so like as one Minister to another in this respect; but it is difficult to refrain from remarking, that *Frogs* were one of the plagues of Egypt.

b Octavius is wrong. I am neither a personal nor a political enemy to Mr. Pitt. I think him a powerful and efficient Minister, eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and solemnly marked out and elected to his great office. He has talents to conduct, to persuade, *and to command.* He is a scholar ; *I know* him to be such, and a ripe and good one. The low passion of avarice has no root in his mind; but the sin, by which the angels fell, rages in him without measure and without control. To tell a minister, that pride was not made *for him* or for any man, because he has nothing which he has not received, would be to argue a gross ignorance of our fallen nature. He has no servility in him. Firm, constant, and unbending, he has the principles of a man, who knows and feels what is demanded of him by his country. He comes into the House of Commons, not to bow, but to do the business of the state, and he does it. There is not a subject presented to him, even casually, in which his ability is not conspicuous. He treats it as if it had been the

Another Adam[c] in economy,
For all, but Burke,[d] escape his searching eye.

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subject of his continued * meditation. *In the conduct of the French war*, he, his colleagues, and his allies have been *all found wanting*; but in the principle just, if not steady.—I will add, that in respect to *personal individual gratification*, I regard Mr. Pitt as THE MOST FORTUNATE MAN upon record. Called by the circumstances of the times beyond human control, and by events not in the wildest range of expectation, he was placed, almost without his seeking it, in the highest public station. He passed at once to the innermost of the temple, without treading the vestibule. In the bloom and vigour of his faculties (for he bore the blossom and the fruit at once) and in the prime of life, when every thing can charm, that which can charm the most, POWER, was voluntarily offered to him, confirmed, continued, and established by his King and by his country. His faults, his follies, and his blemishes, (for he has all) *might be easily removed*, but I think he will not remove them. He felt at once, as many men have done before him, the highest ability in himself; and he found, what is denied to most men of genius, a full and *adequate* exertion of it in high office. My hope and earnest prayer is, that the termination of his political labours, and the result of this just and tremendous war with the Republic of France, may be finally to establish "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace."—Is this the language of an enemy? I respect, nay, I would defend him: I wish him a long continuance in office: but I *never* can entertain a PERSONAL *regard or affection* for MR. PITT. (1796.)

c Adam Smith, the great writer on wealth and finance, from whom Mr. Pitt learned his art.

d This is not mentioned as a censure on Mr. Pitt for his liberality, for I think the whole of his pension merited by Mr. Burke, though I

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* In this respect Mr. Pitt always reminded me of Themistocles, as recorded by the great historian "Οικειᾳ ξυνεσει, φυσεως μεν δυναμει μελετης "δε ὀραᾳχυτητι, κρατιστος δη ἑτος αυτοσχεδιαζειν τα δεοντα." Thucyd. Lib. 1. Sect. 138.

Stiff from old Turgot,[e] and his rigid school,
He never deviates from this wholesome rule;
" Left to themselves all find their level price,
" Potatoes, verses, turnips, Greek, and rice."

OCTAVIUS.

Strange times indeed to banter on finance;
Pray if you call him frugal, think of France.

wish it had never been accepted.—On this subject, I may say, that in " Mr. Burke's Letter on the Duke of Bedford's attack on him in the House of Lords," I perceive genius, ability, dignity, imagination, and sights more than youthful poets ever dreamed, and sometimes the philosophy of Plato and the wit of Lucian. But what I esteem most of all, I hear again the *warning voice of* ONE *who saw the apocalypse*, and FIRST cried aloud in England and to all the inhabitants of Europe. I cannot describe the whole composition better than in the words of *that Poet*, who would have been proud to record the workmanship of EDMUND BURKE. Brontes, Steropes, and Pyracmon, it will be allowed, have all had their share in the fabrication of this *informatum fulmen*.

" Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
" Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis austri;
" Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque*
" Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras." (1796.)

e Mr. Turgot, ci devant Comptroller General of French Finance: the founder of the modern *Economic School*.—Modern State Economy seems to consist in spending or squandering the greatest possible sums in the least possible time.

* Virg. Æn. 8. v. 429.

AUTHOR.

Well, I'll be brief; with France he *must* contend;
There I will own and feel myself his friend,
And sing with Burke's or Maro's borrow'd fire,
" Arms and the man," till anarchy[f] expire.

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f " Till anarchy expire."—In the just and inevitable, but most fatal and most tremendous war in which we are engaged, and in which all Europe has bled, and yet bleeds in every vein and artery, the first object we look for is, *a stability of peace*. But no stability can as yet be found in all the convulsive *labours* of the sanguinary nation. That modern Gallic *Julia* has done nothing but conceive one mis-shapen lump after another, in the fœculency of her political womb; but conception upon conception, abortion upon abortion: and what can we say,

*Cum tot abortivis fœcundam Julia vulvam*
*Solveret, et patruo similes effunderet offas.**

We must, I fear, yet wait a season; (May 1796†) and whatever we have paid, or must still pay, must be considered as the αντιλυτρον, the great price of delivery and redemption from slavery, revolution, French anarchy, and the disruption of social order; when the earth is bursting asunder, and hell yawning from beneath; or in language, which Edmond Burke alone could reproduce in English,

Αναῤῥηγνυμενης εκ βαθρων γης, αυτε τε γυμνεμενε Ταρταρε.

And what wonder? It is Longinus who speaks of Homer.‡ (1796.)

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* Juv. Sat. 2. v. 32.

† We must say *the same now*, *Dec.* 31, 1796.---We have a little more hope *now*, August 1797.---It has *now* again vanished (November 1797.)---I can say nothing at present. (February 1798.)

‡ Long. de Subl. Sect. 9.

Sedition's crew is bound; the gloomy band
In chains of penal silence musing stand,
Or doom'd in classic [g] impotence to rave
Their ceaseless round, within the smouldring cave,
The dark Vulcanian chamber, whence they strove
To forge and hurl the bolts of Stygian Jove.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you thus proceed, I'll read the bill,
In Hatsell's [h] clerkly tone, clear, loud, and shrill,
And Jekyll's [i] comment too.

---

g Since the passing of the Bills (in 1795) against treason, seditious meetings, assemblies, lectures, harangues, &c. *John Thelwall* read during the Lent season, 1796, what he termed *Classical Lectures*, and most kindly and affectionately pointed out *the defects* of all the ancient governments of Greece, Rome, *old* France, &c. &c. and the causes of rebellion, insurrection, regeneration of governments, terrorism, massacres, and revolutionary murders; without *the least hint* or application to England and its constitution. Shewing *how* the Gracchi were great men, and so, by implication, the Bedfords, the Lauderdales, &c.---I must own, I fear nothing from such lectures. (1796.)

h John Hatsell, Esq. the very learned, polite, and respectable Clerk of the House of Commons. 1796.---This accomplished gentleman has lately resigned his office, with that propriety and discernment of time, and circumstance, and of the *ætatis insidiæ*, which have uniformly distinguished his very useful and honourable life in public office. *Quando ullum invenient parem!* The illustrious Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Honourable HENRY ADDINGTON, (neither inferior nor second to any statesman in that House in temperate eloquence, accuracy of knowledge, and soundness of understanding) announced Mr.

AUTHOR.

Pray, heav'n, forbear:
Come then, I'll breathe at large ethereal air,
Far from the bar, the senate and the court,
And in Avonian fields with Steevens sport,

---

Hatsell's intended resignation in a manner which did honour to the sincerity of his friendship, and to his sense of the loss of so able a servant of the public. The House was unanimous in their applause. Mr. Pitt seconded the Speaker, and pronounced also his testimony. But it is sufficient to say, *Mr. Pitt spoke*, when that Right Honourable Minister thinks proper to assume the language of commendation.---Mr. Hatsell has given a most judicious work* to the public, which all senators will do well to consult frequently. Mr. Hatsell will excuse me for *adapting* to him *in this respect* a few words from Quintilian. "Monumenta rerum "posteris quærentibus tradidit. Frequentabunt ejus domum optimi juve- "nes et veram viam, velut ex oraculo, petent. Hos ille formabit, ut vetus "gubernator, littora et portus, et quid secundis flatibus quid adversis "ratis poscat, docebit, et communi ductus officio et amore quodam "operis." Quintil. Lib. 12. c. xi. s. 1---Mr. Hatsell will not suspect the hand which has paid this tribute to his character and his merits. (August 1797.)

i There is too much of pertness and self-sufficiency in Mr. Joseph Jekyll's remarks, and I do not apprehend that his witticisms will ever shake a minister like the Right Honourable William Pitt.

Magno discrimine *Causam*
*Protegere affectas?* te consule, dic tibi, quis sis,
Orator vehemens, an Curtius, an Matho; buccæ
Noscenda est *mensura* tuæ. Juv. Sat. xi. v. 32.

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* Precedents of Proceedings in the House of Commons, with observations, four volumes 4to.

(Whom late from Hampstead journeying[k] to his book,
Aurora oft for Cephalus [l] mistook,
What time he brush'd her dews with hasty pace,
To meet [m] the Printer's dev'let face to face:)
With dogs [n] Black Letter'd in the Stratford Chace,
Mouth-match'd like bells, yet of confused race, [nn]
For well I mark'd them all [o] with curious heed.

---

k He used to leave his Tusculum, the seat of Steevens and of wisdom, at Hampstead, between four and five o'clock every morning, to revise the proof sheets of the last edition of Shakspeare, 1793, in fifteen vols. 8vo. at his friend Reed's chambers. I heard of nothing else at the time.

l "Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam.
Sappho to Phaon.

I will own, I was always apprehensive for his safety and classic purity so very soon in the morning, on Primrose hill, "earth's freshest softest lap," but notwithstanding these early freaks, *the youth* is still safe, as I hear. (1796.)

m "To meet---*the Sun* upon the upland lawn." Gray's Elegy.

n See the first Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature.

nn "My love shall hear the music of my hounds,
"And gallant chiding; match'd in mouth like bells,
"Each under each," &c. Midsummer Night's Dream.

o I termed the Commentators on Shakspeare out of mere pleasantry, "*black-letter dogs.*" But if among these scholars, or in *any* other *description of the learned*, there should be found A MAN, who, with the grace of exterior accomplishment, or the fulsome semblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a strong devotion to literature without remission and almost without example; with acuteness of mind and extensive classical erudition; who, I say, should so far forget

OCTAVIUS.

Not all: you pass'd the grave laborious[p] Reed,

---

himself, as to practise arts which would disgrace the meanest retainer to learning:---*If* SUCH A MAN should be found, with fair professions and obliging attentions, simular of friendship but at the bottom false, hollow, designing, and malicious; who jealous of every little advancement or lucky discovery, even of a professional artist, should strive to depress the efforts of struggling laborious merit, or to blast the rival ingenuity of his learned contemporaries; who should inflict a wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be studious of frequenting the company of men of character to countenance his own; and finally, who should collect and scatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence might feel the blast of the enchanter, and know not whence it comes. *If*, I say, SUCH A MAN should be found, I shall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare his own conscience by a foolish, appropriating indiscretion. I have only sketched out at present such a character *in prose;* and all I shall say further is, may he, *if* SUCH A MAN exist, strive to wipe out such actions by more than literary contrition, and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the course of a life not inconsiderable in its duration, under a fatal error and a wretched abuse of time, learning, talents, and accomplishments.---This character is left *on record*, like any of La Bruyere's, *without even the shadow of a name*. It shall ever remain *unappropriated by me*. (1796.)

If any person should ask why such an *imaginary* character was drawn, I reply in the words of Pope:

> " Ask you the provocation that I had?
> The strong antipathy of good TO BAD".

p Isaac Reed, Esq. editor of Dodsley's old plays, lately republished; a gentlemen of learning information, and ingenuity and greatly respected. I mention him with very particular pleasure. (1796.)

Friend to most traders in researches quaint,
Layman or priest, the sinner or the saint;
Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive,
Though not *Mie*[pp] *Masterre*[q] Ireland by your leave.
He laughs to see our new Salmoneus stand,
His mimic thunder rattling o'er the Strand,
On fiery coursers from Olimpia's plain,
Tossing the torch, in sov'reign splendor vain,
Command the world's prostration from afar,
"SHAKSPEARE and JOVE" grav'd on the burning car
In letter'd radiance?

AUTHOR.

Soft awhile; 'tis wrong:
Can strains like these to manuscripts belong?
To notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-similes,
And all that lawyers feign for proper fees?

---

pp Alluding to the uniform and constant *reduplication* of the *old* spelling of every word in Mr. Ireland's *new* Volume by Shakspeare. Mast*erre* for Mast*er*, *bye* for *by*, broth*erre* for broth*er*, &c. &c.

q The possessor and editor of the MSS. asserted to be Shakspeare's: from whose *officina* in Norfolk street issued the tragedy of Vortigern, claiming to be the composition of Shakspeare, acted in March, 1796, at Drury Lane Theatre, and received *in such a flattering* manner *.

* i. e. *d—mn'd* by Box, Pitt, and Gallery.

Monks and Attorneys may engage Malone:
Annius,[r] or Ireland,[s] 'tis to me all one.
Give me the soul that breathes in Shakspeare's page,
Strength from within, the unresisted rage,
The thought that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
And in the flaming walls no barrier found,
The pen he dipt in mind;[ss]....I'll hush to rest
The little tumults of a critic's breast.

What though no Vatican unbars the door,
No Palatine to Ireland yields its store,
Treasures he has, and many a prouder tome
Than kings to Granta gave, or Bodley's dome.
Pages, on which the eye of Shakspeare[t] por'd,
The notes he made, the readings he restor'd,

r Annius was a monk of Viterbo in the 15th century, and celebrated for many forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions. See his *Seventeen Books* of Antiquities. It may be proper to observe, that mere vanity was his motive; he never solicited *any subscription* for *his* ancients.

s See (for you may) all the farrago of which Mr. Ireland possesses *the originals*, numerous beyond any belief; I will not attempt to describe them. (1796.)

ss Της Φυσεως γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον αποβρεχων εις Νυν. Suidas de Vet. Auct.

t Mr. Ireland asserts that he has *the very library of Shakspeare*, with his signature, his notes and remarks, &c. in the margin of the books, all in *his own hand-writing*.

The very gibes he scribbled, and the joke
That from the laughing bard on margins broke.
But where's the dark array, the vesture plain,
With many a mould'ring venerable stain?
All fled: a wonder opens to our view;
The shield is scower'd, and the books are new:[x]
In her own hues great Nature best is seen,
So Ireland spoke; and made the black....*One Green.*

Eternal verdure bloom in Shakspeare's grove!
Where led by light from heav'n, he oft would rove
In solitude and sacred silence blest;
And in the musings of his mighty breast,
All as he scann'd the volume of the past,
O'er Greece and Rome one wishful glance would cast;
Mourn not pleas'd nature cried their sounds unknown,
*My* universal language is your own.

---

x Mr. Ireland has not thought proper to preserve the books *of Shakspeare's Library* in their original and curious old black binding, (as could have been wished;) but, like the nurse *employed* by Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, he has scowered them well, and made them *all new;* and with singular felicity has *re-bound them* ALL *in* GREEN *morocco!!!*---N. B. I have written this whole passage in the Poem and the Notes, *to perpetuate the memory* of this extraordinary event in literary history, which seems to be passing into oblivion.---I cannot think that any subject relating to Shakspeare should be wholly disregarded. (1796.)

OCTAVIUS.

Enough for me great Shakspeare's words to hear,
Though but in common with the vulgar ear,
Without one note, or horn-book in my head,
Ritson's coarse trash, or lumber of the dead.
Can flippant wit, and book-learn'd confidence,
*Alone* give right to science, taste and sense?
Is modest worth by idle boasting shewn?
Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone:[y]

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y See Mr. Malone's Inquiry into the authenticity of Mr. Ireland's Shakspeare MSS. &c. which he calls (not improperly) a Vindication of Shakspeare. The subject is indeed rather *overlaid* by the learned critic, but there is much sagacity and ingenuity in the treatment of it, and I think it is satisfactory and proves the point. Still Mr. Malone is too confident and presumptuous, and not always attentive to that politeness of character which at least all *amateur* critics should maintain. I think Mr. Ireland will now hardly say of these manuscripts and *original* plays of Shakspeare,

Nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo, *fortunatâque favillâ*,
Nascentur violæ?*

No, Mr. Ireland, neither *violets nor* GUINEAS.---"Go to bed, Basil; good night, go to bed." (See the Spanish Barber.) I have just read two pamphlets on this subject, the first by Mr. Ireland's son, and the second by Mr. Ireland himself. The shameless effrontery of THE BOY, in avowing himself the author of these manuscripts, is only equalled by

* Pers. Sat. 1. v. 38.

See on the critic, "in his pride of place,"
Laborious Chalmers drops his leaden mace.[yy]

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the *tender solicitude* of THE FATHER for *their* credit and authenticity. Mr. Ireland senior originally rested the whole with his son, who, as he constantly affirmed, gave the collection to him, plays, receipts, drawings, deeds, "white, black and grey, and all the trumpery," but declined naming the person from whom he received them. Mr. Ireland senior *now* presents us with the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Parr, Sir Isaac Heard, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. *Laureat* Pye, Mr. Boswell, &c. who all signed a paper (*very wisely* to be sure) that *they were convinced* of the authenticity of the papers. What can that prove?---The boy's tale is simple; he absolutely asserts that he forged the whole collection, and gave the papers to his father, to please at once and to deceive him, and the world. A very dutiful and very modest lad! Do we believe the boy? If we do, the business is at an end. The Father again and again asserts, that *he* is ignorant of the person or the place from whence they came, and refers to his son's information. *Now* he disbelieves his own son, and defends the authenticity of the papers. *Utrum Horum?* In short, *between them both*, Father and Son, there appears to me, what the Greeks call a Στοργη, a sort of natural parental affection for these manuscripts, which is very strange, and which I cannot explain, but which quite satisfied me as to the nature of their *originality*. Mr. Malone's learning and politeness have not much to do with the business *as a matter of fact;* and the whole question now turns upon this momentous point: "whether Mr. Ireland or Mr. Malone is THE GREATEST SCHOLAR?*---This is what the logicians call the Reductio ad Absurdum; and there the question may sleep, and Shakspeare too. Such titles as these are soon shaken from his monument;

Ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus. † (Jan. 5, 1797.)

* See Mr. Ireland's farewell pamphlet on Mr. Malone's *Scholarship*. July 1797.

† Juv. Sat. 10, v. 144.

In the wild squabbles of a wordy war,
Let rabid[z] Porson tell, or griesly Parr,[a]
Coombe, Travis, Ireland, or whate'er the name,
The breeding of mere critics is the same:
From royal Phalaris let your views extend
To Bristol's wizard stripling, and his end.
Hear Catcott[b] cry, in chearless life's decline,
Thus Rowley once, and Chatterton were mine.

---

yy See "The Apology for the Believers in---(Mr. Ireland's) Shakspeare Papers."

"So forc'd from wind-guns lead itself can fly,
"And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky."*

Mr. Chalmers is a well informed, very useful, and well-meaning writer, but too "laborious, heavy, and busy" in his works. It was but a waste of erudition to throw it away on this composition. He always has my thanks for his political information; but I wish he had more spirit and a more animated manner; for he is a gentleman of great learning and respectability.

z Mr. Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis are conspicuous for their erudition, acuteness, accuracy, virulence, bitterness, and invective.

a I allude to Dr. Parr's Controversy with Dr. Coombe, critic and man-midwife, about Horace. It seems Dr. Parr was angry that he did no assist the little critical man-midwife at the labour, "rite maturos aperire partus." Dr. Parr is more fond of a Cæsarian operation in criticism. See more in a future note to the Third Dialogue of this Poem.

b When I *first* published the first part of this poem (in 1794) I had casually glanced on the subject of Rowley. See P. of L. part I. but

* Dunciad.

He saw *his* Bard by Milles's pond'rous length [bb]
O'erlaid, revive in splendor, fame, and strength,
For Bryant [c] came; the Muses all return,
And light their lamps at Rowley's fruitful urn;

---

since that time having had some leisure and more curiosity, I have perused many of the learned treatises upon it. I neither have, nor will have, any thing to do with the decision of such a controversy as this, which is even now scarcely at rest; but having the feelings of a gentleman, I was struck, as I was reading, with the cruel treatment of poor Mr. Catcott of Bristol, the sneers *upon the pewterer*, and the illiberal reflections on a plain, curious, honest, and inoffensive man, without whose zeal and solicitude, (I speak from the printed accounts) these singular poems never would have appeared. He seems to say with justice;

Oro, miserere laborum
Tantorum, *miserere animi non digna ferentis.**

bb The edition of Rowley's Poems by the Rev. Dr. Milles.

c No man of literature can pass by the name of Mr. BRYANT without gratitude and reverence. He is a gentleman of attainments peculiar to himself, and of classical erudition without an equal in Europe. His whole life has been spent in laborious researches, and the most curious investigations. He has a youthful fancy, and a playful wit: with the mind, and occasionaly with the pen, of a poet; and with an ease and simplicity of style aiming only at perspicuity, and, as I think attaining it. He has contended in various fields of controversy with various success; but always with a zeal for truth and a soberness of inquiry. In speaking of Mr. Bryant, I have no necessity, as I too often have, to qualify my commendations. He has lived to see his eightieth winter (and may he yet long live) with the esteem of the wise and good; in honourable retirement from the cares of life; with a gentleness of manners, and a readiness and willingness of literary communication seldom found. He is admired

* Virg. Æn. 2. v. 143.

While Cam receiv'd the Bard with all his train,
Though Isis turn'd her current in disdain.
The Boy whom once patrician pens adorn'd,
First meanly flatter'd,[cc] then as meanly scorn'd,
Drooping he[dd] rais'd, and lent his little aid,
The gleanings of a hard and humble trade.
Innoxious man: yet what may truth avail!
Blameless his life, and simple as his tale;
Each rude inquirer's sneering taunt he feels,
Contempt or insult dogs him at his heels,
No kind support subscribing fondness pours,
For him no wealth descends in fost'ring showr's;

---

and sought after by the young who are entering on a course of study; and revered, and often followed, by those who have completed it. Above all, he has gone forth in the strength imparted unto him, in defence of the holy law made and given by GOD; he has put on the panoply from above, and having enlarged his mind and sanctified his studies, he may expect with humble confidence the consummation of his reward.

NOMEN IN EXEMPLUM SERO SERVABIMUS ÆVO.* (1796.)

cc Alluding to the letters written by the Honourable Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) to Thomas Chatterton, printed in some magazines or newspapers. I remember to have seen them, but I cannot point out at present the time or date of them: I think they were written from Strawberry Hill, but I am not sure.

dd i. e. Mr. Catcott.

* Milton ad Patrem v. 201.

Yet be this truth to future times reveal'd,
"The wound a Varro gave, IAPIS heal'd."[a]
Go now for moths, and rolls, and parchments search;
Ransac the chest, the closet, or the church;
Brave all the joint associates of A. S.
The jest insipid, and the idle guess;
Bind, copy, comment, manuscript and print,
Take from good natur'd friends some useful hint,
From Bewick's[d] magic wood throw borrow'd rays
O'er many a page in gorgeous Bulmer's blaze; 210
Alas, for thee! nor profit hope, nor fame,
Contempt your lot, and solitary shame.
Go rather and indulge DRAMATIC rage;
All love a public or a private stage:

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a See Bishop Atterbury's comment on *the* DILECTUS IAPIS of Virgil. I shall add, ΙΑΤΡΙΚΩΤΑΤΟΣ *φιλοδωρος και αδωροδοκητος, φιλοπτωχος, γενναιος, νεων διορθωτης, οσιος, δικαιος, ευσεβης,* ΕΙΣ ΑΚΡΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ *ελληλακως.*

d Mr. Bewick, the great restorer of the long lost art of engraving upon wood. I need only mention his figures of the quadrupeds, and his plates to Bulmer's edition of Goldsmith's poems. Mr. Bulmer is the ingenious printer of Boydell's magnificent edition of Shakspeare; A WORK which, having been uniformly conducted on liberal principles and intended for the honour of the country, should be patronised by the English nation.

Our nobles now, *as players*, will be seen,
A Duke's chaste daughter or a Margravine:
Fled is the soft reserve and nicer sense,
Those primal guards of love and innocence;
Unzon'd the nymphs, like Highland Charlotte clad.

AUTHOR.

Why not *all* bare? less shame's in being mad.[e] 220

OCTAVIUS.

Soft: and o'er female failings lightly pass;
And may Aglaia[f] lead them to their glass,
Connubial glories rising o'er their head,
As life's domestic happier stage they tread;

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e The *dress* of the present period has warranted the caricatures of the day, particularly one, which is called "The dress of Ladies as it will "be." I write in A. D. *Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-six*. Juvenal, who wrote about the year *Ninety-six*, said on a similar subject, "*Nudus* "*agas; minus est insania turpis.*" Sat. 2. v. 71. But strange to say, he was speaking of *the dress of men.*

f Aglaia is the name of one of the Graces; she dictated to Mr. Pope the following lines:

Let not *each beauty* EVERY WHERE be spied,
Where half the skill is *decently to hide.**

The ladies should remember that the imagination is a busy power.

* Moral Epistles, Ep. 4. v. 53.

There may they look, well pleas'd themselves to find
The guardians, comforts, teachers of mankind.

AUTHOR.

I listen with delight: that strain again;
I'll bless the sex.

OCTAVIUS.

Now pass to titled men.
Mark, as Thalia calls in graceful air,
The soft patrician of St. James's square;[g]
Her *nuptial*[h] voice at Blenheim Marlb'rough heard,
While lyric Carlisle purrs[i] o'er love transferr'd.

---

g His Grace the Duke of Leeds, one of the very best bred men in the kingdom, and the most polite; a great patron of the drama and its concerns.

h *A private theatre* often proves a convenient chapel of ease to *Hymen.—Families of rank, distinction, and fortune*, will at last be *convinced*, what is the natural and inevitable conclusion of boys and girls making love to one another upon any stage, public or private, particularly *in a private theatre*. If it terminate *in marriage*, the Fathers and Mothers should not be surprised or angry. If the end of it, is intrigue; if the girls are debauched, and the boys come into life with the manners and morals of Players, the parents may be sorry; but it is their own work.

i *Purrs.*—Dr. Johnson says, "to *purr* is to *murmur* as a cat or leopard *in pleasure*." I have heard that Lord Carlisle (*Quel d'amor*

Nay Thurlow once, ('tis said) could sing or swear,
Like *Polypheme*, "I cannot cannot bear;" [k]
For ah! presumptuous *Acis* [kk] wrests the prize,
And ravishes[l] *the nymph* before his eyes:

---

*travagliato* SACRIPANTE) is writing an opera entitled, "*Angelica* e MEDORO." Angelica is supposed to be rather *advanced in life*; and I think her *grand-daughter* is brought on the stage.—Συνετοισι (1796.)—The Opera, as it is conjectured, is to be dedicated to THE RIGHT HONOURABLE *Lady Jersey*, in memory and in imitation of the gallant and accomplished Medoro, as recorded by Ariosto:

"*Della Comodità* che quì *m'è data*,
Io povero Medor, &c.

Ariosto adds, *of the noble Earl*, or Count,

"Era scritto in *arabico*, che IL CONTE
Intendea *così ben come Latino*."

O. F. Cant. 23. s. 108.

N. B. If my *romantic* memory does not deceive me Sacripante was *jilted* by Angelica. See Ariosto. But subjects of the highest importance are pressing on me so fast, that I am obliged *to dismiss* Lord Carlisle, Lady Jersey, &c. &c. and all the *youths* who are dying for places or for love, in the words of the poet,

Nè sono a Ferraù, nè à *Sacripante*,
(O sia CARLIGLIO) *per donar più rima*,
Da lor mi leva *il Principe d'Anglante*, &c.

O. F. Cant. 12. s. 96.

k "Torture, fury, rage, despair,
"I cannot, cannot, bear."

Air (by Polypheme) in *the Serenata* of Acis and Galatea.

kk *Presumptuous Acis*. (i. e. Mr. Pitt.)—I allude to a circumstance not generally known; but which, as I have never seen any public notice

Such feats his honour little Pepper[m] saw,
In all the pride of music and of law. 240

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of it, these lines are meant to record. About *two years ago the Serenata** of Acis and Galatea (with some violation, I believe, of the fable, and not a little of the harmony and of the melody) was performed *in Downing-street* to a private company. The part of *Acis* by Mr. Pitt, *Polypheme* by Lord Thurlow, and *Galatea* by Lord Loughborough. *Mezzi Soprani*, Lord Kenyon and Pepper Arden, with a sort of *Messa Bassa*† by Edmund Burke; the other *vocal parts* by a select committee of both Houses *à due cori*. I was not present at the entertainment myself, but was informed, that Mr. Pitt, in the execution *of the difficult passages*, did not sufficiently attend to his *appoggiaturas*, which indeed he seldom does; that the *baritono* of Lord Thurlow was quite Polyphemish, and fully sustained; but that it was impossible *to do justice* to Lord Loughborough's *diminuendo*, when---*he died away in the arms of Acis*. (1796.)

N. B Bishop Hurd would say this note is allegorical, or *eleusinian:* the late Mr. Gibbon and Lord Sheffield would as stoutly deny it. For

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* Mr. Pitt *patronizes musical performances* on the principle of *the gods* according to Plato; but with Apollo, Dionusus is not forgotten. "Οι Θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων (some MS. insert πολιτικων) επιπονον πεφυκος "γενος, τας Μουσας και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορταστας εδοσαν." Plat. de Legibus, l. 2.* In Mr. Pitt's *musical* ministry, the famous terms of the Εκλυσις and the Εκβολη of Bacchius and Aristides are familiar and *much used* by this great *modern artist*. The Ψαλμος Αντιφθογγος (see Athenæus L. 14. p. 635) between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow was much admired by the Cabinet about the year 1794.

† All the *Catholics* know (and we have *enough of them* to tell us, as the Marquis and Marchioness of Buckingham know to *their own* and *their company's cost*) that the *Messa Bassa* is a *silent mass* whispered by the priest *during a musical performance*. (1796.)

* Plat. Op. Ed. Serrani Tom. 2. p. 653.

AUTHOR.

If truth and joke, though pleasingly combine,
What credit will attend the motley line?
Where is your trust?

OCTAVIUS.

To this discerning land
I trust, and laugh: there are who understand,
If from state farces, when the House is up,
Some seek the green room and with Kemble sup,
(For who on *modest* merit shuts the door?)
Leeds says, so gentle Lælius did before:
Lælius, in whom each graceful act could please,
In wisdom mild, and dignified in ease,

---

my own part I think there is much eloquent music in these *metaphors*, which *record the political conversion of* LORD LOUGHBOROUGH to Mr. Pitt's party.---*Ah! le Grand Opera!!!*

l *The Nymph*, i. e. Galatea, i. e. Lord Loughborough. This was more than a *Sabine* feat in my opinion. *Who's afraid?* not *Mr. Pitt.*

m *Little Pepper*, i. e. Sir Richard Pepper Arden, Kt. Master of the Rolls. His *legal abilities* have certainly been under-rated, but I have done ample justice to *his musical powers.*

With Terence oft the public cares would shun.

AUTHOR.

Terence and *Kemble*....the dispute is done.
I ever mark'd (deem not the thought severe)
What bounds divide the actor from the peer:
Confound them, I'll believe a saint, a rogue;
Andrews writes farce, a Duke the epilogue;
Burke may the right of property invade:
Steevens contract the Commentator's trade;
To Erskine, Kenyon seems a classic wit;
Or Paine apologize for holy writ;
The Dramatist [n] himself and fame belie,
And leave the stage for truth and honesty;
St. Helens quit his diplomatic pomp;
Siddons be comic; Jordan sink the Romp;
Ireland prove Shakspeare; Bently be Malone;
Thelwall dread preaching, or high treason, Stone;

n See a Poem entitled, "The Political Dramatist of the House of "Commons in 1795: a Satire, 2d Ed. with a Postscript containing Re- "marks on the Declaration of the Whig Club on the 23d of January "1796." This poem is recommended to the public on those public principles, which I consider as of the highest importance to these kingdoms.

Who hates not Merry, Jerningham may love;
And Gifford Della Crusca's self approve.

OCTAVIUS.

Merry and Crusca!....Gifford's right: beware;
The very ground is his and Bavian air.

AUTHOR.

No: I'll not seek the tracts his arrows fire
With light that marks, but marks not to expire;
The climes he roams, where'er his footsteps sped,
I pass with caution, or but lightly tread,
Or pleas'd with flowr's his fancy best can strew,
I sit, and think I read my Pope anew.[1]
But grant the stage is *noble;* I believe
Greek is plebeian, with Lord[n] Belgrave's leave:

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1 The author of the Baviad and the Mæviad. Mr. Gifford is the most *correct* poetical writer I have read, since the days of Pope. Upon the whole I give the preference to the Baviad after much consideration, though both the Poems may be studied with pleasure and advantage.—I have not the honour of Mr. Gifford's acquaintance; and indeed, from the nature of my retirement, I probably may never see him. (1796.)

n *Lord Belgrave*; a learned and accomplished young nobleman of the present time. At his first entrance into the House of Commons, in all

Though now some high imperial critics chafe,
To think not Æschylus himself is safe.
Go to his text: revise, digest, compare,
With Porson's shrewdness, or with Valknaer's care:
But is the learned page once out of sight?
Some Scotch Greek swindling printer [o] steals your right.

---

the honest enthusiasm of his heart, in academic freshness and classic vigour, he quoted a passage from Demosthenes *in Greek*. This subjected him to the idle and impotent ridicule of *the Dramatist of the House of Commons*, whose *school-boy* memory on that occasion happened to be more accurate. Lord Belgrave had done no more than I have often heard from Mr. Fox himself, who loves and understands Greek. As to the long and illustrious train of our young nobility and gentry, distinguished for their conduct and attachment to their country, I will say with some spirit and animation;

> Dii patrii, quorum semper sub numine *Troga est*,
> Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
> Cum tales animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
> Pectora![*]

o I allude to a transaction which seems to be unwarrantable. Mr. Porson, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, lent his manuscript corrections and conjectures on the text Æschylus, to a friend in Scotland; for he once, had and I hope still has, an intention of publishing that tragedian, though it may now be suspended. His corrected text fell into the hands of the Scotch printer Fowlis, and without the Professor's leave or even knowledge, he published a magnificent edition of Æschylus from it without notes. I believe my statement is tolerably correct. I am sure I

* Virg. Æn. 9. v. 247.

But mark, the sea-birds sound the note of doom,
And venom'd insects [p] cluster round the tomb,
The Grecian billows foam along the strand,
In angry murmurs deaf'ning all the land;
Ranging for vengeance from his native shore,
Archilochus is rous'd, to sleep no more. 290

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would not misrepresent any fact whatever, nor ever have done so intentionally, and I would retract any mistake with the utmost willingness.* I hope however that Mr. Porson will not be discouraged, but continue his labours on the Greek Lexicon of *Photius*, as the learned world are in eager expectation of a work so long, and hitherto so vainly, desired. But, in my opinion, the lovers of literature would be infinitely more obliged to him, or to any other illustrious critic, for a new edition of the *Greek Bibliotheca of Photius*, which abounds with the most curious and valuable Excerpta of Writers whose integral works are lost forever. At present it is troublesome even to read the remains of the laborious erudition of the Patriarch of Byzantium. (1796.)

p The tomb of Archilochus was placed on the sea-shore, (I think in the island of Paros,) and the poets feigned that in the cavities of the stone, worn away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was concealed, ready to avenge the least insult that could be offered to it.---The subject of Greek learning is carried on in the Third Part of this Poem.

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* I was mistaken when I said (in the *first* edition of the Third Dialogue of the P. of L.) that Mr. Porson either translated or corrected any part of Alciphron's Epistles. I omitted it in the second edition. But I never mentioned it as an object of censure. How could I?

END OF THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *DIALOGUE THE THIRD.*

Εκλαγξαν δ' αρ' οϊστοι απ' ωμων χωομενοιο,
Αυτω κινηθεντος· ὑ δ' ηϊε Νυκτι εοικως.
Εζετ' επειτ' απανευθε νεων, μετα δ' ιον ἑηκε,
Δεινη δε κλαγγη γενετ' αργυρεοιο βιοιο
Ουρηας μεν πρωτον επωχετο, και ΚΥΝΑΣ αργους,
Αυταρ επειτ' ΑΥΤΟΙΣΙ βελος εχεπευκες αφιεις
Βαλλ'· αιει δε πυραι νεκυων καιοντο θαμειαι.

Hom. Il. 1.

# PREFACE

## *TO THE THIRD DIALOGUE**

OF THE

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

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Ταυτα πανθ' ὑπερ Υμων, ὑπερ της Αληθειας, ὑπερ της ὑμετερας Πολιτειας, και των Νομων, και της Σωτηριας, και της Ευσεβειας, και της Δοξης, και της Ελευθεριας, ὑπερ των κοινῆ πασι Συμφεροντων, ΑΚΡΙΒΟΛΟΓΟΥΜΑΙ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΕΞΕΡΧΟΜΑΙ.†

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I PRESENT the Third Part of this Poem to the public, at the same time that I offer the Second: though I had intended to delay it. But some subjects are of an importance serious and urgent, not to be deferred. Where-ever the freedom of the press exists, (and WITH US may that freedom be perpetual!) I must assert *that* LITERATURE, *well or ill conducted,* IS THE GREAT ENGINE *by which, I am fully persuaded, all* civilized *states must ultimately be supported or overthrown.*

It is not enough to say, a book is bulky or voluminous, and therefore can have no effect upon the mass of the people, because that opinion is not true. Such a book can not only be abridged and dispersed abroad, but a man like Thomas Paine, with a rude, wicked, and daring manner of thinking, and with vulgar but impressive language, may blend the substance of the opinions with his own, and in a short popular tract make them familiar and intelligible to every apprehension. Thus are men *fooled* out of their understanding; *fooled* out of their security, and *fooled* out of their happiness; and when they have lost every blessing *beyond recovery,*

* First printed in May, 1796. † Demosthenes.

they look round at each other in a stupid despair, clashing their chains and unable to shake them off, and ask, "*How* has all this been brought about?"

I am no enemy to the liberty of discussion, and the toleration of opinions; I am for NO literary proscription. But I think it is plainly our *interest*, as well as our duty, *(while we yet may)* to strive to support THAT CONSTITUTION IN CHURCH AND STATE, which has hitherto been able to build US up, and give US an inheritance, or rather the pre-eminence, among all those who have been strengthened by policy, or sanctified by revelation. What I would contend for also, is this; that among all who are worthy to be called scholars or legislators, criticism, observation, and watchfulness are peculiarly necessary; that men may hear of their common danger, and be admonished to put a few plain questions to themselves; "WHAT are we going to resign or give up, "*and why?* WHAT are we going to adopt, *and wherefore?*" I repeat it, NOW, in this our day, while the bitterness of *political death* is pressing upon almost every other nation in Europe.

When we are opening the *avenues* to *Political* Reform, and to the consequent inevitable dissolution of our own government, is it possible that we can for a moment forget the tremendous Republic? Over every state, and island, and promontory in Europe she sits tyrant or arbitress.

Απαυγασαι ΟΙΟΣ ΕΦΕΔΡΟΣ
Ουρεος εξ υπατω σκοπιην εχει, ὁς κε σε ῥεια
ΒΥΣΣΟΘΕΝ εξερυσειε!*

From every other state, but England, the sceptre has fallen by the arms, or the principles, or the treachery of France. What she can effect by war and invasion, that she most readily and most willingly accomplishes. But she has other means, nor less terrible, nor less certain. *The Subterranean wind* of this fierce democracy has *force* enough to overthrow,

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* Callim. Hymn. ad Deum. 125. The imagery of this Hymn is peculiarly splendid and awful. The whole may be perused with pleasure. The sentiments and expressions have often a sublime piety.

Τειχεα μεν και λαας υπαι ῥιπης γε πεσοιεν
Στρυμονιω Βορεαο· Θεος δ' αει ασπυφελικτος!
Δηλε φιλη, τοις σε βοηθοος αμφιβεβηκει. ver. 25.

or to transport, hills and rocks *torn from Pelorus* (a) and by this explosion they too often have perished. In the agony of these reflections language will labour, and the images of nature and all her elements in conflict and convulsion will present themselves.

When indeed I consider this great, powerful, and yet opulent kingdom, with all its bearings and dependencies, I know not which to reprobate most, the folly or the wickedness of its internal enemies, and of the desperate French faction in the heart of its metropolis. When I think on these things, and at the same time reflect, that the eyes of a whole nation were *originally* opened by ONE MAN, and the systems of internal destruction and of irreversible misery, which awaited us, were *displayed** and *confounded* by HIS powers, I pardon and forget his eccentricities, and even his partiality for the Romish faith and its professors, and the heat and violence which too frequently and too fatally attend upon the uncontrolled Genius of EDMUND BURKE. Sometimes indeed, (it is when my heart burns within me) I pour out my thoughts by myself in contemplation of MY COUNTRY, which I love with ardour unabated, and of *its GREAT CITIZEN*, whom I approach with reverence, in the words of the poet:

Quæ cum magna modis multis miranda videtur
Gentibus humanis Regio, visendaque fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita virûm vi,
NIL *tamen* HOC *habuisse* VIRO PRÆCLARIUS *in se*,
Nec sanctum magis et mirum carumque *videtur*.†

But still on such a subject, of such a man, and at such a time, I would speak with precision, and admire with sircumspection. Let us call to mind for a moment the few years just past and the transactions, the traces of which are felt and visible. I would pass over them rapidly, but I could

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a "L'alpestro monte, *ond'é tronco Peloro*."
Dant. Purg. C. 14.
Whence Milton took his famous words P. L. b. 1. 232.

* "Animo *vidit*, ingenio *complexus est*, eloquentiâ *illuminavit*." These are the words of Paterculus concerning Cicero. How natural to transfer them to EDMUND BURKE! (1796.)

† Lucret. L. 1. v. 728.

wish the view to be impressive. We have been delivered from a state of much *internal* terror and impending anarchy, and from the confusion of a new political chaos, where all was brute and disorderly. Our constitution, our liberties, and our *rights*, (I fear not to name the word, we have and enjoy them all, RIGHTS public and private) all these have been preserved and confirmed. Every rank in society, the peasant, the lawyer, the mechanic, the farmer, the tradesman, the private gentleman, have all felt and acknowledged, and obeyed the paramount call of their country. Peace is within our walls, and it is their work. In the higher orders of the state, and in the sovereign, we have seen a gracious behaviour, a common interest, and equal exertion, and a regular, defined, limited power. Of such a conduct security is the natural production; it blossoms into fruit. But with this, though man might be happy, he will not always, or indeed long be satisfied. He will reach at perfection absolute and unqualified. He forgets, that *theoretical perfection* in government *and practical opression* are closely allied. He will be more than man, and he becomes less. In the year 1788 and '89, the visionary prospect from the shore of France opened on the eyes of our modern Reformers. England looked upon these Reformers, and the government neglected them. Societies, in the very face of an insulted legislature, boldly multiplied, and magnified, and consolidated each other. All grew up in silence. There was no public apprehension among the well-affected, no distrust. We laughed at metaphysical distinctions, and idle terms of scholastic art, and revolutionary dinners and republican toasts. It was an hour of general and of unaccountable indifference. The great chain of posts, and a species of telegraphic communication had been established unperceived. The English Revolution in 1688 was held up to seeming approbation and reverence, but in reality to secret or rather to open contempt; and the Revolution in France 1788, was the Revolution which they intended to realize and to celebrate. The Reformers strove to buy golden opinions of their fellow citizens, and to wear them in the newest gloss. The external decoration deceived the eye. The painted sepulchre was prepared and whited *without*, the vault and receptacle of all our ancient liberties, and rights, and securities, and properties, and common comforts. Still we beheld all this, but went our way, and forgot what manner of men these Reformers were. At this very hour, when the

public mind was darkened that it could not discern, when in every quarter of the heaven appeared vapour, and mist, and cloud, and exhalation;

*La piova maladetta, fredda, e greve,*
*(Regola e qualità (estrana e nuova)*
*Grandine grossa, e acqua tinta, e neve,*
*Per l'aer tenebroso si riversa;* (a)

at this very hour the morning horizon began suddenly to redden. It was the dawn. Then indeed, "FIRST IN HIS EAST the glorious lamp was seen, Regent of Day!" This luminary was EDMUND BURKE. Light broke upon them all. The features of misrule and malignity, of tyranny and of opression, the fabled sceptres and hostile powers figured by poets and orators, were realized in the spirits of turbulence, dissatisfaction, sedition, rebellion, and democracy. But they were seen to be dispersed. The rays of the orb were direct, collected and concentrated: they had power to illuminate and to consume. But the course of this orb, though marked, was short. It is set; never to return.*

ΕΥΔΕΙΣ! αλλ'ϗ Σειο λελασμενοι εσμεν ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥ!
Ου μεν Σϗ ζωοντος ακηδεες, ϗδε θανοντος. b

But I must proceed....I confess, that I am not such a desperate lover of what is brought to me for abstract political truth, as never to make an inquiry into the character of the proposers of it, their personal views, and the men and measures with which they are connected. I feel myself a member of regulated society, and I would maintain an established order. I acknowledge myself a subject of a mild and equitable government, (though under a most severe temporary pressure) and I would preserve that government which gives US ALL protection. And when I adopt the great rule, that "we should love our neighbour as ourselves," I have not yet made such advances in the theory of political justice and in the new wisdom, as coolly to assert, that "*this maxim, though possessing* considera- "ble merit as a popular principle, *is not strictly modelled with* philosophi-

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a Dante Inf. C. 6. From what other Poet, ancient or modern, could I draw forth such expressions?

* (August 1797.) b Hom. Il. 23. v. 69.

" cal *precision.*" (a) I have not yet learned to treat the Revelation of GOD, or the institutions of my country, with contumely. I have no romantic ideas of virtues without motives, and of actions without regulations. I believe it to be a matter of general safety, that crimes should be *discerned*, as well as repressed, by legal sanctions; and that the nature of justice and of injustice should be declared, taught, and enforced, by law, by religion, and by education. Experience has instructed me, and reason and reflection have confirmed me in the belief, that Conscience may be erroneous; that it is a monitor which needs advice, and a guide which often calls for superior direction. I look upon justice as the foundation (b) and support, but not *as the whole* of human duty; and I cannot, in insulting language, resolve the sum and substance of all government and civil society into " Laws proclaimed by Heralds, and expounded by Curates." (c)

Yet do I not speak *professionally*. I have no *personal* interference in the church, the law, or the state. But I speak again and again, with earnestness and with sincerity, from the mingled affections of regard, fear, and hope *for us all* (and I trust, we are the great majority) who *yet* remain firm, constant, and unshaken by such writers as these. I speak to all, who have the courage, and learning, and ability to repress them, not by force, (God forbid!) but by reasoning, and by appeals to the un-

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a See an inquiry into Political Justice, by William Godwin. 2d. Edition 8vo. vol. 1. page 127.

b Δικα πολιων ασφαλες ΒΑΘΡΟΝ. (Pindar.) But who calls a *foundation*, a building ?....The whole passage of the poet has such strength and grace, when applied to Great Britain, that I will present it to our Grecian patriots. " Οικον ἀμερον αστοις, ξενοισι δε θεραποντα, γνωσομαι ταν ολβιαν Κορινθον, προθυρον Ποτειδᾶνος, αγλαοκωμον. Εν τᾶ γαρ Ευνομια ναιει, κασιγνηται τε, Δικα πολιων ασφαλες ϑαθρον, και ὁμοτροπος Ειρανα, ταμιαι ανδρασι πλουτου, χρυσεαι παιδες ευβουλου Θεμιτος, αλεξειν ὕβριν, κορον ματερα θρασυμυθον. Εν δε Μοισ' ἀδυπνοος, εν δ' Αρης νεων ϑλιαις αιχμᾶισιν ανδρων. Pind. Olymp. O. 13.

c See Godwin on Justice as above, vol. 2. p. 299.

*Hæc Ego non credam Venusinâ digna lucernâ?*
*Hæc Ego non agitem?*

Juv. Sat. 1. v. 51.

derstanding, and the social relations of their fellow-creatures. I speak to all who can rescue them from the cold unfeeling tyranny of modern metaphysics, as exhibited in the new systems of government and manners, (religion they have none) and from nonsense which must at last be found impracticable, when every estate and condition of man has been overthrown for their pleasure and experiments, that these new arbiters, or creators, of human destiny may introduce a government without principles, laws without mercy, and morality without a motive.

The main point of rest to every empire is the principle on which voluntary and habitual obedience is paid to established authority. Half a century is insufficient *for any new power or constitution* to find its level. It is indeed matter of great patience, as well as of deepest concern, to reasonable men, to observe what is *still* carrying on in this country in defiance of every evil which has been felt, and will long continue to be felt, from the introduction of new principles among other nations. For the sentence of final destruction seems to be now executing on the various governments of Europe.

" Yes I must weep for you, ye rival vales,
" Arno and Andalùsia ! but for thee
" More largely, and with filial tears must weep,
" O Albion, O my country! *Must thou join*,
" *In vain dissever'd from the rest?*—"

I trust not in vain. (a) Still *the last dispensation of mercy is offered to*

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a Historical facts of ancient times are wholly inadequate to the illustration of the present great events, but some passages are not unworthy of attention. In the 256th year of Rome, when the Latins declared for Tarquin, the *Conscript Fathers* were not terrified, though all their *Allies*, the Rutuli, the Volsci, and other powers deserted them. *The Senate* was still bold, though Rome had rebellious subjects in the heart of the metropolis, and the State and Constitution were preserved. There were men who, like the Tookes and Thelwalls of our days, taught the people, "μη φιλοχωρειν εν πολει μηδενος αυτοις αγαθα μεταδιδοσι," and enforced all the popular arguments of revolt and sedition. I refer to the fifth B. of the Roman Antiquities of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Sect. 63,

*THIS ISLAND:* and it is only to be deserved and continued to us by firmness, temperance, and piety, and by perseverance in the constitution sacred and civil *which now is*, without daring to attempt any *present* innovation in theory or in practice. It is indeed by looking calmly, (not as slaves or bigots, but as wise men ;) upon those imperfections, which human institutions never can prevent, or wholly remove, that we may *yet* hope, under Providence, to preserve for ourselves and our posterity the blessings of cultivated society, in this awful and general convulsion of Europe. They are best secured to us by our present form of government and laws, which being just in their principle, temperate in their effects, impartial in their application, and merciful in their execution, have the sanction of time, of wisdom, and of experience. In whatever shape *French Philosophy* may approach, however recommended, or dignified, or disguised, by scholars, or by ignorant and seditious men, in Greek, in Latin, in French, or in English, I would resist and repel it. Whenever the machine appears before the walls, I shall never regard it as the gift of Minerva, but call aloud to try the temper and the substance of it, *ferro Argolicas fœdare latebras*, to distrust the present, and to reject the offer. Let the enemy be dragged forth to light and shewn *as he is*, and I will yet trust that the kingdom and the citadel may stand.

The THIRD PART of this poem opens with a playful subject, and it is treated as such. But as the poem advances, I must (to use a prophet's expression) *shew my dark speech upon the harp*, and must, now and then perchance, strike the strings *somewhat loudly*, and descend into a more severe and a more solemn harmony. But what I esteem to be necessary,

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which is curious and instructive. But one sentence of this neglected Historian is so singularly applicable to our own immediate circumstances (August 1797) that it may not be improper to insert it. It is from the 62d. Section of the 5th Book. "Ουδεν οι Ρωμαιοι ταπεινωθεντες, ὁ παθειν "εικος ην τους μεγαντε πολεμον αναιρουμενους, και ΠΑΣΑΣ ΑΠΕΓΝΩΚΟΤΑΣ "ΣΥΜΜΑΧΙΚΑΣ ΕΛΠΙΔΑΣ, αλλα ταις οικειαις δυναμεσι πιστευσαντες "μοναις, πολλω προθυμοτεροι προς τον Αγωνα εγινοντο, ὡς δια την αναγκην "ανδρες αγαθοι παρα τους κινδυνους εσομενοι, και εαν κατα νυν πραξωσι, ταις "ιδιαις αρεταις κατορθωσαντες τον πολεμον, ὑδενι κοινωσαμενοι της δοξης."

Dion. Halicarn. Rom. Hist. I. 5. S. 60.

that I will declare; and what I feel it to be my duty to represent, that I will have the boldness to publish. Through the whole course of my life, in every trying circumstance, and in every wayward event, public and private, I have held fast the concise and strong admonition of the poet:

> TU NE CEDE MALIS; *sed contra audentior ito,*
> *Quam tua te Fortuna sinet.*

My learning and researches, such as they are, I submit to scholars; my opinions, my labour, and my services, in the integrity of affection, I offer TO MY COUNTRY; my errors and defects I leave to public reprehension, in a respectful silence. Whether men will hear, or whether they will not hear, is not strictly my personal concern; but my intention *no man taketh from me.*

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *DIALOGUE THE THIRD.**

Ματαιολογων φημα προσεπτατο Ελλαδα μεσοπολων, σοφας
επιφθονον τεχνας ονειδος.†

OCTAVIUS.

WHAT then, shall none remain, to whom belongs
The care of Attic bards and Dorian songs? [a]
Shall England boast no more, in order'd clans,
Her owls from Athens and her Delian swans?
Is no memorial left of ancient fame,
No dirge funeral, nor *one Grecian game?*

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* First printed in May, 1796.

† Athenæi Deipnosophist: L. 14. p. 617. Ed. Casaub.

a The subject of Greek Literature is resumed. See the conclusion of the Second Dialogue.

AUTHOR.

There is: lo, learned Clerks in sable stole,
Graceful *in years*, pant eager for the goal. [aa]
Old Norb'ry [b] starts, and with the *seventh-form* [c] boys
In weeds of Greek the church-yard's peace annoys,
With classic Weston, [cc] Charley Coote, and Tew, [d]
*In dismal dance* about the mournful yew. 12

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aa I allude to the rage for translating Gray's Elegy into Greek verse, by so many combatants for the prize, of whom more in the following notes.

b The Reverend Doctor Norbury, late one of the Assistants and now one of the Fellows *(or old boys)* at Eton, publised the first Greek translation of the Elegy.

c In Eton School there are but six forms for the boys—These Reverend Divines, it seems, have only taken *one step* since they left school.

cc The Rev. Mr. Stephen Weston is a man of much ingenuity, great classical knowledge, and skilled in various languages.

d *Monsieur* PELTIER (Editor of the Tableau de Paris, &c.) favoured me with the following record and extract, which I give in his own French terms, as they are very significant and forcible.

" PLACE DE LA TRADUCTION.

" *JEAN NORBURY*, Docteur en Theologie, Chanoine et associè à " Eton. *Agè* soixante et huit ans.

" *ETIENNE WESTON*, Bachelier en Thèologie, Abbè, Voyageur, " Versificateur, *ci devant* Recteur. *Agè* cinquante ans.

" *CHARLES COOTE*,* Docteur en Thèologie, Doien Irlandois. *Agè* " cinquante et deux ans, selon le régistre.

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* P. S. J'ai recue une lettre trés obligeante de la part de Monsieur *Peltier*, dont j'ai la plus haute consideration, qui m'a informé, qu'il y a une

But first in notes Sicilian [e] plac'd on high,
Bates sounds the soft preluding symphony;

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"*Edouard Tew*, Bachelier en Thèologie, Chanoine et Associé à Eton, *Agè* cinquante et sept ans.

*Guillotines á la Grecque*, 25 *Floreal Quintidi*, 1796.

*Extrait du Registre de la Guillotine Literaire.*"

N. B. *Ils sont montés sur l' échaffaut avec assez de courage; a dix-heures et un quart du matin leurs tetês sont tombés.*"

Extrait du Rapport fait au conseil des anciens, par l'Executeur de la haute justice litéraire.

e Notes *Sicilian*—Joah Bates, Esquire, as an old Etonian, and once Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, was so obliging as to offer himself as *Musical Conductor* on the occasion. Some persons may think, that the "notes *Sicilian*" allude to the Αρχετε Σικελικαι τω πενθεος, αρχετε Μωσαι:* but they are no musicians, if they think so. Mr. Bates's judgment naturally led him to adopt the *Siciliana* for this famous solemnity, as it is a movement slower and more marked than the *Giga*. While the *Siciliana* was playing, the combatants, before they entered the lists, approached the Critic's throne moving in a sort of measured step. The Reverend Mr. Nares, (editor of the British Critic, and in my estimation, and I believe in that *of every member of Lincoln's*

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petite meprise dans le Régistre au sujet de Monsieur le Docteur Coote, Traducteur celebre. Qu'il n'etoit pas *Doien Irlandois* and, par consèquent, grand theologien, mais Docteur en Droit Civil en Angleterre, *trés instruit dans la grammaire Grecque*. Monsieur Peltier avec le zele le plus edifiant pour la verite, et avec beaucoup d'onction, m'a prié de corriger le registre et la poésie là desus; et m'a informé, que Monsieur Nares Auteur trés aimable en son genre, et editeur de l'ouvrage periodique, *(The British Critic)* la voulût aussi avec beaucoup d' empressement. Malheureusement c'est impossible; et j'ai repondû tres franchement: "Mon cher Peltier, quand une fois la tête doctorale est tombée; eh! que "faire?" *(Nov. 1797.)*

* Moschi Epit. in Bion. v. 1.

And in sad cadence, as the bands condense,
The curfew tolls the knell of *parting* SENSE.
Nares [f] holds the prize, and stops the Doric din,
Elmsley [g] without and Rivington within;

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*Inn*, a gentleman of worth, learning and ability, and to whom not the slightest disrespect is here intended) was appointed the judge or Βραβευς on the occasion, and beheld them without emotion, though the sight was luxuriant in the extreme.

O'er their warm cheeks, and rising bosoms move
*The bloom of young desire*, and purple light of love.*

—Had the combatants been political personages, I would have described the whole game, and the characters, and their speeches in the poem. But I learned early from Cervantes the necessity of limitation and *propriety* in fiction; though this is a mere record of *a matter of fact*.

f I always admired the *solemn irony*, with which the Reviewers in *The British critic* treated this *Græcian game* among the old boys. It appeared to me as if I saw their exercises *looked over* at Eton by Dr. Davies, who said, "Norbury, you have done *pretty well*;"—"Tew, you "had a few faults, but a little more spirit than Norbury;"—"Weston, "you have translated with some elegance, but you have *no authority for your* "*genitive absolute*."—"*Master* Coote, I think you have one false quantity, "but it is a doubtful syllable, and I shall *pass it this time*." It is something odd, that a Westminster man, (I mean Mr. Nares,) should be the Judge of these old Eton boys.

g Elmsley † and Rivington, two London booksellers, one famed for shrewdness, and the other for orthodoxy. Very proper assessors TO THE

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* Gray's Progress of Poetry.

† I know not why I should withhold the *Testimonia Doctorum* to Mr Elmsley. To begin;—"Mr. Elmsley, whose zeal for his Author can "never be sufficiently commended," &c.—See Mr. Bryant's letter to Mr. Richardson at the end. Hear Mr. Gibbon: "Je trouve dans le Libraire *Elmsley*, un Conseiller *sage*, *instruit*, *et discret*." Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun. Letters, vol. 2. 4to. p. 596. Again: "I was *proud and*

The volumes are arrang'd in order meet,
And all their ears *erect* these accents greet:
" Hail, my fond masters of the Grecian lyre!
" Hear a Reviewer's verse yourselves inspire:
" These books are yours, (oh, heed my *tuneful* voice)
" Take'em, or [i] damn'em, as best suits your choice;

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CRITIC. Mr. Elmsley was stationed *at the door* to keep the peace among the combatants, who were rather noisy and troublesome from their number. Afterwards Mr. Elmsley took his seat with the CRITIC. The place of the meeting was the celebrated Musical Room in Hanover Square. See a subsequent note.

i *Damn'em.*—" This (word) is to be understood in a *very sober and* " *decent* sense." See Bishop Warburton's note on one of the concluding lines of Pope's Story of Sir Balaam, Moral Ep. 3. v. 401. Pope's Works edit. Warb. 8vo.vol. 3. p. 269. " *The Devil* and the King divide the " prize;" *which line* the bishop with the utmost gravity declares to be "a " satire *only on such ministers of state*, which history informs us have been " found, *who aided the devil in his temptations*, in order to, &c. &c." See the remainder of the note. This it is to be a commentator on a mere *badinage!!!* There certainly are books which may make a Reviewer or a Divine swear a little. I readily excuse Mr. Nares (as I do Mr. Grubb in the farce) for being a *little hasty* in his expressions. Longinus (who

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" *happy*, if I could prevail on *Elmsley*, to enliven the dullness of the evening." Ib. p. 653. Booksellers of reputation have been always mentioned with respect; The *Socii* by Horace, and *Trypho* by Quintilian: Mr. TONSON is recorded by a man *of talents*,* Mr. BECKET by Sterne, Mr. ELMSLEY by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Gibbon, and finally by his humble servant, the Author of the Pursuits of Literature.

* George Steevens, Esq. editor of Shakespeare, in his Preface to the Poet's works.

" For some are new, some foolish, and some old,
" Some pert in calf, and some *in sheets* are bold.
" Twelve British Critics, new or little read;
" Horsley's chaste sermon, [k] and his copper head;

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gives *excellent directions*, in his treatise on the sublime *for swearing to the best advantage)* observes " Εστιν ὁ το ὀμοσαι τινα ΟΜΟΣΑΙ μεγα, το " δε πως, και πως, και εφ' ων καιρων, και τινος ἑνεκα." De Subl. S. 16. The substance of which may be this; " *Swearing* considered in itself, and " without reference to the matter and the manner, *is by no means an ac-* " *complishment, or a scource of the sublime*, and *should never be introduced*, " but in the proper place and occasion, and then *only* upon the most urgent " motives and for the strongest reasons." From all which it appears, that discipline and instruction *in this art* are necessary, *before a man can swear* as a gentleman, a scholar, an orator, or a man of fashion. *Therefore*, no man should ever swear *at random* in conversation. See the Rev. Dr. Longinus's *Sermon*, as above, *in toto;* to which the Rev. Mr. Nares certainly paid due attention.

k See his Sermon before the Magdalens, (in 4to) on April 22, 1795. I wish the Bishop had put an appendix (as the fashion is) to explain a little of it, though in some places it is *very intelligible*.—For instance, in the following passage, page 6. " Numberless and *ravishing* are the *beau-* " *ties* which the *mortal* EYE beholds, in the *various* works of creation and " of art. *Elegant* and of *endless variety* the entertainments which are " *provided* for the EAR: *whether* it delight to listen to the *sober* narra- " tives of history, *or* the *wild* fictions of romance; *whether* it hearken to " the *grave* lessons of the moralist, to the *abstruse* demonstrations of " science, the *round* periods of eloquence, the *sprightly flourishes* of rheto- " ric, the *smooth* numbers and *bold* flights of poetry, or catch the *enchant-* " *ing* sounds of harmony; *that* poetry, which *sings* of (something;) *that* " harmony which *fans* (one thing) and *wafts* (another)" &c. &c. And as if the Bishop had not been *plain enough*, he begins again; " *Infinite* is " the multitude of *pleasurable* forms which" do, as before observed. The

" Letters from Alciphron [l] to cool love's flame,
" And prove Greek whores and English just the same;
" The Hymns that Taylor, [m] England's gentile priest,
" Sung spousal at fair Psychè's marriage feast; 30

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reader will allow, he never before met with so much recondite truth, diversified with such *beautiful* and *discriminating* epithets. The Bishop might *as well* have said: " What a charming place LONDON is! what " *varieties* and *entertainments* are provided for the *eye* and *ear*. *First*, " there's the House of Lords, then Westminster Abbey, then the Opera " House and the Play-house. There's Doctor Gillies who provides *sober* " *history*, and Mrs. Smith, *wild romance;* there's Mr. Pitt with his *round* " eloquence, and Mr. Erskine absolutely *fainting* in *sprightly flourishes;* " there are Scotchmen teaching *grave* morality and Greek; Dr. Hutton " with *abstruse* demonstrations *how* all things *made themselves:* there is " Mr. Jerningham with his *smooth* numbers, and Dr. Tasker with his *bold* " flights, Madame Banti at the Opera, and the little children at the " Foundling: there are" &c. &c. &c.—All this might do well enough at a polite devotional lounge, at some fashionable warm chapel from a *popular* preacher; but I am really *ashamed* that *BISHOP HORSLEY* should condescend to write, or pronounce *ex cathedra* such trivial school-boy declamation *about nothing at all*, and then *publish* it. Men in high station and of high talents (like Bishop Horsley) should be careful, *very* careful, how they lessen themselves by their own words and works; and if Bishop Horsley *goes on* in this style, and as he has done in several of his *later productions*, whatever his politics may be, he certainly never will incur the danger of *The Second Philippic*.

l Alciphron's Epistles; in which are described the domestic manners, *the Courtezans* and the Parasites of Greece, Translated from the Greek.

m Thomas Taylor, translator of Plotinus, parts of Plato, *the fable of Cupid and Psychè* from Apuleius, Hymns, &c. the would-be restorer of unintelligible mysticism and superstitious pagan nonsense. All that Iam-

" The alphabet in Greek by R. P. Knight; [n]
" Some rules for *men* to think and study right;
" An Eton Foolscap, with the game of goose
" Printed by Pote, types large and cover loose;
" An Education Sermon, rather long.
" By Doctor Parr, all in the vulgar tongue;
" Last, Horsley's master-piece, [nn] and merry plans,
" *To accent* right *the goods* of courtezans.

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blichus revealed to Ædesius.—Mr. Taylor, in conjunction with Dr. Darwin, might solve the following problem; " Whether a Platonic idea, " hovering to the right on the orifice of chaos, might drive away the " squadrons of *democratical* atoms?" Rabelais, at the end of Book 5. *Questions Philosophiques*. For my own part I am not disposed to go any further, as Lycophron. Cassand. v. 14. expresses it, Λοξων ες διεξοδους επων.

n An analytical Essay on the *Greek Alphabet*, by R. P. Knight.—P. may stand for *Payne* or *Priapus* Knight, in allusion to his Essay on the Worship of Priapus.

nn See a treatise on the Prosodies of the Greek and Latin languages, dedicated to Lord Thurlow by (Bishop Horsley.) I allude to *the Bishop's pleasant comment*, p. 47, so universally admired, on the Attic Law, Εταιρα χρυσια ει φοροιη δημοσια εστω. My gallantry forbids me *to use any accents at all* upon *these ladies*, especially since *the Bishop* has shewn me, how *dangerous* it is *to meddle with them*. In this short passage there are four personages virtually concerned; Alexander *Aphrodisiensis*, Aristotle, Venus, and Bishop*Horsley!!!! I assure his

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* I shall express my opinion of Bishop Horsley, *as a writer*, in the words of Erasmus; "*Ex libris* deprehendi hominem esse ardentis ingenii, variæ lectionis, et multæ memoriæ alicubi tamen majore copia quam delectu, ac dictione *tumultuosa magis quam composita*." Erasmus, Ep. 1248.

" Nor books alone attend the CONQUEROR *Bard*,
" Him shall await a more sublime reward:
" Not the coarse joy a Grecian once could feel,
" Apples [o] for sauce, or parsley for his veal,
" Or beverage drawn from spruce or mountain pines,
" With oil from Pisa's olive, when he dines;
" No ode to praise the binding of his books: [p]
" No print from Sheffield of historic cooks,

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Lordship, I have as great an affection, as human infirmity can allow, for an *Oxyton*, *a Paroxyton*, or even a *Pro-par-oxyton!* Ladies never before knew the *political* importance of *an accent*.—While I am upon this *Episcopal* and *Cyprian* subject, I may observe that Proclus has a singular remark in his Chrestomathia, as preserved by Photius: (Biblioth. p. 984, Ed. 1653.) " Μηδε τα Κυπρια ΠΡΟΠΑΡΟΞΥΤΟΝΩΣ επιγραφεσθαι τα " ποιηματα."

o Apples, &c.---There is *now* an affectation *in modern young gentlemen*, as soon as they have left school or college, particularly in young lawyers and boy-members of parliament, of *forgetting their Greek*, if they ever knew any. I shall therefore without ceremony remind them of the ancient rewards in the Grecian games, which consisted of some *apples* consecrated to Apollo in the Pythian, of a chaplet of *parsley* in the Nemæan, of an *olive* garland in the Olympic games, and of a wreath of *pine*-leaves in the Isthmian solemnity.

p I am sure Pindar* very seldom had so good a subject for his deep mouth. Mr. White, of Fleet street, and Mr. Edwards of Pall-mall,

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* Not that detestable writer calling himself PETER PINDAR, of whom see the First Part of the Pursuits of L.

" *There* on the rack of satire let him lie,
" Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy."——Heroic Postcript to the Public, by the author of the H. Epistle to Sir W. Chambers.

" Of beauteous Gibbon's fair proportion'd shape, [q]
" An old baboon, or fœtus of an ape;

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booksellers, would furnish me with much better materials for an ode than Pindar's, in their florid descriptions, (so animating to purchasers) of gorgeous binding, little Dr. GOSSET's *milk-white vellum*, and all its insignia.

q See in the title page to the posthumous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esquire, in 2 v. 4to. published by Lord Sheffield, an engraving of THE HISTORIAN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, which his lordship declares to be " as complete a likeness of Mr. Gibbon, as to person, face, and manner, " *as can be conceived.*"!!! I have no doubt of Lord S.'s friendship for Mr. Gibbon, but why hang up ones friend in effigy to the ridicule of the present age and of all posterity? " Figuram *animi magis quam corporis* com-"plectantur,"* said Tacitus; and could Mr. Gibbon have seen this print, he certainly would have wished such a *simulacrum vultûs* as this, to be *imbecillum et mortale*, or in plain English, to see the impressions burned and the plate broken.—I just remind all collectors of prints, that there is not only to be had the head of Dr. Gillies and other historic cooks, of Dr. Denman the man-midwife, of Mr. William Coxe, traveller and friend to half the crowned heads in Europe, *with his age* at the bottom of the print, and of other great personages; but there are still left some choice proof impressions of the striking *head and likeness* of Mr. *John Farley* PRINCIPAL COOK at the London Tavern, to be had seperate from his great culinary work, being all that were left unsubscribed for by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by the East India and Bank Directors, and by Mr. Pitt and the elder Brethren of the Trinity House. But I cannot *ascertain the age* of Mr. John Farley, which is a matter of the last importance, and for which I am truly sorry. The Homeric jucundity from Martial should have been the motto to our modern Myrtillus;

" Si tibi *Mistyllus* COCUS, Æmiliane, vocatur:
" Dicetur quare non *T'arat'alla* † mihi? Mart Ep. l. 1.

* Tacit. Vit. Agric. Sect. 46.

† Μιστυλλον τ'αρα τ'αλλα, κτλ. Hom. Il. *passim.*

" No robe, that waves in many a Tuscan fold;
" No lawn, that wraps a bishop from the cold;
" But fine broad cloth, in choicest fashion wrought,
" By modern hands to full perfection brought;
" 'Tis His---'*to wear* FOUR SUNDAYS *in the Park* [q]
" *The best black suit of Doctor Courtney's Clerk!!!*" [r]
Nares rising paus'd; then gave (the contest done,)
To Weston, Taylor's Hymns and Alciphron;

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The reader of taste in print-collecting will thank me for reminding him of Mr. John Farley's *head*, whose works are more *relished* than any traveller's or historian's that I know.

q Or in Kensington Gardens.

r I informed my readers in a former note, that the scene of action was the celebrated *Musical Room in Hanover Square*. I must now add, that the room was decorated on the occasion with appropriate scenery, laid out in *belts* and *clumps* of funereal trees, to represent a church-yard with the belfry, the yew tree, not forgetting *the owl*, with distant views of groups of labourers, and cattle returning home by moonlight, highly picturesque. This was the scene of the famed solemnity, where MR. NARES, with his assessors " Messrs. Elmsley and Rivington booksellers, and the combatants, the Doctors Norbury, Coote, &c. assembled. Dr. COURTNEY, then Bishop of * Bristol, now of Exeter, (August, 1797.) and Rector of St. George's Hanover square, was very kind on the occasion, as the decision was made in his parish; and *with the consent of the Parish*

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* Doctor Courtney was then on the eve of a translation to Exeter. (Jan. 12, 1797.)—I also wish the Bishop health to wear *his own best black suit*, as well as another old Eton acquaintance, Bishop Cornwall, his successor.

To Tew, Par's sermon, and the game of goose,
And Rochester's [s] address to lemans [ss] loose;
To Coote, the foolscap, as the best relief
A Dean could hope; last to the hoary Chief
He fill'd a cup; then plac'd on NORB'RY's back
*The Sunday suit* [t] of customary black. [tt]

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*Clerk*, made a liberal and voluntary offer of "THE SUNDAY SUIT*" furnished at the expense of the parish, and which, I understand, is worn by the Clerk during divine service in the morning only on that day, *and is very becoming*. After the morning service the parish clerk appears in his ordinary dress, *as a common man*. Such was the Ecclesiastical suit of armour made by the episcopal taylor, and hung up as THE CONQUEROR'S prize (not *pleno jure*, but *usufructuario*,) for the Æneas of the Sunday. (1796.)

s Not Lord Rochester, but my good Lord Bishop of Rochester, Bishop Horsley's Address or Sermon to the Magdalens, mentioned above; not forgetting his lordship's Greek prosody for Lord Thurlow and the ladies.

ss *Leman* is the old word for a lover or a mistress.

t All my Eton friends well know Dr. Norbury's celebrated black wardrobe, and the suits which appear in the order of the Pythagoric *rotation* from the chest or ark.

"Supera ut convexa *revisant*,
"Rursus et incipiant *in corpora velle reverti!*"

With what propriety did the Reverend Mr. Nares make and pronounce this famous decree!

tt I must transcribe the concluding sentence of the Review of these famous translations, in *THE BRITISH CRITIC* for March 1795. p. 245. I

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* They who are acquainted with the dignity and magnificent deportment of Dr. Courtney's *present* CLERK of St. George's Church, Hanover

The gabbling ceas'd: with fix'd and serious look
*Gray* glanc'd from high, and own'd his rival, *Cook*. [v]

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give the Critic the fullest credit for the conduct of *this solemn irony*, and confess that I can conceive nothing superior in this species of wit, namely that of looking gravely in men's faces and telling them how foolish they are. The British Critic thus concludes: "We wish to avoid *any invidious* "*distinction*, any undue preference. But were we absolutely called on "to decide, we should from the purest and most unbiassed motives (see "Il. 23. v. 615) fill the golden cup with the most exquisite οινος εξαιτος, "and not considering it as left without a claimant, by the fall of any "Eumelus, we should respectfully place it in the hands of *THE ETONIAN* "*NESTOR;*

"Τῇ νυν, και σοι τυτο ΓΕΡΟΝ κειμηλιον εστω."

v. I select this extraordinary genius, poet, critic, scholar, and orator, WILLIAM COOK, M. A. late Fellow of King's College, and Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge. "I knew him well, Horatio." melioribus olim auspiciis. I select him, as well for the singular and original excellency of his performances, (though there are some oversights and even verbal faults in it) as for the manner in which he published it. There was a spare leaf or two at the end of his very sensible edition of Aristotle's Poetics, and there he printed it. Not in the pompous manner, and with dedications to Lord Chancellors and I know not whom, as some of *these Old Boys* have done. I must own that in many passages, Nature, Gray, and Cook seem to contend for the mastery; but above all in that famous stanza;

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
"And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
"Await alike the inevitable hour;
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave." GRAY.

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Square, *when in his full canonical Sunday dress* will best know how to estimate *the prize* offered to these Grecian combatants by Mr. Nares. Too happy, if in such a garment, *THE VICTOR might be mistaken FOR THIS GREAT MAN.* (1796.)

## OCTAVIUS.

Contract your smile, and quit this playful [x] search;
These are the lay amusements of the church,

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Α χαρις ευγενεων, χαρις η βασιληϊδος αρχας,
Δωρα τυχας, χρυσας Αφροδιτας καλα τα δωρα,
Παυθ' αμα ταυτα τεθνακε, και ηνθεν μορσιμον αμαρ'
Ηρωων κλε' ολωλε, και ωχετο * ξυνον ες Αδαν. Cook.

Bion or Moschus never exceeded these lines: I think, they never equalled them. I write this Note, I will confess it, with all the friendly fondness which an Etonian could express.

Hoc Juvenem egregium præstanti munere dono.†

x This subject from v. 1, to v. 63, of this part of my poem, is perhaps in itself a very trifling one. The names of some of the parties are obscure and of little note, and the concerns of *Reviewers* should in general be confined to their own *little* monthly *blue books*. But this example is of deepest consequence, that MEN, who aspire to be thought scholars, should be warned, even to all posterity, how they conduct their learning, and expend their time; and be taught from this ridiculous instance (which I have selected) to value themselves on such attainments alone, as are truly valuable. ὁτι γεγονα ΑΝΗΡ, κατηργηκα τα τε Νηπιε.—It cannot surely be conceived, that the slightest animadversion is *here* intended to be made on the exercises in the Greek and Latin languages, whether

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* Some persons object to the ο being made short before the ξ. It may be so. I defend no faults, in any man's works. I leave Dr. Davies and Mr. Stephen Weston, *the Hero of the Genitive absolute*, to substitute κοινον if they please.

"The rule is *absolute*," Lord Kenyon cries;
"*Brisk from his genitive* let *Stephen* rise."

† Virg. Æn. 4. v. 361.

Mere cobweb labours of their learned thought;
Tho' sometimes *teachers* must themselves be taught
To weigh their office, raise their pow'rful breath,
Nor leave the world to darkness and to death. 70

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translations or originals, in the public or private schools or in the Universities of this kingdom. The author of the P. of L. is of opinion, that the utility or rather the absolute necessity of them is so great and so indispensable, that they cannot be too much commended and too much encouraged. I will also say, that notwithstanding the accurate and unrelenting severity of Dr. Charles Burney's most learned and acute criticism on *Mr. Glass's Greek translations* of *Milton's Agonistes and Mason's Caractacus*, I still continue to admire the poetical and animated spirit so conspicuous in that very ingenious Gentleman's bold and laudable attempt at an early period of life. There were some mistakes, how could it be otherwise? Plura nitent. The composition intitled Θεηλατος Σοφια, by the late Dr. Cooke, Provost of King's College, published when he was almost a boy, has peculiar merit. I will add here, that if *any young man* of genius, classical learning, and poetical ardour, would present the world with a Greek translation of *Akenside's* "Hymn to the Naiads," and submit it to the correction of an experienced Greek scholar before publication, he might establish a learned and honourable reputation for himself, and add another composition worthy of Homer or Callimachus.

"Sic liceat magnas Graiorum implere catervas!"

Compositions in Greek or Latin handed about in private circles of friends are indeed useless, but free from much reprehension, though at best rather idle in men of a certain age. But when MEN, dignified by their years and their sacred profession, *the youngest* having passed his *fiftieth*, and *the eldest* entering his *sixty-eighth* year, appear as rival candidates for public fame from *the translation* of some excellent English verses *into their own Greek;* what can we say?

"Tunc cum *ad canitiem*, tunc, tunc, ignoscere—NOLO." *Persius.*

Short be their folly: let example tell
Their life, their morals pure, and all is well.
But should proud churchmen vie in sumptuous halls
In wines and soups, Carthusian Bacchanals,
Nor think th' unwieldly superflux to shake,
Where curates starve, and helpless orphans quake,
Wav'ring I ask, in this dark scene beneath,
Why lightnings scathe yon desolated heath? [y].
And hark the voice has thunder'd: and the word,
Borne on the blast, a trembling world has heard 80

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y The unbounded luxury and extravagance of the French and Italian Ecclesiastics should be a warning to the priests and ministers of all Christian altars, however dignified or distinguished, of whatever church or of whatever persuasion, Mankind will know, and value them *by their fruits*. "For *now* is the axe laid to the root of the trees, and every tree which "bringeth not forth good fruit will (most assuredly) be hewn down." This is the warning voice which should be heard, and heard *aloud* in assemblies frequent and full, in all churches and in all cathedrals; but chief in those twin-sisters of learning, the Universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge, which can be supported on those principles alone, on which they were founded, and by which they have flourished.—While your place may yet be found, I will honour and will hail you both,

"Mothers of arts
"And eloquence, native to famous wits,
"Or hospitable in *your* sweet recess,
"City or suburban, studious walks and shades!"*

But chief with pious gratitude, and with filial reverence, *Salve* MAGNA PARENS! 1796.

* Milt. P. Reg. b. 4. v. 240.

In consummation dread! the bonds of Rome
Are burst, and Babylon's prophetic doom,
With more than mortal ruin headlong cast,
Proclaims the measure full: she groans her last.
From climes where Piety no more was found,
Where Superstition wither'd all around,
The rights of nature barr'd, by heav'n resign'd
To vile affections, in corruption blind,
While in the terrors of the world beneath,
Permitted fiends of darkness round them breathe;
*Britain* securely fix'd, invites from high
With charity's sedate, unalter'd eye.
The *sacred*, exil'd, melancholy band,
Passing from death and France, revere the land,
Where streams of inexhausted bounty pour,
And CHRIST still reigns, and bigots are no more. [z]

AUTHOR.

Blest be the voice of mercy, and the hand
Stretch'd o'er affliction's wounds with healing bland,

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z I allude to the grand emigration of French Priests and others to England, at the late Revolution in France. (1796.)

In holiest sympathy! our best of man
Gave us to tears, ere misery began.
Yet pause: "for mere [zz] good-nature [a] is a fool,"
Now slave to party, and now faction's tool:
Attend, nor heedless slight a poet's name:
Poet and prophet once were deem'd the same.
Say, are these fertile streams thus largely spread
A *filial* tribute o'er a *mother bed?*

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zz We must remember, that the very frame and spirit of the laws, ordinances, and constitution of England *are in the most direct opposition to the Roman Catholic religion*, and all its doctrines, practices, opinions, superstitions, and tyranny. I am astonished that we can forget their history and effects. I know what has been done in other countries. The only hospitable and unsuspecting asylum for thir priests and professors has been, and is, in England. On their expulsion from the continent, and their reception in this kingdom under powerful protection and systematic influence, a warning voice may be heard, not without effect. This is the sole reason of all which I am about to offer on this subject. It is not an anathema, but a warning in the spirit of mercy, moderation, and the most reflecting policy. We may depend upon it, wherever the Roman Catholic Religion is introduced, or permitted, or fostered, or pitied, or encouraged, the words of the poet will be found eminently true:

*Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus*
*Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.*

a "Virtue *(for mere Good-nature is a fool)*
"Is sense and spirit with humanity:
"Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin,
"Virtue and sense are one."

Dr. Armstrong, Art of Health, B. 4. a Poem which can never be sufficiently praised, read, and recommended.

Say are these streams (think, while avails the thought)
To Rome through Gallic channels subtly brought?[aa]
Rome touches, tastes, and takes; and nothing loth;
But have *we* virtues? yes, of *pagan* growth.
Ask where Rome's church is founded? on a steep,
Which heresy's wild winds in vain may sweep,
*Alone* where sinners may have rest secure,
One *only* undefil'd, one *only* pure.

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aa This is one of the most important points in *the present* situation of England and of Europe, in regard to national policy. I propose these questions. 1. *How far*, are the ministers of the public treasure of any Protestant kingdom justified in issuing large sums of money, for the express purpose of *maintaining* emigrant *Catholic priests*, AS A BODY? 2. If they are justified in issuing *any* sums, *in what manner and under what control* should this public money be expended and distributed? 3. Whether in England at this time, there are not peculiar and paramount considerations which call for wisdom and prudence to regulate and restrain the first natural and honourable impetuosity of mercy and humanity, to the end that *THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, IN HER CHURCH AND STATE*, be preserved inviolate from open attacks, or from insidious attempts?—These questions are proposed for the public security, with sobriety, seriousness, and charity to all, as of common importance.

Dixerat Anchises; natumque unàque Sibyllam
Conventus trahit in medios, turbamque sonantem;
Et tumulum capit, unde omnes longo ordine possit
Adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus! (1796.)

a It is well known that rigid Catholics hold, that the virtues of heretics, or protestants, are to be considered in the light of pagan virtues. I think the bishop of St. Pol. de Leon would agree to this opinion. (1796.)

Blame you her cumbrous pomp, her iron rod,
Or trumpery relics of her saints half-shod?
Lo *Cònfessors*, in every hamlet found,
With sacred sisters walk their cloister'd round:
There read the list: [b] and calm the fate expect,
When crafty, meddling, thankless priests direct.

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b See "*The Laity's Directory for* 1796, (printed for J. P. "Coghlan, Duke street, Grosvenor square) to which is added '*The* '*Colours of the Church;*" words rather ominous. It is a pamphlet at the low price of *sixpence*, which I recommend to public notice and to which I refer the reader. It is a matter of some surprise and concern, to read the list of the almost incredible number of little books and tracts at the smallest prices, published and to be published, calculated for the general dissemination of *Popery* in these realms;---the fatal display of all the existing and rising Romish seminaries, Romish boarding houses, and Romish schools for youth; the plenary indulgences (for one another;) —and the settlement of *Nuns Professed* in monasteries erected in this kingdom, Clares, Benedictines, Sepulcharins, Austins, and Dominicanesses. Then, in this very same pamphlet, as if by a strange fatality and in the blunder of papal metaphor, they advertise even their *drugs*. The very medicine, it seems, is papal. Behold their "Laxative *sulphurated* "pills once exhibited in another form in these realms," "The Medicated "Snuff, a Cephalic of many virtues, prepared from the original receipt "found in the Jesuit's Library;"---"The Jesuit's nervous pill,"---"The "Jesuits Balsamic cordial." In short, decernunt quodcunque volunt DE CORPORE NOSTRO; body and soul, fortune and state. I understand them but too well. They know their hour, THEIR PROTECTORS OF NOBLE RANK, their opportunity, their advantages, *their revenue from the state*. They advance by approaches, not desultory, but regular. The papal genius never sleeps, no, not for a moment; but directs, and animates, and acts, uniformly and constantly, at home and abroad, in cities, in towns,

Think you, their hate unquench'd can ere expire?
The torch not tipt with sleeping sulphurous fire?
Their doctrines round a careless land are blown;
They blast the cottage, and would sap the throne.

---

in villages; it takes aid from stupidity and from ability, from above and from beneath. Their bishops, as yet, are but *titular*, but depend upon it,

Per solis radios, TARPEIAQUE FULMINA jurant,
Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cæli,*

Depend upon it, I say they swear: but what the oath is, I shall not take upon me to describe. It may be well understood, and for aught I know, it is already registered.---I have compassion for the unfortunate; I have charity for plundered exiles; I have pity, and would wish and would give relief to the wretched and the suffering; I have veneration for the truly pious of every persuasion in the Christian faith. "There is ONE Lord!" But I have, and it as an Englishman's duty to have, a watchful eye upon the insinuating or domineering spirit of the Romish church. I have no opinion of the sincerity of their attachment to us, or of their gratitude for our favours. I insist upon it, they regard *THEMSELVES* as the original and rightful inheritors of our land. I call upon the guardians of our church and state to be watchful, and to regard with attention the proceedings of *ALL THE EMIGRANTS*. If they refuse to hear, I wish most fervently, that Great Britain may never, in the anguish of an inconsiderate spirit, say of these numerous emigrant-priests, and of all the rest sacred or profane;

Ejectos littore, egenos
Excepi, et regni *DEMENS* in parte locavi!

I send THIS NOTE into the world, whatever be its fate, with the famous papal inscription, but without the spirit, of Sixtus the Fourth to the Florentine Synod under Lorenzo the Magnificent, "IN FUTURAM REI MEMORIAM!" and the Bishop of St. Pol. de Leon, and his Consistory, resident and acting in England, may reply to it, if they think proper. —(Written in the year 1796.)

* JUV. Sat. 13. v. 78.

What? are my words too warm?---I love my King,
My Country, and my God! the sounds shall ring
Ceaseless, till Pitt (with all his host awake)
In our great cause a nation's inquest take.
Look from that vale what tribes the fortress[c] fill!
Then frown indignant o'er *the opprobrious Hill.*[d] 130

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c *The great College of Priests, and Head-quarters of the Catholic Cause* in the Castle or King's House at Winchester, tenanted by priests emigrant and non-emigrant, publicly maintained at the expense of the state. Read the preceding note. I am not speaking to those, who are indifferent about all or any religion; but to those, who from their station, political or sacred, should understand the importance of the cause, the interests of Christianity and its purity, the evidence of history, the nature and the *essential* and *unaltered* spirit of the Romish priesthood, and their subtilty and peculiar arts by persuasion, or by terror over weak consciences. I am speaking to the governors of Great-Britain, to the ministers of the crown, who should guard, and who I trust will guard, *against the revival of the Romish Church* now working in secret; as well as against the more open and more terrible democracy of *some* descriptions of the Dissenters. What is said to us all, is said at this hour to ministers and rulers of states with a more important and a more sacred emphasis, "*Watch, for ye know not the hour when destruction cometh.*"—(1796.)

d Finally: I propose one plain and significant question to Mr. Pitt, or to any great minister of state. It is this: "Is there a single instance "in the records of any modern history of Europe, where the governing "and directing power of the state ever authorized, patronised, and sup- "ported with the public money, under any circumstances whatsoever, a "college of priests, *in the heart of a kingdom*, whose tenets and "principles were not only different from the established religion of the "country, but were in direct opposition and avowed hostility to it?—And "particularly, when it was the original and fundamental purpose and

## OCTAVIUS.

*These thoughts are for the state:* enough of Rome,
Her Gallic altars, and approaching doom.
But if from themes so grave [e] you never roam,
Ask at St. Paul's, is Pretyman [ee] at home?

---

" constitution of that established church, to discountenance and extin-
" guish the superstitious doctrines, and the political ecclesiastical tenets
" of *that College of Priests*, so authorized, patronised, and supported by
" the public money, AS A BODY?" If this question must be answered, as I apprehend it must, in the negative, I maintain, (and if necessary will maintain more solemnly, if possible, and more at large,) *that* THE COLLEGE OF PRIESTS IN THN KING'S HOUSE AT WINCHESTER SHOULD BE IMMEDIATELY DISPERSED,* and not suffered to stand in that offensive, conspicuous, and opprobrious light in the face of the country. I am really speaking in mercy to them, and to us all, if I am rightly understood. I would support and preserve them from every want, *privately*, and in *detached* situations; *but I would not suffer the ministry of a Catholic Bishop to direct the expenditure* of that public money so granted, *for mere Catholic purposes:* but with the most perfect toleration of all persuasions in religion, the Governors of the state should defend and *exclusively support their own.* This is prudence, this is policy, this it is to remember the beginning and progress of all great events.† (May, 1796.)

e I am not in the habit of perusing many of the various single sermons which are published; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recom-

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* This was effected in December 1796.

† Though the French priests were removed, by order of the Government, from the King's House at Winchester, at the close of the year 1796, yet I have strong and important reasons for leaving this whole passage, in poetry and prose, text and comment, unaltered upon record to posterity.

The Dean might smile, when you with happiest care
Blend Horsley's acid with the cream of Blair;
You'd rise at last.

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mending three, which I think are at this time important, and written with ability and spirit. One, by the Reverend Dr. Vincent, head master of Westminster school, (a gentleman of very considerable erudition, diligence, ability, and most exemplary conduct) preached for the Westminster Dispensary; another by Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, for the Westminster Dispensary also, with an Appendix, containing Reflections on the present state of England and France; the Appendix is of peculiar merit; and a third, "On Gaming," written with great energy, erudition, piety, patriotism, and eloquence, by the Reverend Thomas Rennell, D.D. Prebendary of Winchester.---While I am speaking on this subject, I think, it may be curious and pleasing, and perhaps useful to some persons, to see the list of books which WILLIAM WARBURTON, Bishop of Gloucester, recommended in some posthumous MSS. Directions for the study of Theology, which Bishop Hurd published in the 4to edition and in the 8vo supplement to his works. I refer to the tract, and merely give the books in the divisions, and *in the order* in which Warburton placed them, and recommended them to be read. "Locke on the Human Understanding: "Quintilian's Institutions.---Grotius de Jure belli et pacis; Woollaston's "Religion of Nature; Cumberland on the Law of Nature; Cudworth's "Intellectual System.---Maimonides Ductor Dubitantium; Spencer de "Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus: Walton's Polyglot Bible; Critic "Sacri. Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity; Burnet de fide et "officiis Christianorum; Grotius's Comment on the Gospels; Locke on "the Epistles; Joseph Mede on the Apocalypse; Episcopii Instituta "Christianæ Theologiæ; Limborch's Theologia Christiana; Grotius de "Veritate Religionis Christianæ; Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, 1st ed. "Limborch de Veritate Religionis Christianæ Amica Collatio cum Eru-"dito Judæo, i. e. Isaaco Orobio; Chillingworth's Religion of Protes-"tants a safe way to salvation; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, 4 first "books. Taylor's Liberty of Prophecying; Stillingfleet's Irenicum;

AUTHOR.

How strangely you mistake;
The dream deceives not, when the man's awake.

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" Locke's Letters on Toleration; Bayle's Comment on the words ' Com-
" pel them to come in.'---Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History; Collier's
" Church History; Fuller's Church History; Sleidan Commentarii de
" statu Religionis et Reipublicæ Carolo Quinto Cæsare Commentarii; Bur-
" nett's History of the Reformation; Dr. Clark's Sermons; Dr. Barrow's
" Sermons; Sermons du Pere Bourdaloue."

The Second Part of these directions could not be found; but it may surprise some people to hear that Bishop Warburton's vigorous intellect regarded this plan, *but as an introduction* to the study of Theology. *Hæc limina* VICTOR ALCIDES *subiit!* Through such a vestibule did this High Priest pass INTO THE TEMPLE.—But if the reader is disposed to attend to the humbler suggestions of a very private layman on this subject, I think he would find great advantage, in *studying and considering* the following works *in English*, (which are very few in number) *and in the order* in which they are arranged. 1. The View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, by Soame Jenyns, Esquire. 2. The Evidences of Christianity in three parts, by W. Paley, D.D. 3. Grotius on the truth of the Christian Religion, in *any* translation. 4. The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, by Dr. Samuel Clarke. 5. Mr. Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity, particularly the latter part of the tract. 6. Bishop Hurd's Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies. 7. Lord Lyttleton's Disertation on the Conversion of St. Paul, and 8. Dr. Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the constitution and course of nature.---*From these few volumes*, if they are studied with care and an upright intention, I think it may be said, that " They shall see, " to whom HE was not (before) spoken of; and they that have not (before) " heard, shall understand." These volumes are the works of laymen as well as of divines; and if I am not mistaken, I think I perceive the following connection in the short plan which I have offered. MR. JENYNS's

Once in the morn of life, a wizard said;
" He ne'er shall rise by benefice, or trade; 140

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View prepares the mind to think worthily of the Religion which is proposed, and demonstrates that there is the highest reason to think and conclude, that its origin is from above, and not from man. Dr. Paley's View of the subject displays, confirms, and establishes the *direct* historical evidence and proof, with all the plainness and candor of which it is capable, and independent of the particular tenets of *any* church or sect. Grotius and Dr. Clarke present to us the faith, doctrine, and evidence in form of propositions, with ample and learned illustrations, with force of reasoning, and with logical precision. Mr. Locke has been peculiarly happy in representing the consonance of the Christian doctrine to reason properly understood, and its necessity from the defects of all philosophy however distinguished. *Bishop* Hurd, with the hand of a master, has opened the general View of the subject of prophecy, and freed it from the intricacies of speculation, and shewn its time, nature, end, and intent. Lord Littleton has discussed the most illustrious instance of the conversion to this religion, in the person of St. Paul, a man of the highest natural talents, and profoundest reasoning and erudition; and he has accompanied the whole with remarks of weight and dignity on the general subject of Revelation. And *last*, to a mind disposed to view with calmness, humility and reverence, *the whole system of Providence* as far as it is permitted to man to view " the work which God worketh from " the beginning to the end," Dr. Butler has unfolded the Analogy or *relation* of the Course of Nature to Religion, by which all things are found to proceed in harmony from Him who hath made nothing imperfect. I think this great performance of Butler has peculiar force when it is considered *in the conclusion* of our religious researches, and not as part of the *original* proof, or as Lord Bacon expresses himself, " tanquam portum et sabbathum humanarum contemplationum omnium." (De Augm. Scient. Lib. 3.)---I speak merely my own sentiments to those who have not much time or leisure for deep study, (but we are all bound to find some time for this subject,) and I speak in submission to scholars

" But find, remote from consequence or fame,
" A local something, and a shadowy name;
" Shall brave neglect; in England's cause contend;
" Hopeless himself of virtue, but her friend;
" Through crowds shall mark his solitary way,
" Ardent, though secret, and though serious, gay;
" Erect, without a pension, to his end
" Unknown, unheard, unhonour'd, shall descend;
" Bow to no minister for golden views,
" His portion, Memory, and best gift, the Muse."

OCTAVIUS.

This of yourself?

AUTHOR.

'Tis so.

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better informed than myself.-- Reader, whoever thou art, if thou shouldst approve these *introductory* ideas to this great subject, inexhausted as it is and inexhaustible, prepare thyself, thy understanding, and thy affections. " *Te quoque dignum finge* DEO!"

ee The Rt. Rev. George Pretyman, D.D. Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's; Tutor and Secretary to the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, before he was raised to the Prelacy. A man of great learning, discernment, and ability.

OCTAVIUS.

You're turn'd plain fool:
A vain pert prater, bred in [f] Erskine's school;
Talk of yourself?

AUTHOR.

Why yes; I would be heard:
Mere *talkers* now, not writers, are preferr'd.
Look at that paper: [g] if you print the speeches,
Pitt seems George Rose, or like Sir Richard, preaches,
Nor tone, nor majesty, nor patriot fires;
Methinks the wit of Sheridan expires;
Lost in Dundas the Caledonian twang,
Though Pitt, and port, and property he sang;
Print negro speeches, and in reason's spite,
Lo, Wilberforce is black, and Francis white;
Who wonders at buffoons, or Courtney's joke;
And we scarce slumber, though Sir William spoke;

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f The Hon. Thomas Erskine, the celebrated Barrister. For a further account of his talents, abilities, legal knowledge, &c. see and ask--- *Mr. Erskine* HIMSELF. (See also P. of L. Dial. 4.)

g Any newspaper or report of the Debates in Parliament.

'Tis Grey and grumbling; Curwen [h] all and clatter;
And Dent [i] and Dogs; and Pewter [k] pot and platter.
Shall I not *talk?*---Few politics will *read*,
Tho' Lauderdale should sketch his Scottish creed;[l]

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h All the changes rung upon feudality, and tyranny, and I know not what, when the Game Laws were discussed at the close of the last parliament, April 1796, on the motion of Mr. Curwen.

i Alluding to the long debates on the *Dog and Bitch* bill, brought into parliament in 1796, by Mr. Dent. The bill is a little allegorical, sometimes unintelligible, and often ludicrous. For instance; I shall not look to Mr. Pitt or Mr. Wilberforce for an explanation of the following clause in it: namely, "Provided always, that NO PERSON *who shall keep* "ANY BITCH, whelp, &c. shall be charged with *the payment* of the said "sum *until* SUCH BITCH &c. *shall be of the age of*——:"* Sect. 2. Certainly the bill is allegorical, and *THE KEEPERS of BITCHES*, &c. complain, that they had *taxes enough to pay for them* before. Mr. Fox objected to it in the H. of Cs.; so did Lord William Gordon, and many other respectable and *playful* members; but in the H. of L. the Duke of Qeensbury said, "It did not *much* signify." If Mr. Pitt means that taxes should be an object of *wit*, I shall soon expect to hear Mr. Sheridan, in the House, call the District of Downing street "The Borgo Allegro." (1796.)

k This is another curious subject brought into the House in April 1796, and shews that Mr. Fox has eloquence of all materials and of all metals. GOLD, *for his pension:* BRASS *for his opinions; and* PEWTER *for his constituents.*

l See his letters to the Scotch peers. All his affecting eloquence was thrown away upon them, even *when they understood* many of the passages, which they did now and then. (1796.)

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* See the Act for granting to His Majesty, certain *duties* on *Bitches*, Whelps, &c. &c. passed May 19, 1796.

Tho' Abram Jones [ll] and Jasper Wilson preach,
With names uncouth, but not unpolish'd speech.
Few mark *the Journals* of the dubious Moore, [m] 171
We scent the tainted gale from Gallia's shore;
Through England as his Various Views advance,
We smile, but trace the Mannerist of France.
Godwin's dry page [p] no statesman e'er believ'd,
Though fiction aids, what sophistry conceiv'd;

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ll Two assumed names of political writers, instead of Cato, Brutus, &c. but it is a foolish custom and should cease. Of Abram Jones I have no conjecture; and Jasper Wilson is still dubious.

m John Moore, M. D. the celebrated author of Travels into France, and Italy, of Zeluco, of Edward, or *Various Views* of life and manners in England, &c. &c. &c. I speak of him only *as a public author*. He is a sensible and entertaining companion. His style is easy, always agreeable and pleasing, and his wit is playful. His pleasantry on physicians is little inferior to Moliere. *Vineta cædit sua.** But I dislike the *tendency* of various parts of his writings when he speaks of the French affairs, I mean of the *principles* of the *first* Revolution, which led to the cruelties, misery and distress, which have been since *felt* by France and by all Europe. It is impossible that Dr. Moore or any other man of sense, can be an advocate for their present system. I dislike the perpetual ridicule which Dr. Moore throws upon *hereditary* honour, at a time like the present. (1796.)

p I have given some attention to Mr. Godwin's work, "ON POLITICAL JUSTICE,"† as conceiving it to be the CODE of *improved* modern ethics, morality, and legislation. I confess I looked not for the Republic of Plato, or even for the Oceana of Harrington, but for something differ-

* Hor. Ep. ad Aug. v. 220.

† First published in 2 vols. 4to and since in 2 vols. 8vo.

Genius may droop o'er Falkland's funeral cry;

ent from them all. I looked indeed for a superstructure raised on the revolutionary ground of equality, watered with blood from the guillotine; and such I found it. I cannot discuss a work in two large volumes in a note, (though some would dispatch it with a single word) but in general I can speak as much of it, as it deserves, in a short compass; I mean, as it appears to me.

The first trait of the work is, a certain cold-blooded indifference to all the mild, pious, and honourable feelings of our common nature, like all the Philosophers of the new Sect. The next thing observable, is, a most affectionate concern and regard for the welfare of mankind, who are to exist *some centuries hence*, when the *endless perfectibility of the human species* (for such is their jargon) shall receive *its completion* upon earth; when the disciples of Dr. Darwin have learned to *manage the winds*, and direct their currents at pleasure, and the descendents of Abbè Sieyes have calmed the waves of a stormy people with the essential oil of democracy. Another trait is, that all political justice is essentially founded upon injustice; if plunder, robbery, and spoliation of all property *in the outset* may be termed injustice;* though to be sure the latter end of his commonwealth rather forgets the beginning. But I must say, he is not without some kind apprehension, that the population of states may be too great under the blessings of *equal diffusion* of property under the proposed government, for which he provides a remedy; though, for my own part, I think such a government, like Saturn of old, will be reduced to the necessity of eating up its children. Again: another discovery seems to be, that as hitherto we have had recourse to the agency and interference of the Deity and his unalterable laws, to account even for the fall of a stone to the ground, the germination of a blade of grass, or the propagation of the meanest insect; we are *now* to discard the superintendence of God in human and terrestrial affairs, and to believe *in no providence but our own*, and to *remake* ourselves and our faculties. He seems to realize a

* i. e. If Mr. Godwin's principles are to be adopted in any country, where property is *now* secured *by the laws*.

No patriot weeps, when gifted villains die.

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modern fiction I once read, which supposes an assembly of certain philosophers before the Deity, when some of them are said to whisper in HIS ear, "Between friends, we do not believe that YOU exist at all." Further: as to suppose a divine sanction without a divinity would be absurd, *therefore*, every institution such as marriage, which in all civilized nations has been hallowed for the great end for which it was ordained, is to be vilified ridiculed, argued away, and abolished. The tender sex, deprived of the support, comfort, and protection of their natural guardian, is to be delivered over to fancied freedom and wild independence, but in reality to misery and destitution beyond all calculation. Then *by way of corollary*, a few vulgar virtues and once honourable affections, as piety to parents and love to children, *as such*, are to be erased from the breast. Gratitude for kindness and tears for the unfortunate are but weakness; there is nothing soothing in compassion, and friendship has no consolation. It would seem, that a well of water, an apple tree, or any thing *productive*, is more valuable than man to man, *abstracted from the mere use* which one man can derive from another. "These are thy gods, O Israel, and this "is the worship to which you are called!"

Nevertheless I shall still venture to mention with reverence and humility THE GREAT MORAL CODE, intended for all mankind, once delivered and ratified by HIM, *who knew what was in man*. In that code all is practicable, all virtue is founded in mercy, kindness, benevolence, and comfort, alike to him that gives and him that takes. There man plants, and God, not man, gives the increase; there we find no wild supposition of an interest which cannot be described, as it does not exist; no actions without a motive direct and reflected. I speak here of perhaps the least part of the Gospel Code, even of that Revelation which was given unto men in a manner at once clear and perspicuous, pure and unmixed, uniform and consistent, persuasive and convincing, powerful and *authoritative*, in the name and in the majesty of *HIM who IS* from everlasting to everlasting, *THE ALMIGHTY!*

But if we regard mere human institutions. If a man wishes to see *a practicable* system of policy and government, founded and confirmed in

Who now reads Parr? whose title who shall give?

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the experience of ages, let him, if he has been awhile led astray by the meteors of Godwin, walk for a season in the steady light which Blackstone has diffused. Let him study the Commentaries on the English Laws, as they exist and uphold all that is valuable, or perhaps attainable, in a rational and civilized nation; and then let him consider the Theories of Godwin on political justice, and contemplate the government which would be raised on his principles. To me there seems to be no more comparison than between light and darkness. What the great Burnet* affirms of the Deist and the Atheist, considered merely as two sects in philosophy, is, I am convinced, not wholly inapplicable to the two political Sects in question. "The hypothesis of *the Deist* reaches from top to "bottom, both through the intellectual and material world, with a clear "and distinct light every where; is genuine, comprehensive, satisfactory; "has nothing forced, nothing confused, nothing precarious. Whereas "the hypothesis of *the Atheist* is strained and broken; dark and uneasy "to the mind, *commonly precarious, often incongruous and irrational, and* "*sometimes plainly ridiculous.*"

I can allow Mr. Godwin and other speculative writers on government to be ingenious. They must, in the course of their investigation, now and then throw out a *new* idea, but in general the greatest part of their works consists of very old ideas, which have been discussed again and again. They astonish by paradoxes, and allure the imagination by prospects without a limit; and when they have alternately *heated and confounded* the minds of men, they call them *to the great work*, namely, the subversion of, what they call, prejudices, and the overthrow of the government, *which is*, "*In nostros Fabricata est machina muros.*" I can laugh at their metaphysics, and even be amused with their pantomime fancies, *as such*. But when I know that their theories are designed to be

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* Burnet's Theory of the earth, b. 2, ch. 10.—See the tenth and eleventh chapters of that great man's work: "On the Author of Nature, "and on Natural Providence;"—a master treatise of reason and eloquence. I wish these two chapters were published in a separate pamphlet.

brought into action, and when they tell us, that they hate violence, bloodshed, revolution, and misery, and that truth and happiness are their objects; I open my eyes to see, and my ears to hear; and having honestly exerted both faculties, I declare, from private conviction and from public experience, that I oppose the admission of their doctrines, whether recommended by Thomas Paine or William Godwin.

Yet a moment. Take Mr. Godwin as a *natural* philosopher, and from his doctrines let the reader consider *the state of his understanding*. Let him also consider, how such a man is qualified not merely to reform, but first to overthrow and then to rebuild, the whole system of government, morality, and religion in such a kingdom as Great Britain. What opinion can we entertain of a man who seriously thinks that, at some future period, the necessity of *sleep in an animal body may be superseded:* —that *men die merely by their own fault and mismanagement*, but, that the immortality of the organized human body, as it is now formed, might be attained by proper attention and care:—or who thinks "that, hereafter "it is by no means clear, that the most extensive operations may not be "within the reach of one man, or to make use of a familiar instance, "*that a plough may not be turned into a field, and perform its office, without* "*the need of superintendence!!!*" and then adds, "It was *in this sense* "that the Celebrated Franklin conjectured, that "mind would one day "become omnipotent over matter!!!*"—Surely we may say with the poet of Epicurus:

*Naturâi*
Perturbatur ibi totum *sic* corpus, et *omnes*
*Commutantur ibi* POSITURÆ PRINCIPIORUM.†

I have referred to the last edition of Mr. Godwin's work, as he has corrected or omitted many passages which were in the 4to edition. If he will but go on with *more last thoughts*, I think he will shortly reduce it to a very little pamphlet. I could make such a collection of *Beauties* (or what Rabelais might call, "*Antidoted Conundrums*") from this work, as

* Godwin, v. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo. † Lucret. L. 4. v. 670.

From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,

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would dazzle even a modern philosopher, whose " mind is omnipotent over " matter," in Mr. Godwin's and Dr. Franklin's sense. I think these *Beauties* would form an assemblage of the most curious and incongruous ideas ever exhibited, fully sufficient, (as Mr. Godwin expresses it) to " rouse (any man) from the LETHARGIC OBLIVIOUS POOL, *out of which* " *every finite intellect originally rose!*" (vol. 2. p. 88. 8vo ed.) Good heaven! what can Mr. Godwin mean by such ideas, and such words! except he seriously believes that human souls are dipped in the river of oblivion, or drink of that stream as described by Virgil. Yet even this will not help or explain Mr. Godwin's words, for he says, that they " *ORIGINALLY rose from the oblivious pool.*" Into what whirlpools of desolating nonsense are we to be hurried, as the sport, the scorn, the ludibria, the puppets of *these New Creators of the moral world?* Alas for man! wherever they lead us and themselves, methinks it is deeper and deeper, *confusion worse confounded!*

The further I proceed, the more I learn to distrust swelling men and swelling words and swelling ideas, but above all in political subjects, from which most is to be dreaded. Political writers of this class are not to be considered as the speculators of former times. The lucubrations of Montesquieu and Locke were given as the result of long experience and continued meditation; and were not designed to produce subversion, but *slow* and gradual reformation, as the various states of Europe would admit. The writers of these days on the contrary, throw out their ideas *at a heat*, and intend they should be brought into *immediate* action. They are not friends " *to the world, or the world's law.*" For I would inculcate it again and again, that whatever may be held forth to us, or disguised, by these philosophers, neither *their* plans, nor *their* reforms, nor *their* systems, can ever be erected or established IN THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN, but upon the overthrow of the Christian Religion, and upon the annihilation or the disturbance of all orders and ranks in society, as they now exist. And this cannot be effected, but through the necessary and unavoidable medium of plunder, confiscation, revolutionary diurnal

In mazy progress and eternal round

murders, and the insurrection of the enterprising talents of gifted, bold, and bad men UPON ALL PROPERTY, *public and private*, upon which all modern Revolutionists rest as their corner stone, and their final hope.*

N.B. *if this note is too long*, I have no inclination to make any apology for it. My conviction and my fears on this most awful subject, (while it may *yet* avail us to consider it) sometimes overpower me till I absolutely sink under them. It is written, I hope we all know where, Γενομενος εν αγωνια ΕΚΤΕΝΕΣΤΕΡΟΝ προσηυχετο.

s Though the reader may possibly have a very good idea of a sententious or positive Doctor, in general; yet my specific allusion is to the theology of the twelfth century, when the Doctors were divided into *Doctores Dogmatici et Positivi*, and the *Doctores Sententiarii*, or expounders of the famous Book of Sentences by Peter Lombard, *Bishop of* Paris.—At present *Bishop* Gregoire and *Bishop* Sieyes at PARIS, give *their Doctors* some famous books of sentences to expound, *notis et commentariis perpetuis* DOCTORIS GUILLOTINI, who causes great unanimity of sentiment among the Doctors, and *arranges their several heads* with admirable precision. (1796.)

* To such of my readers as are conversant in those authors of antiquity whose precision, of thought and of language, has conferred dignity and stability on those principles by which all that is sacred, or venerable, or useful, or necessary to well-being is maintained, I would offer the words of an ancient Christian Philosopher in the early ages. The uncertainty, and weakness, and futility of *modern and revived* doctrines were never better exposed or expressed. Ηδη γαρ μοι σκοτος αγνοιας απαντα, και απατη μελαινα, και απειρος πλανη, και ατελης φαντασια, και ακαταληπτος αγνοια. Ταυτα τοινυν διεξηλθον, βουλομενος δειξαι την εν τοις δογμασιν ουσαν αυτων εναντιοτητα, και ως εις απειρον αυτοις και αοριστον προεισιν η ζητησις των πραγματων, και το τελος αυτων ατεκμαρτον και αχρηστον, εργω μηδενι προδηλω και λογω σαφει βεβαιωμενον.

Hermiæ Διασυρμος (sive Irrisio) των εξω Φιλοσοφων. Page 175....Sub. fin: Ed. Paris. Justin. Martyris Op. 1636.

Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
Buzz through his wig, and give the bush more grace.
But on the mitred oath that Tucker [t] swore
Parr wisely ponder'd, and his oath forbore.
He prints a Sermon: [tt] Hurd with judging eye
Reads, and rejects with critic dignity:
Words upon words! and most against their will,
And honied globules dribble through his quill,
Mawkish, and thick; earth scarce the tropes supplies,
Heav'n lends her moon and *crouded galaxies;* [v]

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t Josiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester, ὁ πανυ, once took an oath in a pamphlet that he would refuse a bishopric.

tt The unfortunate Education Sermon, which Bishop Hurd happened to dislike. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* This produced the re-publication of Warburton's and Hurd's tracts, with the splendid and astonishing dedication by Dr. Parr. See the First Dialogue of the P. of L. See also Rabelais's great Chapter, "How Gargantua spent his time in *rainy* "weather," and the comment by Du Chat.

v Dr. Parr's *own* words. See the P. of L. Dialogue 1. and Dr. Parr's *own* Dedication of Warburton's tracts, p. 151, &c. with all the display of beautiful earthly and cœlestial imagery, and all the *melliti verborum globuli*, which were exhibited on the occasion in such admirable confusion, "ut majus sit *hasce contortiones orationis*, quam signorum ortus "obitusque, perdiscere." Cic. de Fato, Sect. 8. Dr. Parr's strange *verbiage** reminds me of some persons in *The Wasps* of Aristophanes;

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* I have been misunderstood. I hold up none of Dr. Parr's sesquipedalia verba to ridicule; it is his verbiage and phraseology which I reprobate. It would be ridiculous indeed to compare *the Birmingham*

Polemic phrenzy and irreverent rage,
And dotard impotence, deform the page.

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Λυχνες εχοντες, και μινυριζοντες μελη
Αρχαιομελητιδωνοφρυνιχηρατα. 315. Σφηκες.

Or as Plautus expresses himself in one of his comedies;

"Salva res est, philosophatur quoque jam:
"Quod erat ei nomen?—*Thesaurochrysonicochrysides.*"
Captiv. A. 2. S. 2.

The Doctor can construe *all this*, I believe, and the meaning of it.—Dr. Parr is so very learned, and has such a deep mouth, that some conjecture he was not born *till the end of the eleventh month*, like the great Gargantua; or περιπλομενης ενιαυτου, at *the end of a twelfth month*, as Homer speaks (Od. xi. v. 247.) of one of Neptune's children, and for which Aulus Gellius, (a favourite author with Dr. Parr) gravely assigns a reason, "Convenisse Neptuno majestatique ejus, ut longiore tempore "satus ex eo grandesceret. Lib. 3. Cap. 16. επει ουκ αποφωλιοι εσναι Αθανα-"των!!!"—A few months after the Doctor's birth, he was found like Gargantua to be "a fine boy, and *had a burly physiognomy;* he monochor-"dized with his fingers, and *barytonized* with his tail." Rabel. B. 1. C. 7. This was a presage of *the noise* the Doctor was to make hereafter; but from the nature of his *boyish* diet, (for his masters were stiled Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus) it appeared that he was better *fed* than *taught*. If the child wanted a bit of bread, or a slice of mutton, or any common vegetable, he was not suffered to have any, till he had

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*Doctor* with Dr. Samuel Johnson. I am not his Biographer. It is not his life, but his writings which I criticise. What has Dr. Parr written? A Sermon or two, rather long; a Latin Preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions applied to political subjects: another preface to some English tracts, and two or three English pamphlets about his own private quarrels. And this is the man to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson!!! (Added, 1797.) Why am I *forced* into a confirmation of my opinion stronger and stronger?

Let him but wrangle, and in any shape
Not insignificance itself can 'scape:
Horace and Coombe [x] go forth a gentle pair,
Splendid and silly, to unequal war;

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*quoted all the* Greek or Latin *authors* who had mentioned these *natural* substances, Pliny, Athenæus, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyry, Oppian, Polybius, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Plato, Aulus Gellius, Ælian, Theophrastus,* and Dioscorides, down to Buffon and Sir John Hill. This habit *the child* never lost in his riper years, to the great edification of his hearers or readers, when he was furnished with pen and ink. When he was advanced to the Doctorate, *the child* was still the same, as appeared in his complimentary and satirical preface to Bellendenus, in which, as usual, he *discharged all the literary food he ever ate*, after the Greek fashion of his masters Tubal Holofernes and Ponocrates Matæologus, and as prescribed by that great and consummate Theologian, "Joanninus de Barrauco in libro de copiositate reverentiarum," a writer who cannot be sufficiently recommended, and who is *as well known* as "MUSAMBERTIUS in Commonitorio ad Ramiresium de Prado," quoted by Mr. Porson in his title page of his Letters, to regale Archdeacon Travis.

x See the ridiculous controversy between Dr. Parr and Dr. Coombe, the little man-midwife and critic, about a pompous edition of Horace, published to be sure for no purpose that I can discover; which the Doctor Positivus mangled and destroyed in the British Critic without any mercy. See also Dr. Parr's strange Letter to Dr. C. on this occasion, signed "By an Occasional Writer in the British Critic."

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* I recommend to Dr. Parr the following passage from Theophrastus's History of Plants, which he will understand: Εν ταις αγαθαις χωραις, προς το ΜΗ ΦΥΛΛΟΜΑΝΕΙΝ, επινεμεσι και επικειρεσι τον σιτον. Theophrast. Hist. Plant. Lib. 8. c. 7.

But while the midwife to Lucina prays, 199
The Gorgon glares, and blasts the critic's bays.
Parr prints *a Paper* [y] well; in all things equal,
Sense, taste, wit, judgment; but pray read *The Sequel:*
*Sequel* to what? the Doctor only knows;
Morsels of politics, most chosen prose,
Of Nobles, Priestley, Plato, Democrats,
Pitt, Plutarch, Curtis, Burke, and Rous, and Rats;
The scene? 'tis Birmingham, renown'd afar
At once for half-pence, and for Doctor Parr.

OCTAVIUS.

Well if none *read* such works, yet all admire---

AUTHOR.

The paper?

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y Dr. Parr published at Birmingham what he called a "*Printed* "*Paper;*" and after that, "a Sequel to a *Printed Paper*," a very large pamphlet, *de omni scibili*, as usual.---N. B. I really think it is impossible to point out any man of learning and ability, (and Dr. Parr has both,) who has *hitherto* wasted his powers and attainments in such a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner, as Dr. Parr.---*In nullum reipublicæ usum* ambitiosâ loquelâ *inclaruit.*"*---I have done with him.

* Tacit. Ann. L. 4. Sect. 20.

OCTAVIUS.

Yes; ten shillings every quire: [a]
The type is Bulmer's, *just like* Boydell's plays:
So Mister Hayley shines in Milton's [b] rays.
In one glaz'd glare tracts, sermons, pamphlets vie,
And hot-press'd nonsense claims a dignity.

AUTHOR.

Nonsense or sense, I'll bear in any shape,
In gown, in lawn, in ermine, or in crape;
What's a fine type, where truth exerts her rule?
Science is science, and a fool's a fool.

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a Not Dr. Parr's paper or printing, which in some of his works is sometimes scarce legible; but I allude to and condemn the general needlessly expensive manner of publishing most pamphlets and books at this time. See the Pursuits of Literature Dialogue 1. If the present rage of printing on fine, *creamy* wire-wove, *vellum*, hot-pressed paper is not stopped, the injury done to the eye from reading, and the shameful expense of the books, will in no very long time annihilate the desire of reading, and the possibility of purchasing. *No new work whatsoever* should be published in *this* manner, or Literature will destroy itself.

b Mr. Hayley wrote a long life, or rather a sort of defence of Milton, as I think, prefixed to Boydell's grand edition of the poet. I like neither the spirit nor the execution of Mr. H's work.

*Yet all shall read*, and all that page approve,
When public spirit meets with public love.
Thus late, [c] where Poverty with rapine dwelt,
Rumford's kind genius the Bavarian felt,
Not by romantic charities beguil'd
But calm in project, and in mercy [d] mild;
Where'er his wisdom guided, none withstood,
Content with peace and practicable good;
Round him the labourers throng, the nobles wait,
Friend of the poor, and guardian of the state.
*Yet all shall read*, [e] when bold in strength divine,
Prelatic virtue guards the Christian shrine,

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c See the Experimental Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical, by BENJAMIN *Count of* RUMFORD, &c. &c. &c. I hope the Directors of the interior Government of this country will have the sense and wisdom to profit from this most valuable and important work, whose truly philosophic and benevolent author must feel a joy and self-satisfaction, far superior to any praise which man can bestow.

d A distinguising feature in all his plans for the relief of the poor, the idle, the abandoned, and the wretched. *The mode of conferring mercy* and apparent kindness *is not always mild* and merciful. I have too much respect for my readers to enlarge on this virtue. May they all feel experimentally, that the merciful, in the true sense, shall obtain mercy.

e See the important, convincing, and eloquent Letters addressed to Thomas Paine, author of the *Age of Reason* second part, by the Right Reverend Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff, stiled, "An apology for the Bible." Every person, wishes, that the Bishop had changed, or would

Pleas'd from the pomp of science to descend,
And teach *the people*, as their hallow'd friend;
In gentle warnings to the unsettled breast,
In all its wand'rings from the realms of rest,
From impious scoffs and ribaldry to turn,
And *Reason's Age* by reason's light discern;
Refix insulted truth with temper'd zeal
And feel that joy which Watson best can feel.
True Genius marks alone the path to life,
And Fame invites, and prompts the noble strife,
Her temple's everlasting doors unbarr'd;
Desert is various, various the reward:

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even now change, the word "Apology" to "Defence," or any other; not that the word "apology" is absolutely improper, but because the original meaning of it is obsolete. *To write such a book as this is* TO DO A REAL SERVICE TO MANKIND. A cheap edition of it is printed, and it is hoped, will be circulated throughout the kingdom....I would also particularly recommend the perusal of the Sixth Letter of the Series of Letters which the Bishop addressed to Mr. Gibbon. To young men of fashion and of abilities, *originally good*, but obscured by libertine life and conversation, it will be peculiarly serviceable, as well as to those who are led astray by some modern pretended discoveries in natural philosophy, now a favourite mode of introducing and enforcing scepticism and infidelity. I think also that his "Defence of Revealed Religion" in two short Sermons is of great merit and general utility. Bishop Watson should often write but with the utmost caution and accuracy and consideration, because his works will always be read.

No little jealousy, no ill-tim'd sneer,
No envy there is found, or rival fear.
Methinks on Babylon fond fancy dreams,
Her vale of willows by the mournful streams,
Where Hebrew's lyres hung [cc] mute! O'er Sion's hill
Blows the chill blast, and baneful dews distill, [dd]

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cc "The banks of *the rivers of Babylon*, the Euphrates, &c. were "so thickly *planted with willow trees*, as the learned Bochart informs us, "that the country of Babylon was thence called, 'The Vale of Wil-"lows,' and on those trees were suspended the lyres of the captive "Hebrews neglected and unstrung." See *PERSIAN MISCELLANIES*, by William Ouseley, Esquire, 4to. p. 101. abounding with learned, pleasing, and curious information. It is one of those works, which not being adapted to general reading should be patronised and purchased by men of fortune and education. I beg leave for the same reasons, to recommend the ingenious MR. MAURICE'S History of Hindostan in 4to. and his Indian Antiquities in 8vo. The subject is indeed in the region of fancy and of conjecture, and Mr. M's work abounds with both. But such erudition, ingenuity, and unremitting diligence, should not fail of an honourable reward. *Sint* HIC *etiam sua præmia laudi.** (See also P. of L. Dial. IV.)

dd I read, with the greatest concern, the following passages in the very learned, ingenious, and venerable bishop of Worcester's Preface to the quarto edition of Warburton's Works, concerning Dr. Lowth, one of the greatest men whom our times have produced. Dr. Hurd says; "*Bishop* LOWTH'S reputation, as a writer, was raised chiefly on his *Hebrew* Literature, as displayed in *those two works*, his Latin Lectures on the Hebrew poetry, and his English version of the prophet Isaiah. The former is well and elegantly composed, but in a vein of *criticism not above the common:* the latter, I think, is chiefly valuable, *as it shews how little may be*

* Virg. Æn. 1. v. 61.

Where is the charm, that sense to virtue binds,
The social sympathy of learned minds,
The common int'rest, universal cause,
And all that piety to genius draws?
How sweet to hear, on that Parnassian mount,
Mild waters welling from the favour'd fount:
Oh, never may Castalia's streams divide
From Siloa's brook, and Jordan's hallow'd tide.
But hark what solemn strains from Arno's vales
Breathe raptures wafted on the Tuscan gales!
LORENZO rears again his awful head,
And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
The Muses starting from their trance revive,
And at their ROSCOE'S bidding, wake and live. [e]

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*expected* from Dr. Kennicott's Work, and from a new translation of the Bible for public use." Pref. to Warb. 4to edition, p. 94. The necessity of any observation from me, in this note, is precluded by a very able Letter to Bishop Hurd, occasioned by his Strictures on Archbishop Secker and Bishop Lowth, by a member of the University of Oxford, which I recommend to the reader. It is one of the few pamphlets which should be preserved.

e See "The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, by "William Roscoe," two volumes 4to. I cannot but congratulate the public upon this great and important addition to Classical History, which I regard as a phænomenon in Literature, in every point of view. It is pleasant to consider a gentleman, not under the auspices of an university,

The LATIAN GENIUS vindicates his state,
And proudly hails the great Triumvirate, [f]
Lords of the lyre, and fathers of the song,
In Fancy's order as they pass along.
There musing deep in philosophic groves,
His Tuscan Academe, [g] Lorenzo roves;

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or beneath the shelter of academic bowers, but in the practice of the law and business of great extent, and resident in a remote commercial town, (where nothing is heard of but Guinea ships, slaves, blacks, and merchandise, *in the town of Liverpool;*) investigating and describing the rise and progress of every polite art in Italy at the revival of learning with acuteness, depth, and precision; with the spirit of the poet, and the solidity of the historian. It is pleasant to consider this. For my own part, I have not terms sufficient to express my admiration of his genius and erudition, or my gratitude for the amusement and information I have received. I may add, that *the manner* in which Mr. Roscoe procured, from the libraries at Florence, many of the various inedited manuscripts with which he has enriched the appendix to his history, was singularly curious; not from a Fellow or Traveller of the Dilettanti, but from a commercial man in the intervals of his employment. I shall not violate the dignity of the work by slight objections to some modes of expression, or to a few words, or to some *occasional sentiments* in the Historian *of a Republic*. But I recommend it to our country as a work of unquestionable genius, and of uncommon merit. It adds the name of ROSCOE to the very first rank of English classical Historians.

MUSARUM SPONDET CHORUS, ET ROMANUS APOLLO.* (1796.)

f Dante, Boccacio, and Petrarch.

g See Mr. Roscoe's account of the institution of the Platonic Academy at Florence, and the Platonic festival, and the effects of it. Vol. I. p. 160, &c. &c.

* Sulpiciæ Sat. v. ult.

While prophets of his great reviving name,
From isles of fragrance and Athenian fame,
Sages and Bards in classic pomp appear;
Bessarion [h] and Philelpho's [i] form severe;
Marsilius [k] rob'd in olive, Plato's priest;
Janus [l] with treasures from the learned East;
And He, who from Eleusis flaming bore
The torch of science to his native shore,
Fam'd Chrysolòras;[m] and Landino [n] bold,
In studious shades high converse form'd to hold;

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h Cardinal Bessarion, a learned and eloquent prelate, honoured with the purple by Pope Eugenius the 4th in 1439. For the most ample account of the restoration of Greek literature in Italy the reader must consult the learned Hodius de Græcis Illustribus, Linguæ Græcæ literarumque humaniorum Instauratoribus, which may easily be procured; and, if convenient, Tiraboschi's History, which is voluminous. Tiraboschi was the Librarian at Modena.

i Philelpho.—A professor in various sciences in different parts of Italy, who introduced many curious Greek MSS. into that country; a man of erudition, but turbulent and intractable in his temper. "Ingenium vagum, multiplex, volubile." See also the Academie des Inscriptions, tom. 10. p. 691—751.

k Marsilius Ficinus, the great disciple of Plato, whose doctrines alone occupied his attention, or rather devotion, and which appeared in all his conduct and conversation.

l *Janus Lascaris*, a man of eloquence and politeness, and of imperial descent. He was a literary missionary of Lorenzo, and brought with him from the east a treasure of two hundred manuscripts. See also Hodius de Græcis Illustribus, p. 294, for several curious particulars.

Politian,[nn] chief of all th' enlighten'd race
In Lydian softness, and Horatian grace;
And Michael,[o] whose bold hand the gods direct,
The sculptor, painter, poet, architect,
Michael to Britain dear, so Genius spoke,
When his last praise from parting[p] Reynolds broke:

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m Emanuel Chrysolòras, stiled by his contemporaries, the Patriarch of Literature, principally the Græcian.

n Christophero Landino, a Professor of Poetry and Rhetoric in Florence, a writer of spirit and depth of knowledge; and author of a work, once celebrated, called the "Disputationes Camaldulenses," formed on a plan similar to the Tusculan disputations. The scene supposed is a monastery in the wood of Camaldoli. The account of it by Mr. Roscoe, is particularly pleasing and judicious. Vol. 1. p. 103, &c.

nn See Mr. Roscoe's account of that finished and polite sholar and poet, *Angelo Politiano*. It were an injury to abridge it.

o Michaël Angelo Buonarotti. I wish, however, to refer the reader again to Mr. Roscoe, v. 2. p. 201, &c. who gives animation to any subject, new or old; for I know not how it is, but as it seems *to me*,

HUIC *Musæ indulgent omnes*, HUNC POSCIT APOLLO*

p In Sir Joshua Reynolds's final address to the Royal Academy, as their President, he concluded an able panegyric on that mighty master, by saying that the last word he wished to pronounce from the Chair was, "MICHAEL ANGELO." It was a word heard by the audience with the deep silence of regret. It absolutely repairs me to talk of these great men. Such is the power of departed genius!

Far pleasanter to me is the language of commendation than the tone of censure. I wish to expatiate freely, when I can, in the groves and retreats of the wise, the virtuous, and the eminent, with philosophers,

* Vide Art. Poet. l. 1. v. 327.

And all whose brows, with ivy grac'd or bays,
Brighten'd their Leo's visionary days.
Names which I long have blest, nor blest in vain!
Oh, were I number'd in their sacred train,
To realms of purest light, where heroes dwell,
Her bolder notes the willing Muse should swell
In lyric intonation grave and deep,
Nor dream with folly, nor with dulness sleep;
To Cowper and to Gifford leave the rod,
For songs celestial, and the Delian God:
Then calmly to the secret mount retire,
Bid Satire glance on folly, and expire.

## OCTAVIUS.

Give me my Sabine grove, tir'd Horace cried;
For Cumæ thus the great Aquinian sigh'd:
But when wild waves, and wars, and tempests rage,
Ah, who can find the soft Saturnian age?

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and statesmen, and poets, and historians, and orators of higher fame. I love the regions of the morning, and the light of the sun;

Οθι τ' Ηως πρωγενειης
Οικια και χοροι εισι, και αντολαι Ηελιοιο.*

* Hom. Od. L. 12. v. 3.

'Tis your's *awhile* to frown on classic toys,
Black Letter Dogs or hoary *seventh-form*[q] Boys;
*Awhile* to war with dunces, fools, and knaves,
Hirelings of state, or opposition slaves,
And all who dare profane the MUSE's dome;
With idle random fierceness they may foam,
None shall HER column's stately pride deface:
The snake winds harmless round the marble base.[r]

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q i. e. The modern Commentators on Shakspeare, (See Dial. the First of the P. of L.) and the translators (not quite *The Septuagint*) of Gray's Elegy into Greek. See Dial. 3. of the P. of L. v. 1. to v. 60.

r My friend Octavius means by this allusion to observe, that *the proper, constant, and undeviating* application of time, learning, and talents, must ultimately resist the malignity of criticism, and rise superior to temporary neglect, in any department of literature, of government, or of society. And as I conclude the first part of this Poem with a sentence from Swift, I wish to recommend another from that great master of life, as obvious perhaps, and as little attended to. The sentence is this: "*It is an uncontrolled truth*, that NO MAN EVER MADE AN ILL FIGURE, WHO UNDERSTOOD HIS OWN TALENTS, NOR A GOOD ONE, WHO MISTOOK THEM."

END OF THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.*

Ουδ' αλαοσκοπιην ειχε κρειων Ενοσιχθων.
Και γαρ ὁ θαυμαζων ἥστο Πτολεμοντε Μαχηντε,
Υψι επ' ακροτατης κορυφης Σαμιης ὑληεσσης
Θρηϊκιης· ενθεν γαρ εφαινετο πασα μεν Ιδη,
Φαινετο δε Πριαμοιο πολις, και νηες Αχαιων.
Αυτικα δ' εξ ορεος κατεβησατο παιπαλοεντος.
ΤΡΙΣ μεν ορεξατ' ιων, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἱκετο τεκμωρ
Αιγας, ενθα δε οἱ κλυτα δωματα ΒΕΝΘΕΣΙ ΛΙΜΝΗΣ
Χρυσεα, μαρμαιροντα τετευχαται, αφθιτα αιει.

Hom. Il. 13. v. 10.

# PREFACE

## *TO THE FOURTH DIALOGUE**

OF THE

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

L'OMBRA SUA TORNA CH'ERA DIPARTITA! Dante.
" *Hear his speech, but say thou nought.*"
" But one word more:—"
" *He will not be commanded!*" Macbeth.

AS I have now brought my Poem to the conclusion which I intended, it is proper and, as I think, respectful to offer some considerations to the public, for whose use it was written. No imitation of any writer or of any poem was proposed, unless the adherence to the principles of just composition, and a *general* observation of the finished models of classical literature, be considered as such. In the Preface to the First Dialogue I said, what I now repeat, that I would not have printed it, but from a full conviction of its *tendency* to promote the public welfare. My particular ideas on the nature and subject of SATIRE I expressed clearly and fully in the Preface to the Second Dialogue, and under the influence and impression of those sentiments I wrote the work. I have since enlarged on that subject in the Introductory Letter to this Poem. In my Introduction to the Third Dialogue, feeling the importance of my subject in its various branches, I asserted that, " *LITERATURE, well or ill conduct-*
" *ed, IS THE GREAT ENGINE by which,* I am fully persuaded, *ALL CIVI-*
" *LIZED STATES must ultimately be supported or overthrown.*" I am now

* *First* printed in July, 1797.

more and more deeply impressed with this truth, if we consider the nature, variety, and extent of the word, Literature. We are no longer in an age of ignorance, and information is not partially distributed according to the ranks, and orders, and functions, and dignities of social life. All learning has an index, and every science its abridgment. I am scarcely able to name any man whom I consider as wholly ignorant. We no longer look exclusively for learned authors in the usual place, in the retreats of academic erudition, and in the seats of religion. Our peasantry now read the *Rights of Man* on mountains, and moors, and by the way-side; and shepherds make the analogy between their occupation and that of their governors. Happy indeed, had they been taught to make no other comparison. Our *unsexed* female writers now instruct, or confuse, us and themselves in the labyrinth of politics, or turn us wild with Gallic frenzy.

But there is one publication of the time too peculiar, and too important to be passed over in a general reprehension. There is nothing with which it may be compared. A legislator in our own parliament, a member of the House of Commons of Great-Britain, an elected guardian and defender of the laws, the religion, and the good manners of the country, has neither scrupled nor blushed to depict, and to publish to the world, the arts of lewd and systematic seduction, and to thrust upon the nation the most open and unqualified blasphemy against the very code and volume of our religion. And all this, with his name, style, and title, prefixed to the novel or romance called "THE MONK." (b) And one of our public

b "THE MONK, a Romance in three volumes by M. LEWIS, Esq. M. P." printed for Bell, Oxford Street. At first I thought that the name and title of the author were fictitious, and some of the public papers hinted it. But I have been solemnly and repeatedly assured by the Bookseller himself, that it is the writing and publication of M. LEWIS, Esq. *Member of Parliament.* It is sufficient for me to point out Chapter 7 of Volume 2. As a composition, the work would have been better, if the offensive and scandalous passages had been omitted, and it is disgraced by a *diablerie* and nonsense fitted only to frighten children in the nursery. I believe this 7th Chapter of Volume 2. *is indictable at Common Law.* Edmund Curl in the first year of George II. was prosecuted by the Attorney Gene-

theatres has allured the public attention *still more* to this novel, by a scenic representation of an Episode in it. " *O Proceres Censore opus est,*

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ral (Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke) for printing two obscene books. The Attorney General set forth the several obscene passages, and concluded that *it was an offence against the King's peace.* The defendant was found guilty and set in the pillory. See Str. 788. 1 Barnardist 29. The indictment (in Mich. Term 1 G. II.) begins thus: " Edmund Curl, Existens homo iniquus et sceleratus, nequiter machinans " et intendens bonos mores subditorum hujus regni corrumpere, et eos ad " nequitiam inducere, quendam obscenum libellum intitulat." &c. &c. —See Sir John Strange's Rep. p. 777. Ed. 1782. In *two or three days after* the point had been solemnly argued, and the judges had given their respective opinions, Sir J. Strange observes, " They gave it as their unani- " mous opinion, that this was a temporal offence." And they declared also that if the famous case of the Queen against *Read* (6 Ann. in B. R.) was to be adjudged (by them) they should rule it otherwise; i. e. contrary to Lord Ch. J. Holt's opinion. The Judges were Sir Robert (afterwards Lord) Raymond, Fortescue, Reynolds, and Probyn. We know the proceedings against the book, entitled " Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," by John Cleland. To the passages of obscenity, (which certainly I shall not copy in this place) Mr. Lewis has added *blasphemy against the Scriptures;* if the following passage may be considered as such. " He (the " Monk) examined the book which she (Antonia) had been reading, and " had now placed upon the table. It was *the Bible.* ' How,' said the " Prior to himself, ' Antonia reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant?' " But upon further inspection, he found that Elvira (the mother of Anto- " nia) had made exactly the same remark. That prudent mother, while " she admired the beauties of *the sacred writings*, was convinced, that " unrestricted no reading more improper could be permitted a young " woman. Many of the naratives can *only* tend to excite ideas the worst " calculated for a female breast; every thing is called roundly and plainly " by its own name; and *the annals of a brothel would scarcely furnish a* " *greater choice of indecent expressions.* Yet this is the book which young " women are recommended to study, which is put into the hands of chil-

" *an Haruspice nobis?**" I consider this as a new species of legislative or state-parricide. What is it to the kingdom at large, or what is it to all

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" dren, able to comprehend little more than those passages of which they " had better remain ignorant, and which but too frequently inculcate the " first rudiments of vice, and give the first alarm to the still sleeping pas- " sions. Of this Elvira was so fully convinced, that she would have " preferred putting into her daughter's hands Amadis de Gaul, or the " Valiant Champion Tirante the White; and would sooner have author- " ised her studying the lewd exploits of Don Galaor, or the lascivious jokes " of the Damzel Plazer de mi vida." (p. 247, 248.)† &c. I state only what is printed. It is for others to read it and to judge. The falshood of this passage is not more gross than its impiety. In the case of Thomas Woolston, in the 2d. of George II. for blasphemous discourses against our Saviour's miracles, when arrest of judgment was moved; Lord Raymond and the whole Court declared they would not suffer it to be debated, whether to write against Christianity in general (not concerning controverted points between the learned, but in general) was not an offence punishable in the temporal Courts of Common law. Woolston was imprisoned one year, and entered into a large recognizance for his good behaviour during life. Sir Philip Yorke, afterwards Lord Hardwicke, was Attorney General at the time. The case of the King against Annet, when the Honourable Charles Yorke was Attorney General, (3d of Geo. III.) for a blasphemous book entitled "The Free Inquirer," tending, among other points, to ridicule, traduce and discredit the *Holy Scriptures*, is well known to the profession. The punishment was uncommonly severe. Whether the passge I have quoted in a popular novel has not a tendency to corrupt the minds of the people, and of the younger unsuspecting part of the female sex, by traducing and discrediting *the Holy Scriptures*, is a matter of public consideration.—" This book goes all over the kingdom;"

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* Juv. Sat. 2.

† I refer to the *third* Edition of The Monk. *Three* editions of this novel have been circulated through the kingdom, without any alteration whatsoever.

those whose office it is to maintain truth, and to instruct the rising abilities and hope of England, that the author of it is *a very young man?* That forsooth he is a man of genius and fancy? So much the worse. That there are very poetical descriptions of castles and abbies in this novel? so much the worse again, the novel is *more alluring* on that account. Is this a time to poison the waters of our land in their springs and fountains? Are we to add incitement to incitement, and corruption to corruption, till there neither is, nor can be, a return to virtuous action and to regulated life? Who knows *the age* of this author? I presume, very few. *Who does not know*, that he is a Member of Parliament? He has told us all so himself. I pretend not to know, (Sir John Scott does know, and practises too, whatever is honourable, and virtuous, and dignified in learning and professional ability) I pretend not, I say, to know, whether this be an object of parliamentary animadversion. Prudence may possibly forbid it. But we can feel that it is an object of moral and of national reprehension, when a Senator openly and daringly violates his first duty to his (b) country. There are wounds, and obstructions, and diseases in the political, as well as in the natural, body, for which the removal of the part affected is alone efficacious. At an hour like this, are we to stand in consultation on the remedy, when not only the disease is ascertained, but the very stage of the disease, and its specific symptoms? Are

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are the words of Judge Reynolds, in the case of E. Curl. What Mr. Lewis has printed publicly with his name, that I state publicly to the nation. Few will dissent from the opinion of Lord Raymond and the Court, in the case of Curl above stated, as reported by Strange and Barnardiston to this effect; "Religion is part of the common law, and therefore "whatever is an offence against that, is an offence against *the Common* "*Law.*" With this opinion, I conclude the note.

d All members of the legislature, Peers or Commoners, should join in sentiment and in character with the Athenian orator, and be considered as speaking to their country in these words: "Ημεις, οις ἱερα και ταφοι "προγονων ὑπαρχουσιν εν τη Πατριδι, και διατριβαι, και συνηθειαι μεθ' ὑμων "ελευθεροι, και γαμοι κατα τους νομους, και κηδεσται, και τεκνα, αξιοι της "ὑμετερας πιστεως. κτλ. Æschin: περι Παραπρεσβειας." Sect. 11.

we to spare the sharpest instruments of authority and of censure, when public establishments are gangrened in the life-organs?

I fear, if our legislators are wholly regardless of such writings, and of such principles, *among their own members*, it may be said to them, as the Roman Satirist said to the patricians of the empire, for offences slight indeed, when compared to these:

" *At vos* Trojugenæ *vobis ignoscitis, et quæ*
" *Turpia cerdoni* Volesos Brutosque *decebunt.* e

There is surely something peculiar in these days; something wholly unknown to our ancestors. But men, however dignified in their political station, or gifted with genius, and fortune, and accomplishments, may at least be made ashamed, or alarmed, or convicted before the tribunal of public opinion. Before that tribunal, and to the law of reputation, and every binding and powerful sanction by which that law is enforced, is Mr. LEWIS this day called to answer.

I would also, in this place, select a work by a Roman Catholic Divine, for that animadversion it so solemny demands. I mean the Preface to the *Second* volume of DR. GEDDES's *Translation of the Bible.* I really would not *trust* myself to *criticise* the Translation itself, after I had read the fifth Chapter of Judges, v. 30, where for the words, " To every man a " damsel or two," Dr. Geddes *translates*, by way of a *spirited* and *inviting* improvement, " *A Girl*, *A COUPLE OF GIRLS*, *to each* brave *man!*" I will have nothing to do with *THE DOCTOR'S Bravery;* but I intend to make a few observations on the *Preface* alone, which is very extraordinary indeed, and by no means in the spirit which the sacred writings seem to recommend. I am always pleased with every serious attempt to elucidate the Scriptures, and am as ready as any man to acknowledge the merit and learning of an industrious and ingenious scholar. But though I differ essentially from Dr. Geddes, I am sure I shall never call him " apos- " tate, infidel, or heretic" in general terms, as *he knows* some persons will do; (Pref. p. 4.) but I may oppose an opinion to an opinion. The Cause in which he is engaged is not a trifling cause, nor is it, as we are sometimes told, an object of *mere classical* criticism. I think there is an unbecoming levity in the Doctor's manner more frequently than I could

e Juv. Sat. 8. v. 181.

wish, and he expresses his sentiments in language not easily understood at all times, nor according to the genius and common grammar of the English tongue. But his meaning and opinion is, that "the *Historical* Books of "the Old Testament were *not divinely inspired.*" He tells us (p. 12.) of "a partial and *putative* inspiration," and that the writers had not "a per-"petual and *unerring sufflation.*" I do not quite understand the terms, as they are too sublime for a plain Englishman, but I *suppose* they are very fine, and I *suppose* their meaning from other sentences in the preface. He says, (p. 3.) that "The Hebrew Historians wrote them from *such* "*human documents* as they could find, *popular traditions*, *old songs*, *and* "*public registers.*" Singular materials truly for divine inspiration! But he says also, "I venture (and it is indeed venturing a great deal) I *venture* "to lay it down as a certain truth, that there is no intrinsic evidence of "the Jewish Historians *being divinely inspired; that there is nothing* in "the style, or arrangement, in the whole colour or complection of their "compositions, that speaks the guidance of an unerring spirit, but that "*on the contrary*, every thing proclaims the fallible and failing writer." (p. 5.) Dr. G. declares also, "After reading the Hebrew writings, and "finding *to his full conviction* so many intrinsic marks of fallibility, error "and inconsistency, not to say *downright absurdity*," (p. 11.) he could not believe their inspiration, even if he were taught it by an angel. I have thus introduced the reader to the Doctor's most explicit opinion; but I will also present him with his solemn affirmation, and he will easily decide on the propriety, the reasoning, and the consistency of it. "*I* "*value them not the less*" (says Dr. Geddes) "*because* I deem them *not* "*divinely inspired.*" (p. 12.) If a man can seriously assert, that *the Scriptures inspired by* GOD (upon that supposition being granted) are *not more valuable* than the productions of a mere fallible wretched *creature like man*, in his best estate, I really could not lose my time in argument with that man however learned, or however gifted. He has degraded himself from that rank of literature and of sound understanding, which gives him a title to be answered. Dr. Geddes, as a scholar, should *re*-consider his character, and as a professed Christian, he should *re*-examine his principles. I cannot discuss the doctrine of inspiration in this place; it cannot be expected that I should. But the tendency of *all* the proceedings of our scholars and guides in literature, and in the state, and in reli-

gion, should be carefully watched. The open blasphemy and low scurrility of Thomas Paine has been set aside by just argument, and the law of the land has armed itself against its effect in society.* Mr. Lewis, *Member of Parliament*, has attacked *the Bible*, as I have just shewn, in another and in a shorter manner,† *blasphemous as far as it goes*, and tending to discredit and traduce its authority. And last Dr. Geddes, a Translator of the Bible, versed in the original language and in Hebrew criticism, has *now begun* his attack also on the *historical* parts, which, if they are not part of the inspired writings, are not intitled to the name of sacred Scriptures. It is difficult to say, where these attacks will end. The times are so precarious, and revolt from all authority human and divine so frequent, that the magistrate, the satirist, and the critic have an united office. *If* the *historical* parts of the Bible are given up, another man will arise and object to the *poetical* parts. These will be allowed to have sublimity and dignity; but it will be asked, *why* should they be considered as *inspired?* All poetry, we shall be told, is in some sense inspired; Homer and Æschylus and Shakspeare, and *why not* the Hebrew bards. The *moral* portion of the Scriptures is evidently full of wisdom and of the soundest sense, and I suppose we shall soon hear it may be *the work of a philosopher*, and that morality is not matter of inspiration. A fourth writer may first insinuate *with great respect*, and then prove that all *prophecy* is ambiguous; and that the prophecies in the Bible may be conjectural, and therefore no reliance can be had on *their* inspiration. Lastly we may be loosely and indiscriminately told, that the *doctrinal* parts are so much above as well as contrary‡ to *human* reason, that they could not

* I am glad to bear testimony to the excellence of Mr. Erskine's eloquent *declamation* in the court of K. B. in the cause, on Newton, Boyle, Locke, and other great men, the defenders of Christianity.—But my *general* opinion of Mr. Erskine's talent for writing and public political speaking is very different. Westminster Hall is his theatre. We might almost say: *Tanquam in pistrinum aliquod detrudi et compingi videtur.* (See a future note on this Poem, Dial. 4.)

† In "The Monk, a Romance." See above. Pref.

‡ As the subject is so important, and words are so frequently misapplied or misapprehended, it is always of use to remember the words

come *from God.* Thus might the whole fabric vanish into air, *into thin air:* or to reverse Mr. Gibbon's phrase, thus might "the triumphant ban-"ner of the heathen Capitol be *again* erected on the ruins of the Church "of Christ." Still we are to sit silent, still we are to hear with patience the outrageous presumption of man before his merciful Creator! while "The world and its adorable AUTHOR, *his* attributes and essence, *his* "power, and rights, and *duty* (I tremble to pronounce the word) be all "brought together to be judged—*BEFORE US.*"* We are to assemble in

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*Faith and Reason*, as contradistinguished to each other. Mr. Locke has defined them with a clearness and a precision which can never be exceeded, and which should never be forgotten, in thought or in conversation. "REASON, as contradistinguished to *Faith*, I take to be the discovery "of the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths, which the "mind arrives at by deductions made from such ideas which it has got by "the use of its natural faculties, namely, by sensation or reflection.— "FAITH, on the other side, is the assent to any proposition not thus "made out *by the deductions of reason*, but upon the credit of the proposer, "as coming from GOD, in some extraordinary way of communication. "This way of discovering truths to men, we call *Revelation.*" Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, B. 4, C. 18. An attention to this accurate definition would prevent all confusion, and oftentimes, very idle or profane jargon in conversation. Mr. Locke's *whole* chapter on this subject should be studied.

* Ogden's Sermons, Hallifax's edit. vol. 1. p. 2.—There was something peculiarly amiable in the kind and disinterested office which the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. HALLIFAX, undertook in the vindication of the memory and writings of two great men *(quales et quantos viros!)* Bishop Butler and Dr. Ogden. It will be an eternal honour to that very acute, learned, and most judicious prelate. Cicero shall speak for this prelate. No man once better understood the strength and application of his language, when he filled the professorial chair of Civil Law, as the ULPIAN of his day, in the University of Cambridge. "Idoneus meâ "quidem sententiâ, præsertim quum et IPSE *Eum audiverit* et *scribat de* "*mortuo;* ex quo nulla suspicio est amicitiæ causâ eum esse mentitum." Cic. de Clar. Orat. Sect. 15. What such a writer as Dr. Hallifax has

the Temple with all our princes, and lords, and potentates, and venerable orders, and our high officers, in all the gradations and dignities of our state and hierarchy, till some CHAMPION of anarchy and infidelity be brought forth as in sport, and placed *between the pillars*. He may bow himself with all his might, but his strength, I trust, will not be from above; he will "*feel* the nature of *the pillars whereupon the house standeth!*" I speak this in general. I do not apply it to Dr. Geddes or any such scholar. It is not now for the first time that *the Canon, and the inspiration, and the authenticity of the Scriptures* have been examined; and their internal evidence has often taught a different lesson. I cannot help offering one suggestion, as it is new to me. If there is a subject in the Bible which has been particularly *singled out for profane ridicule*, it is that of Jonah being swallowed up in the whale's belly three days and three nights. Yet, as if to confound human wisdom, or sagacity, or vanity, and as an eternal lesson to human presumption on the fitness and unfitness of *the subjects* of inspiration, THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD HIMSELF thought proper to choose and to appropriate this event TO HIMSELF.* "*As* Jonah was three days and "three nights in the whale's belly, so *shall* THE SON OF MAN *be three* "*days and three nights in the heart of the earth!*" St. Matthew, c. 12. v. 40.---I solemnly protest, I have no other object in view in whatever I have written, but the good of man in all his best interests, *complicated* as they are, at *this* awful and *pressing* hour. More is *yet* in our power than we may even imagine; but *all* the orders of the state must unite vigorously and powerfully in their *specific* functions to preserve it. The priests and ministers of the Lord must also stand between the porch and the altar, and exert themselves "before their eyes begin to wax dim that they may not "see, and ere the lamp of God goeth out in the temple of the Lord,

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told, who would tell again? I only speak in honour to the memory of a Scholar, whose name, and high attainments in science, should be *recorded*. Το γαρ γερας εστι θανοντων.

* Σημειον Ιωνα τε Προφητε! are the very words of Christ. Can words be more explicit? Yet a German professor, J. G. Eichhorn, the successor of the great Michaelis, *thinks it justifiable* to expel the prophetic book of Jonah from the present canon of the Scripture.—See his German Introduction to the Old Testament.

" *WHERE THE ARK OF GOD WAS!*"*---I am desirous that all persons of literature and good sense, and lovers of their country, should be convinced to what end we may at last be conducted, if we are not aware of our danger. When indeed I consider *the future condition of Europe* under the revolutionary tyranny of France, in principles, morals, and government, I muse upon the awful strain of the Florentine poet:

" Si trapassammo per sozza mistura
" Dell 'ombre e della pioggia, à passi lenti,
" Toccando un poco la vita futura!"†

But to return. The objects of public regret and offence are now so numerous and so complicated, that all the milder offices of the Muse have lost their influence and attraction. It is indeed unfortunate that scarce a subject in literature can be interesting without the science and matter of politics. They give a colour to our very thoughts. (f) We are borne down

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f " Quibus *occupatus et obsessus* animus quantulum loci bonis artibus " relinquit!" Dialog. de Oratoribus C. 29.—I cannot resist giving an opinion at *this* time. (July 1797.) My prime objection to any proposed Ministry of Mr. Fox and his adherents is this. I believe their principles are *too popular* for the good, the safety, or perhaps for the existence, of this country under its present constitution. I believe, that their design is to throw such a weight of power into the House of Commons, *by means of a Reform*, as *would* ultimately mould *the two* Houses of Parliament not merely into a resemblance, but into the actual form and relative power of the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of Ancients. I am also of opinion, that the authority and influence of the Crown of Great Britain, would be reduced far below that which is lodged in the Executive Directory of France. I think the proposed Reforms *lead*, beyond a controversy, *to this issue*. I conceive that a great Personage, in the case of a change of Mr. Pitt's Ministry, must be apprehensive, *to whom* he is to be delivered, and *to what* he may be reduced. *The pride* of a statesman's understanding, like Mr. Fox's, in the plenitude of dignity, will overbear all ideas of a balance of power in the orders of the state, and of the safety of the country, upon its ancient principles. He has declared

* Sam. b. 1. ch. 3. v. 3. † Dante Inf. Cant. 6.

with a force not to be resisted, when our very existence, as a nation under its ancient laws, and constitution, and establishments, has been

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his opinion; he must not recede. All will be sacrificed *to that pride* in a moment of phrenzy. The example of every state, nation, and city, subdued by French arms, French principles, and French treachery, is to be weighed well, as an awful warning in this kingdom, which may yet be preserved. The encroachments of such a statesman, as Mr. Fox, (paramount as he is in ability and in political eloquence beyond any man) are to be watched and resisted by all who think soberly, and are independent of party. Yet Mr. Fox neither could, nor would, satisfy the raving and tyrannical ideas of Horne Tooke and the French crew. They would make use of him to a certain point. They would then declare him an enemy to his country, and conduct him to the scaffold. "Corpora "lenté augescunt, cito extinguuntur."* The security of property, public and private, is shaken by the proposed system, and a Revolution (which we never yet have known but in mere name) might then be at hand. A government which once relaxes, is not easily recalled to the vigour of its ancient principles. We have among us statesmen of determined and true patriotism, and this final misery may yet be prevented. We have a King, who has courage, virtue, and firmness. Of his Minister, the Right Honourable William Pitt, I have given my opinion often in *another place;* I have not altered my sentiments.

I certainly cannot say with the great Satirist under Louis the 14th,

"Que ma vüe à Colbert inspiroit l'allégresse."†

I speak, and I have spoken, most impartially of Mr. Pitt. I am neither for a proscription of any political talents, nor for an hereditary claim to the public office of Prime Minister. But if the principles of any statesman are such, as to induce a *real and effectual change* in the government, that statesman should not be admitted to rule. If the ancient and established principles of the English constitution are maintained, a Prime Minister may conduct public affairs, even with a mediocrity of talent. It is neither Mr. Pitt, nor Lord Lansdown, nor Mr. Fox, nor Mr. Grey, who are necessary to the function. But, by the disastrous consent of the

* Tacit. Agric. ap. init. † Boileau Ep. 10.

rendered dubious. I would particularly recommend the serious perusal of the account given by *Thucydides* of the *democratic sedition* in Corcyre. The reader would be convinced, that the same peculiarities mark all popular seditions and insurrections, the same pretexts, the same motives. The insurgents declare the friends of the lawful and established government enemies to the popular representation and interest. Some of these insurgents have private enmities to revenge, and others have debts to cancel.

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whole nation and its Parliament, thinking rightly, proposing soundly, and meaning honestly, are nothing *without* SPEAKING WELL.---Let me add a word or two on a subject not quite foreign to this note. The example of a very learned and, in my opinion, a very virtuous and honourable man, to whom the country is under much obligation, Mr. Reeves, will deter any man from *volunteer effusions* in favour of any Minister. It would not be amiss, to be sure, if Mr. R. or any other writer, would read Aristotle and Quintilian on tropes and metaphors, before he adorns his native language with all the richness of imagery, and exerts the command, which nature gives him, over *the figures* of speech. *Trunco*, non frondibus, *efficit umbram*. For my own part, when his pamphlet, "The "Thoughts on the English Government," was published, I never felt more indignation than when I saw this gentleman ungenerously and shamefully abandoned and given up by Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons to the malice of his avowed enemies and to a criminal prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. He was solemnly acquitted of any libellous intentions; but his language was imprudent. He fell a victim to metaphorical luxuriance and state-botany.---(See "Thoughts" &c. as above, p. 12 and 13, for Mr. Reeve's Simile of *the Constitutional Tree and its Branches.)* It was the deep and important observation of Aristotle; Ευ μεταφορειν εστιν ευ Θεωρειν. See also the tenth chapter of Aristotle's Rhetoric, Book 3. which I recommend to all political writers and speakers; De *Urbanis* Metaphoris, or περι των αστειων, και των ευδοκιμουντων. Those great critics, Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, differed however essentially from Aristotle in this point, in their Commentaries read publicly in the House of Commons on this text: Των Μεταφορων ευδοκιμουσι μαλιστα αι κατα αναλογιαν. Rhet. L. 3. c. 10. s. 3.

Death is the universal solvent.(ff) The historian observes, they held forth either the specious offer of greater *equality of power among the citizens*, or a more temperate form of *aristocracy*, or some state expedient varying with the hour; but each leader in reality had his own private views of ambition, or power, or riches, but accommodated his speeches to the prevailing humour of the day.(g) This as we have all known, has been transacted step by step upon a great and tremendous scale in France. The Italian and Belgian states are following them with headstrong and infuriate revolution. *WE HAVE INDEED MORE TO PRESERVE THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY* under Heaven; and we may, by wise regulations, hereafter restore even the finances of the state. We must *never* forget that the stability of our present Constitution is the sole stability of all property, public and private. I speak from awful and trembling conviction *OUR RUIN CAN BE EFFECTED BY POLITICAL REFORM ALONE*, and our Enemies at home, and in France, know that I speak the truth. We in Great Britain, who are *yet* in a condition to preserve ourselves, see and read and feel these things. The grant of *one demand* leads necessarily to another when any material alteration in a state or government is conceded. If the second is refused after the first has been granted, we are then told, that there is a want of consistence in the plan, and that it were more adviseable to have kept the state as it was, than to admit only a partial reform. We surely cannot be said to be *duped* and *fooled* by Reformers, without warning from history and from experience. The *constitutional* statesmen of Great Britain cannot *now* be ignorant of the nature of "*a Modern Reform in any state of Europe.*" The greater the difficulty and danger, the greater the fury of the Revolutionists. Pindar was a poet and a

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ff Hear the great Historian: "Την μεν αιτιαν επιφεροντες τοις τον Δημον καταλυσειν. Απεθανον τινες ιδιας εχθρας ενεκα, και αλλοι χρηματων σφισιν οφειλομενων ὑπο των λαβοντων. L. 3. Sect. 81.

g Hear Thucydides again in his own language. "Οι εν ταις πολεσιν προσταντες μετ' ονοματος εκαστοι ευπρεπες, πληθος ισονομιας πολιτικης, και Αριστοκρατιας σωφρονος προτιμησει, τα μεν κοινα λογω θεραπευοντες αθλα εποιουντο, παντι δε τροπω αγωνιζομενοι αλληλων περιεγιγνεσθαι·---και η μετα ψηφου αδικου καταγνωσεως, η χειρι κτωμενοι το κρατειν, ετοιμοι ησαν την αυτικα φιλονεικιαν εμπιμπλαναι." Ib Sect. 82.

statesman; he said, Απροσιτων Ερωτων οξυτεραι μανιαι.* A man of a poetical mind either wanders into futurity, or recals the images of other times and of other empires. He can sometimes even descend into the regions of terrific fable, and give to his own country the sentiments and passions of antiquity, and body forth contending parties which are no more, of the virtuous and the valiant, of the wicked, the desperate and the frantic. At such an hour as the present, and with the objects which we see and hear and feel, with the exultation of the bad, and the dejection of the good, and the labours of great statesmen *to preserve us from final misery*, can we forbear to contemplate the picture drawn by that poet, whose only Muses were Cæsar, and Brutus, and Cato, and the genius of expiring Rome.†

*Tristis* FELICIBUS UMBRIS
*Vultus erat;* vidi Decios natumque patremque,
Lustrales bellis animas, *flentemque* Camillum.
Abruptis Catilina minax fractisque catenis
Exultat, Mariique truces nudique Cethegi:
Vidi ego lætantes, popularia nomina, Drusos
Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos.
Æternis chalybum nodis, et *carcere Ditis*
*Constrictæ plausere manus*, CAMPOSQUE PIORUM
POSCIT TURBA NOCENS! (gg)

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gg In the great question of a Reform in Parliment (i. e. in the House of Commons) I certainly do not mean to call figuratively the Ministerial ground, the *Campi Piorum*, but I call the Constitution of England and its defenders, in or out of Parliment, by that name. Nor would I by any means rank the gentlemen of opposition with the *Turba nocens*. That *Turba nocens* are the levellers and the patricians of democracy and revolution. But the licence of poetry we are told is considerable, if assumed with modesty. The question itself has nothing to do with invention, though as I think much *fiction* is employed in the support of it. I am of opinion, that in the outset there is a fiction or a deceit. We are told, we must recur to the *original* principle of the H. of Commons; the principle, as I suppose, on which it was founded, and that principle is

* Nem. Od. 11. † Lucan. Pharsal. L. 6. v. 784.

The present Poem was not composed for a trivial purpose, or without mature thought. It is the fruit and study of an independent and disin-

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declared to be *popular* in the *modern* sense of that word. In this argument historical truth is not asserted; I would maintain, that it is violated. It is contrary to matter of fact. The very origin of the House itself (the best antiquaries will tell you so) is rather doubtful. The more remote your inquiry, the greater the demonstration of its *original* weakness, nay (I say it with grief) of its political insignificance. It was a Council, which grew out of a greater Council. I will not insult my reader with information on the subject. But it is matter of plain historical knowledge that its powers, its functions, its freedom, and its consequence have been all *progressive* to a certain period. That period was the Revolution (as it is foolishly and improperly called) in 1688. At that æra the House of Commons *under the Old Whigs*, *attained* to the consummation of its glory and to the fullness of its dignity. As I here speak of the *original* principle, I have nothing to do with the subsequent corruptions. I must own I do not wish for the famous Roman plate of brass; I am for no unqualified Lex Regia.* Let it rest in the Capitoline Museum, that splendid effort of Michael Angelo. I abhor abject servility and all its monuments. I never wished, I am sure I do not now wish, to see *any* Senate divest itself of all power. I would not see a Vespasian in any country make and repeal laws, or exercise unlimited authority, without the advice and consent of a well-constituted Senate. I venerate the institution of the House of Commons, and would preserve it with my life; but I shall raise up no tree, trunk or branches, for a fatal simile, like Mr. Reeves.

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* See a Dissertation "de Ænea Tabula Capitolina Romæ 1757." Heineccius and Gravina also published this "Lex Regia." It may be read at full length in Gruteri Inscript: Antiq. By this Law the Roman Senate, in the most abject stile, *authorised* Vespasian *to make and repeal laws*, to *declare peace and war*, and to exercise *every act* of an *absolute* sovereign, without waiting for their consent or even asking their advice. —This authority however was not granted to all the Emperors indiscriminately; they *selected* (before Vespasian) Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius. I leave the reader to his own reflections.

terested life, passed without the incumbrance of a profession or the embarrassment of business. It was not intended merely to raise a smile at

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I look for no pasture in the fields of Ministers or of Booksellers: nor would I be turned out by Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan to graze on the verdant lawns of the King's Bench, (once intended for the Chief Justice of Newfoundland,) or at best to grub and delve in Mr. Pitt's *Straw-yard*. I neither recur to Montesquieu nor to Machiavel. I want not to be told by the former, that "*our* system was found in the "woods," or to hear from Signor Machiavel and Mr. Fox, that "*States* "*may grow out of shape*." Such were the words of Machiavel quoted by Mr. Fox in the House of Commons on May 26, 1797, in his speech on the Reform of Parliament. The founders of the French Republic, and the *Re*-founders of it (for it has been *founded three times* already) seem *always* to have had Machiavel's Discourses on Livy in their view. He says, that if *any* power or powers, (princes, warriors, or demagogues) take or subdue any city, province, or realm, "*they should make all things* "*new in the state*." The words are most particular. "Fare ogni cosa "*di nuovo* in quello stato, nelle Città fare *nuovi governi con nuovi nomi*, "con nuova autoritâ, con nuovi nomini, *fare i poveri ricchi*, disfare delle "vecchie città, cambiare gli abitatori da un luogo ad un altro, e in somma, "non lasciare *cosa niuna intatta*, e che non vi sia *nè grado*, *né ordine*, *né* "*stato*, *né richezza*, che chi la tiene non la RICONOSCA DATE!"* The French have *religiously* observed the advice. *We* are told in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox, that the authority of Machiavel is great. In my opinion, ALL TYRANNY IS UNIFORM IN ITS MAXIMS. But the *Signori*, Machiavel and Fox, still tells us that "*States may grow out of shape*." For my own part indeed I would rather find a system in the woods, than in modern France; and I do not look for *a new political Dancing Master* every time there is a twist in the body. To hear Mr. Fox, as I *perpetually* do in the House, one would really think he was a rival to Vestris or Didelot. He has been long trying his art and giving lessons to Mr. Pitt *gratis*. That Right Honourable Gentleman's gait still continues as aukward and stiff as usual. He will not BEND. A graceful bow is not his ambition, and Mr. Fox *dances* before him every day *without the least*

* Machiavel, Discorsi Lib. 1. Cap. 6.

folly or conceit; but it was written with indignation against wickedness, against the prostitution of superior talents, and the profane violence of

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*effect.* Mr. Fox, I believe, is of the opinion and principle of Monsieur Marcel, the famous *dancing master* in Queen Anne's reign, who said, when the Earl of Oxford was made Prime Minister, "He was surprised, "and could not tell what the Queen could see in him, for his own part "*he never could make any thing of him.*" To be sure Mr. PITT is every day placed *between THE DANCING MASTER AND HIS MAN*, but he has not learned *grace* from Mr. Fox, or *wit* from Mr. Sheridan. Indeed I have been informed that, the three celebrated *Dancers* and Ballet masters, Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, are preparing a *new Serious Divertisement*, or Pas de Trois, with *new scenes*, *dresses* and *decorations*, called, "LE DIRECTOIRE EXECUTIF." If it can be *got up* time enough, it will be *brought forward this season;* but as there is a necessity for a reinforcement of *the troops FROM PARIS*, it is feared *the old dances* must continue to the end of the season, (June 1797.) It is proposed that *light* should be thrown *on the stage* in a *quite new* manner; but the Ballet-Masters will suffer no persons to be on the stage, or to view the machinery, *behind the scenes.* Lord Galloway and Lady Mary Duncan have expressed their approbation of this rule, so much for the interest of *THE GRAND OPERA:* though the noble Earl is contented with *the present Grand Ballet-Master.* (June 1797.)---On a kindred topic I would observe to the classical reader another *singular* circumstance in ancient times. It is from the Roman State. Since we have been all arming at home with alacrity and prudence, and (what is consequent to that) with effect, against OUR enemy, and the militia laws have been extended, it is curious to call to mind the emphatic clause in the ancient Roman law concerning the exemption of particular persons from military service, called "*DE* "*VACATIONE*," as learned civilians well know. The clause is this: "*Nisi* "*BELLUM GALLICUM exoriatur;*" in which case not even the Priests were exempted. I will illustrate this law from Plutarch and Cicero, but will not translate the passages. Plutarch has this singular remark in the life of Marcellus: "Ου μην αλλα μεγαν ή τε χωρα παρειχε φοβον, δια την "γειτνιασιν, ὁμορω και προσοικω πολεμω συνοισομενοις, και το παλαιον αξιωμα "των Γαλατων, (the Gauls or *French*) ὁυς μαλιστα Ρωμαιοι δειται δοκουσιν,

bad men. It was indeed (to use a poet's allusion) poured forth as a libation from the cup of Achilles, consecrated and appropriated:

Ουτε τεω σπενδεσκε θεων, ὁτε μη ΔΙΙ Πατρι. (h)

It is proposed, in its degree and according to its subject, for the defence of truth, and with an honest wish to uphold society and the best interests of mankind, but chiefly those of our own country. In it there are no imaginary subjects. I have raised no phantoms of absurdity merely to disperse them; but the words, the works, the sentiments, and often the actions of the authors are before us. It might be known *hereafter* from this poem how we wrote and thought in this age, and not unfrequently how we conducted ourselves.

There is one subject* which I have pressed upon the attention of the nation, which in this respect seems to be in a state between slumber and

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" ἁτε δη και την Πολιν ὑπ' αυτων αποβαλοντες, εξ εκεινε δε θεμενοι Νομον, ατελεις " ειναι στρατειας τες Ιερεας, πλην ει μη Γαλατικος παλιν επελθοι Πολεμος. " Εδηλε δε και τον φοβον αυτων ἡ τε Παρασκευη. Μυριαδες γαρ εν ὁπλοις ἁμα " τοσαυται Ρωμαιων ετε προτερον ετε ὑστερον γενεσθαι λεγονται." Plut. Vit. Marcel. p. 244, Vol. 2, edit. Bryan.---The other illustration is from Cicero in his oration for Fonteius; (the object of which was to inculcate, " Gallis fidem non habendam, hominibus levibus, perfidis, et in ipsos " Deos immortales impiis.") The words are these: " Ut oportet, *Bello* " *Gallico*, ut majorum jura moresque præscribunt, *Nemo est*, Civis " Romanus, qui sibi ulla excusatione utendum putet.". Orat. pro Fonteio. Sect. 16, sub. fin. Cic. Op. ed. Barbou, vol. 4. p. 393.---We have not, and I trust we never shall have, the same cause for apprehension from the French as the Romans had from the Gauls. They never have taken OUR CITY, and while we are true to ourselves, as we now are, I trust they never will or can take it. But the danger is and ever will be great, from their vicinity, δια την γειτνιασιν. The words are from Plutarch: Mr. Burke has written the commentary.† " Vocem adyti dignam templo!" (July 1767.)

h Hom. Il. 6. v. 227.

* See Dial. 3. written in May, 1796.

† Two Letters on the Peace. (Ed. Rivington 1796.) page 113, &c.

alarm; in the suppineness which attends the former, and with that confusion in ideas and measures, which too frequently accompanies terror. compassion, mercy, self-preservation, integrity of principle, Christian charity, the uncertainty of the mortal condition, the convulsion of empires and of states, have all and each variously conspired to direct the measures of our government with respect to the French Roman Catholic Emigrants, and in particular, to the French Priests. I have stated in different places my opinion on this important subject. I continue to call aloud upon this country and its ministers to regard, *with minute circumspection*, THESE MEN AND THEIR CAUSE. (hh) The most reprehensible part of Mr. Burke's public conduct has been in this point. Great and venerable as I hold him, in this I praise him not. I maintain that the vigilance of the Roman Catholics is erect and on the tiptoe of expectation: it is scarcely suspended by slumber. I speak also on another account. There is such a connection between superstition and atheism, and their allies cruelty and tyranny, that the wisest and most experienced statsmen and moralists have declared it to be indissoluble. In *their* cause, they would unite with any, even with Jacobin, principles. Hear Dr. Hussey the titular Bishop of Waterford in Ireland in his late pastoral Letter. (i) "THE CATHOLIC

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hh July 1797.

i See "A Pastoral Letter to the Catholic Clergy of Waterford and Lismore in Ireland, by the R. R. Doctor Hussey." London, *Re*printed by P. Coghlan, Duke Street, Grosvenor square. (1797.) His *titular* Lordship's idea of "a man of true liberality is this; "that he lives in charity, in concord, in amity, with *all others* of *every* religious persuasion; with whom a difference in religious opinions makes *no* difference in social life, &c. &c." (p. 6.) Very liberal indeed; this is the text. But his Lordship, in the natural confusion of ideas in *his* country has *prefixed* the comment. See *the preceding* page. The words are these: "Remonstrate (says his Lordship) with any parent, who will be *so* "*criminal* as to *expose* his offspring to *those places of education* (the "Charter Schools, &c. &c. as I suppose) where *his religious faith and mor*-"*als* are likely to be perverted. *If he will not attend* to your remonstran-"ces, (he is speaking to the Roman Catholic Clergy) *refuse him* the partici-"pation of Christ's body; *if* he should *still* continue *obstinate*, DENOUNCE

" FAITH (i. e. the tenets, the doctrines, the superstitions, the absurdities, " the follies, the cruelty, and the tyranny, of the Church of Rome, and

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" HIM TO THE CHURCH, in order that, according to Christ's command- " ment, *he be considered as a heathen and a publican.*" p. 5. We know the sense of Christ; and we know *the sense which the* ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH annexes to *these words*. But this is LIBERALITY!!!—Hear his titular Lordship once more. Speaking of the total repeal of the Popery laws in Ireland, he *warns* those who *oppose* it in these terms, page 10. " THE VAST ROCK *is already detached from the mountain's brow*, " and *whoever* OPPOSES its descent and removal, MUST BE CRUSHED by his " own rash endeavours." Is the common sense of England and Ireland drunk? Or if it has slept, will it not now awake? Can any man say, that the political spirit of the Roman Catholic Religion is extinct, that it is dead, that it is dying? This titular bishop warns us plainly enough. He has rocks and mountains at command, and the powers of nature in their gigantic admeasurements appear at his great bidding. In Ireland it might be of use to discuss this pastoral Letter *in toto*. If I were an Irishman, I would do so; but the business in England is *yet* very different. Let me add a word or two. It may be worth while at this period when all establishments are shaking, to consider frequently, that " a Reli- " gious Establishment, under any form, is not the religion itself, but the " mode of preserving, inculcating, and continuing the religion." There is a religion which may be and is political, and another which is real. I will give a passage from the admiral Preface to the translation of Xenophon's Cyropædia written with great compass of thought and precision of argument, by a gentleman of fortune, family, erudition and virtue, the Honourable *MAURICE ASHLEY*. I cannot refrain from observing with pleasure, that LORD MALMSBURY and myself may have a natural partiality for the memory of that accomplished and well-instructed gentleman. " Real Christianity (says he) is none of these changeable establishments " and human institutions, nor ever can be, but stands upon its own foot. " Whether it be the religion of the multitude, and national or not " national, or whatever be the forms of it in national establishments, it is " one and the same in itself, firm and unalterable, and will undoubtedly " remain so to the end of the world, whether owned or not owned by any

" whatever makes it to differ from any other external establishment of " Christianity) *The Catholic faith* (says his *titular* Lordship) is suitable to " *all* climes, and *all* forms of government, monarchies or *republics*, aristo- " cracies, or DEMOCRACIES." (p. 9.) Right. Does his Lordship speak intelligibly? That which is true of Christianity *in itself and by itself alone*, independent of any establishment whatsoever, that they assert of their own tyrannical superstition. They will shew the arm, and the sword, of heaven interested and active for them. They will tell you (whenever they have the power or even the probability of attaining that power) that their cause alone is from above. They separate their spiritual rulers from the temporal governors of the state, and assert the superior dignity and paramount authority of the former; and this they thunder in the ears of an armed soldiery. They tell you, that the opposers of the Roman Catholic cause are sacrilegious in the eye of heaven; and that upon them, in a mass, THE GREAT STONE will fall and grind them to powder. I know the state of Ireland,* and the declarations of the *titular*

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" public establishment indifferently." Mr. A's Pref. page 8. I enter not into the expedience, institution and and relative excellence of religious establishments in this place. It is not here the question; if it were, I am not without my sentiments or without words to enforce them. I hope indeed we may, and shall, still justify the expressions of a great writer: " We are separated from the errors, and freed from the chains of POPERY, " without breaking out into a state of religious anarchy." But I give Mr. Ashley's words as a general observation to all those who esteem the downfall of such an establishment as *Popery* to be the downfall of the Christian religion than which no opinion can be more unfounded. To the Roman Catholic system of religion, whether in its vigour and plenitude of power, or in its decline, or in its struggles for revival, the words of the poet may be applied figuratively and literally:

> In sua templa furit, nullâque exire vetante
> Materiâ, magnamque cadens magnamque revertens
> Dat stragem latè SPARSOSQUE RECOLLIGIT IGNES.
>
> Lucan, L. 1.

* There is something peculiarly ungrateful in the conduct of this titular Bishop of Waterford. Particular attention has been paid to Dr. Hus-

bishops in that country. But that subject is not properly mine, though it is intimately connected with it. All I have to do is to shew, (and I think I have shewn it to all who will attend,) that "the Spirit of the Roman "Catholic System is yet unaltered." In England the French Priests, in a body, have been chased from the King's Castle at Winchester: but our government has yet a sacred fortress or two at Reading, and Shene, and in Yorkshire: and it appears that a sum of FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS (b) has been issued for the use of the French Emi-

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sey by the administration of Ireland, as Lord Camden knows. But in this country I should hardly be understood if I were to enumerate the particulars *which I know*. I have spoken in terms very moderate indeed of this Pastoral Letter, *under the circumstances* of its publication. My reprehension has been confined *to the spirit of it*. It will be perceived by *some* persons that I write Συνετοισι.

> Talibus *ex adyto* dictis CUMÆA SIBYLLA
> Horrendas canit ambages, antroque remugit
> *Obscuris vera involvens!*

b On the 21st of December, 1796, "The House of Commons in a "Committee of supply, among other sums, voted a sum of 540,000l. for the "relief of the suffering clergy and laity of France." Woodfall's Parliamentary Register. (1796.) Vol. 1. page 524. It is singular (and it will be remembered by those who are versed in the interior politics of this country in the reign of Queen Anne) that in Swift's Examiner, Nov. 1710, No. 16, the *exact sum* of 540,000l. is stated humorously, as "a "Bill of British ingratitude," to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, viz. "Woodstock, 40,000l. Blenheim, 200,000l. Post Office grant, 100,000l. "Mildenheim, 30,000l. Pictures, jewels, &c. 60,000l. Pall Mall grant, "&c. 10,000l. Employments, &c. 100,000l. The total *exactly* 540,000l." Thus at the beginning of this century did the British nation remunerate *THE CONQUEROR OF FRANCE! And thus*, at the close of it, are *the Services* of the French Emigrants, *sacred and profane*, *requited* by the munificence of the British Parliament !!! We know where it is written in letters of marble;

EUROPÆ HÆC VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO!

grants, *sacred and profane*, in the courſe of the year 1796. This is ratified by the vote of Parliament. On this particular topic I shall say nothing further in this place, but all which I have written on this great subject is in the spirit of mercy, humanity, tolerance, and true Christianity, consistent with the principles of an English Protestant, and that rational and guarded love to my Country which I am bound, according to my ability, to warn, to vindicate, and to defend.

The subjects of this poem have been from necessity various and numerous, far beyond my original conception. But a mighty and majestic river, in its course through a diversity of countries, not only winds and murmurs in the vallies, but contends and foams among rocks, and precipices, and the confluence of torrents. Still its tendency is to the ocean, to which it pays its last tribute, and is finally lost in that immensity. In Literature the mind resembles such a course. All its exertions may be turned into one grand and general direction. The mind, if well regulated, remembers from whence it came, and feels that all its powers and faculties are but ministerial. I think it is somewhere sxpressed in the concise sublimity of Plato, Προς το αἰδιον εβλεπεν. Under the influence and persuasion of this great and master principal, the mind so prepared, whether serious, or gay, or thoughtful, or sprightly, or even fantastic in its humour, is still performing its proper office. Philosophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support of well-being. Playfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth, and their power, in detachments, is equally felt with the main strength of the body.

There is one description and set of men, to whom more than common reprehension is due, and who cannot be held up too frequently to the public scorn and abhorrence. I mean the modern philosophers of the French system. Mr. Burke has thundered upon them, and his lightning shone through their darkest recesses. "*The sudden blaze far round illumined Hell.*" This monstrous compound of the vanity and weakness of the intellect, and the fury of the passions in some of them, this "facinus majoris abollæ," should be exposed with the full strength of argument and of reason, and with occasional ridicule, to the English nation in every point of view. In other philosophers of this system, there is a calmness and composure in

their mental operation, more savage than the violence of the former. Their subject is *the living man*. Before them he is delivered, bound hand and foot. On him their experiments are to be tried; and when his whole composition, moral and political, is either racked, or disjointed, or the minuter parts of it laid bare to the eye, and the very circulation of the fluids, as it were, shewn in the agonizing subject; this they savagely call, studying and improving human nature by the new light. But I will not proceed on this subject. Great and venerable is the name and influence of the true philosophy. The word may be disgraced for a season, but *the love of wisdom*, must always command respect. When we compare these modern philosophers who *reject* all revelation, with the philosophers of antiquity, and in particular those of the Stoic sect, who *were ignorant* of it, the difference, to say no more, is indeed striking. What were Socrates, and Plato, and Epictetus, and Cicero, and Antoninus! Before such lights, shining in the darkness and gloom of the heathen firmament.

Conditur omne
Stellarum vulgus, *fugiunt sine nomine Signa* (d)

As I am speaking of Philosophy, I may be excused if I say a few words of that language, in which its power has been most conspicuous. I see no more pedantry in the knowledge and study of *the Greek* tongue, than of the French or the German. But when I consider that every subject in philosophy, in history, in oratory, and in poetry, whatever can dignify or embellish human society in its most cultivated state, has there found the highest authors: that the principles of composition are better taught and more fully exemplified than in any other language; that the Greek writers are the universal legislators in taste, criticism, and just composition, from whom there is no appeal, and who will be found unerring directors; I would with a peculiar emphasis and earnestness request young men of fortune, ability, and polished education, not to cast off the study of the Greek writers, when they leave school, or the university. A few hours devoted to this study in every week will preserve and improve their knowledge. It will animate the whole mass of their learning, will give colour to their thoughts and precision to their expressions. There is no necessity either to quote or to speak Greek; but the constant

d Manil. Astron. L. 1. v. 470.

perusal of the historians, philosophers, orators, and poets will be felt and perceived. In parliament and at the bar it would be most conspicuous. (a) They who are wise will secretly attend to this recommendation, which must be disinterested, and proceeds from long experience.

In regard to the manner and the plan of this Poem on the P. of L. I have something to say, but my respect to the reader prevents me from saying much. It aspires not to the manner or the praise of THE DUNCIAD, or to any thing whatsoever in common with that great performance. The original motive of it however, in my opinion, is as far superior in importance and dignity, as the power and ability of the author fall short of that poetical excellence ,which none hereafter can hope to rival or perhaps to attain. Its general subject is *LITERATURE* however exerted, whether for the benefit, or for the injury of mankind. It has nothing of the mock epic. It is a dialogue; has something of a dramatic cast, and is an excursus. The subjects follow each other and if I am not mistaken, they are neither confounded nor confused. If there be in the whole composition any passage, any sentence, or any expression, which according to the specific nature of the subject, can justly offend even female delicacy: which, from the manner of it, a gentleman would refuse to write, or a man of virtue to admit into his thoughts: which violates the high, and discriminating, and honourable, and directing principles of human conduct, it is to me matter of serious and of solemn regret. I am not conscious of having admitted any such passage, or sentence, or expression. I have

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a Plutarch describes the first Marcellus, (the first of that distinguished race) as a warior of experience and intrepidity, humane and polished in his manners, and a great lover of the Greek literature; the words are these: "Τῃ μεν εμπειρια πολεμικος, τῃ φυσει φιλοπολεμος· τῳ "δε αλλῳ τροπῳ σωφρων, φιλανθρωπος, Ελληνικης παιδειας και λογων, αχρι "τε τιμᾶν και θαυμαζειν τους κατορθουντας, εραστης." Plut. Vit. Marcell. p. 242, vol. 2, Ed. Bryan.---As we have now so many gentlemen of fortune, family, education, and ability among the officers of the army and the militia, I wish they may read this note, and be induced to employ some of their vacant hours in valuable studies; and, like the great chiefs among the ancients, resume and vindicate the honour of learned military leisure.

never yet heard such an objection to my work. If it can be pointed out, I will erase it with much concern and with great indignation.

I should also give a few words to *the manner* of the notes which I have annexed, and which are so frequent and so copious. I wish not, as Boileau expresses it, *to prepare tortures for any future Salmasius*, (f) and I too well know my own insignificance to expect any comment on my writings, but from my own pen. I have made no allusions which I did not mean to explain. But I had something further in my intention. The notes are not always merely explanatory; they are (if I have been able to execute my intention) of a structure rather peculiar to themselves. Many of them are of a nature between an essay and an explanatory comment. There is much matter in a little compass, suited to the exigency of the times. As they take no particular form of composition, they are not matter of criticism in that particular respect. I expatiated on the casual subject which presented itself; and when ancient or modern writers expressed the thoughts better than I could myself, I have given the original languages. No man has a greater contempt for the parade of quotation (as such) than I have. My design is not to quote words, but to enforce right sentiments in the manner which I think best adapted to the purpose, after much reflection. To most of my readers those languages are familiar; and if any person, not particularly conversant in them, should honour the notes with a perusal, I think the force of the observations may be felt without attending to the Greek or Latin. In all regular compositions I particularly dislike a mixture of languages. It is uncouth or inelegant, and sometimes marks a want of power in the writer. In works of any dignity or consequence, it is adviseable, if a passage from any ancient author is quoted, to translate that passage in the text, and put the original at the bottom of the page, if necessary. We have in this respect the authority and example of Cicero, Bishop Hurd, and Sir William Jones.

In general, I could say all I wished in the text and comment. Some subjects are indeed so important, that they should be held forth to public light, and viewed in every point. SATIRE, in this respect, has peculiar force. Vice is not unfrequently repressed, and folly, presumptuous igno-

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f "Aux Saumaises futurs preparer des tortures."
Boil. Sat. 9. v. 64.

rance, and conceit sometimes yield or vanish at the first attack, and like the fabled spirits before the spell of the enchanter,

*Primâ vel voce* Canentis
*Concedunt*, CARMENQUE TIMENT AUDIRE SECUNDUM. g

I again declare to the public, that *neither my name, nor my situation in life will ever be revealed.* Conjectures are free and open to the world. Every one is at liberty to fancy cases, and make whatever comparisons he thinks proper. But suppositions will never amount to facts, nor wild conjectures have the force of argument. I pretend not to be "the sole "depository of my own secret;" but where it is confided, there it will be preserved and locked up *forever.* I have an honourable confidence in the human character, when properly educated and rightly instructed. My secret will forever be preserved, *I know*, under every change of fortune or of political tenets, while honour, and virtue, and religion, and friendly affection, and erudition, and the principles of a gentleman, have binding force and authority upon minds so cultivated and so dignified.

My Poem and all and each of the notes to it were written without any co-operation whatsoever. I expect the fullest assent and credit to this my solemn assertion. I expect it, because I speak the truth. I have *not* been assisted by any Doctors in any faculty. If indeed I had written to please a particular man, a minister, a chief in opposition, a party, any set, or any description of men *exclusively*, literary or political, there is not a man of understanding in the country who does not perceive that I should, or rather that I *must*, have written in another style, thought and argument. Of such motives I profess myself nor skilled nor studious. My appeal is direct to my country. I know and feel the situation in which at this moment SHE stands. There is now no balance left in Europe. All is preparing to sink under ONE DESOLATING TYRANNY. My opinion however is, that by the mercy of Providence, and by the unremitted attention and labours of our constitutional statesmen, and the united efforts of all that are loyal, brave, opulent, powerful, or dignified, WE may yet "be able to stand IN THIS EVIL DAY, and having done all "TO STAND." Let us stand therefore, as the chosen nation of old, the insulated memorial of true Religion, and the ONLY asylum of balanced

g Lucan, L. 6. v. 527.

Liberty. I profess myself convinced, and therefore have I written. I entered into the sanctuary of the Hebrews und heard the voice of their prophet: "Credidi, propter quod locutus sum:" This was the voice which I heard, and it was a voice, as Milton would express it, "thundering out "of Sion." Under this persuasion and conviction, I will say of this work, there is in it but one hand, and one intention. It will be idle to conjecture concerning the author, and more than foolish to be *very* inquisitive. To my adversaries I have nothing to reply. I never will reply. I could with the most perfect charity sing a requiem over their deceased criticisms, if I were master of what Statius calls the "Exequiale sacrum, "carmenque *minoribus umbris* utile." (h) Those whom I wished to please, I have pleased. If I have diffused any light, it is *from a single orb*, whether temperate in the horizon, or blazing in the meridian. If I culminate at all, it is from the Equator.

Thus much to silly curiosity and frivolous garrulity. But to persons of higher minds, and of more exalted and more generous principles, who have the spirit to understand, and the patience to consider, the nature and the labour of my work, I would address myself in other language, and with other arguments. I would declare *to them*, that when I consider the variety and importance and extent of the subjects, I might say that it was written, "though for no other cause, yet for this, that pos- "terity may know, that we have not loosely through silence permitted "things to pass away as in a dream." I would declare also *to them*, that I deliver it as A LITERARY MANIFESTO *to this kingdom* in a season unpropitious to learning or to poetry, in a day of darkness and of thick gloominess, and in an hour of turbulence, of terror, and of uncertainty. Such persons will be satisfied, if the great cause of mankind, of regulated society, of religion, of government, and of good manners, is attempted to be maintained with strength and with the application of learning. To them it is a matter of very little, or rather of no moment at all by whom it is effected. They have scarce a transitory question to make on the subject. To such understandings I willingly submit my composition, and to them I dedicate the work.

h Stat. Theb. L. 6. v. 123.

I shall only add, that *if* they should read *all* the Parts of this Poem on the Pursuits of Literature with candour and with attention, whatever the connection between them, or whatever the method may be, they will most assuredly find "*that uniformity of thought and design*, which will "*always* be found in the writings of *the same* person, *WHEN HE WRITES* "*WITH SIMPLICITY AND IN EARNEST*."

# PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

## *DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.**

Ουκ ἡσυχος
Δαφνηφαγων φοιβαζειν εκ λαιμων οπα.†

### AUTHOR.

OH, for that sabbath's dawn ere Britain wept,
And France before THE CROSS believ'd and slept!
(Rest to the state, and slumber to the soul!)
Ere yet the brooding storm was heard to roll
In fancy's ear o'er many an Alpine rock,
Or Europe trembled at the fated shock;
Ere by his lake GENEVA'S ANGEL stood,
And wav'd his scroll prophetic [a] o'er the flood,

* First printed in July 1797. † Lycophron. Cassand. v. 3

a It is remarkable that *in Switzerland* appeared THE THREE PERSONS, whose principles, doctrines, and practice, *(as it seems to me)* have primarily and ultimately effected the great change and downfall of regal and

With names (as yet unheard) and symbols drear,
Calvin in front, and Neckar in the rear; 10

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of all lawful power in Europe. Calvin, in religion; Rousseau, in politics; and Neckar by his administration. Calvin and his disciples were never friends to monarchy and episcopacy; but I shall not *here* contend politically or theologically with Bishop Horsley concerning Calvin. A poet's words are better for a poet. I have looked into history and, as I think, have found them true. Dryden speaks of Calvin thus, and remarkably enough;

> " The *last* of all the litter scap'd by chance,
> " *And from Geneva first infested* FRANCE."
>
> Hind and Panther. B. 1. v. 172.

ROUSSEAU, (I speak of him *only* as a political writer) by the unjustifiable, arbitrary, and cruel proceedings against him, his writings and his person, in France, (where he was a stranger and to whose tribunals he was not amenable) was stimulated to pursue his researches into the origin and expedience of *such* government, and of *such* oppression, which, otherwise, he probably never would have discussed; till he reasoned himself into the desperate doctrine of political equality, and gave to the world his fatal present, " *The Social Contract.*" Of *this* work the French, since the Revolution, have never once lost sight. With them it is first and last, and midst, and without end in all their thoughts and public actions. Rousseau is, I believe, the only man to whom they have paid an implicit and *undeviating* reverence; and, without a figure, have worshipped in the Pantheon of their new idolatry, like another Chemos, "the *obscene* dread " of Gallia's sons."---Different from these, came NECKAR. With intentions, as I am *still inclined* to think, upright, pure and just, but with a mind impotent and unequal to the great work, and with principles foreign to the nature of the government he was called to regulate, reform and conduct; a fatal stranger for France. He *oppressed* every subject sacred and civil with too much *verbiage*. He was sanctioned by popular prejudice, and marked by aristocratical hatred; a sort of " *Arpinas Volsco-* " *rum a monte.*" He came to lay open and disclose (and he did lay them

But chief Equality's vain priest, Rousseau,
A sage in sorrow nurs'd, and gaunt with woe,

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open to the very bottom) the mystery and iniquity of French finance and of French treasuries. But he brought with him to the concerns of a great and tottering empire, (which *perhaps* might have been maintained and *consolidated)* the little mind of a provincial banker, and the vanity inseparable from human nature, when elevated beyond hope or expectation. What was the consequence? For a while indeed,

Hic Cimbros et summa pericula rerum
*Excipit*, et SOLUS trepidantem *protegit* Urbem.*

But the original leaven in his political composition was popular; and that leavened the whole lump. We know the rest. His advice, first in the calling together (at all) of the States General, and afterwards in the formation and distribution of them, gave the devoted King to the scaffold, and the monarchy of France to irreversible dissolution. I speak this independently of the grand conspiracy against Christianity, regal power, and social order, which has been so awfully and so convincingly disclosed by the eloquent Abbè Barruel†, and Professor Robison; since I first wrote the preceding reflections....For my own part when I contemplate the convulsions of Europe, and the fatal desolation which attends republican principles, *wherever they are introduced*, I cannot but rest with a momentary pleasure on the picture, which Plato, in his *imaginary* republic, (the *only* one I ever could bear) has drawn of a man fatigued with the view of public affairs, and retiring from them in the hope of tranquility. The sentiments are such as the French formerly would have called, "*Les "Delassemens de l'homme sensible.*" The words are these:

"Ταυτα παντα λογισμω λαβων, ἡσυχιαν εχων και τα αυτα πραττων, ὑιον εν

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* Juv. Sat. 8. v. 249.

† See Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme, par Mr. L'Abbé Barruel: and "Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and "Governments in Europe, in the secret Meetings of Free Masons, Illu- "minati, &c. &c." by Professor Robison of Edinburgh. (1797.)

By persecution train'd and popish zeal,
Ripe with his wrongs to frame the dire [b] appeal,
What time *his work* THE CITIZEN began,
And gave to France the social savage, Man.

Was it for this, in Leo's fost'ring reign
Learning uprose with tempests in her train;
Was every gleam deceitful, every ray
But idle splendor from the orb of day?
Say, were the victims mark'd from earliest time,
The Flamens conscious of a nation's crime?
Why smoak'd the altars with the new perfume,
If heav'n's own fire descends but to consume?
Alas, proud Gallia's fabric to the ground
What arm shall level, or what might confound!

Oh for that hand, which o'er the walls of Troy [c]
His lightning brandish'd *with a furious joy*,

---

" χειμωνι κονιορτω και ζαλης ὑπο πνευματος φερομενω υπο τειχιον υποστας, ὁρων " τους αλλους καταπιμπλαμενους ανομιας, αγαπᾶ ει πη αυτος καθαρος αδικιας " τε και ανοσιων εργων, τον τε ενθαδε βιον βιωσεται, και την απαλλαγην αυτω " μετα καλης ελπιδος ιλεως τε και ευμενης απαλλαξεται."

Plato de Repub. L. 6. p. 496, Op. vol. 2. Ed. Serrani.

b " Le Contrat Social, par J. J. Rousseau, CITOYEN de Geneve.

c It certainly would be *convenient* (if we can for a moment trifle with such a subject as the present French war) to march to *Paris*, " *and like* " *another (Bryant) fire another Troy.*" See " a Dissertation concerning

Her state, her arms, her fleets, her very name
Gave, as in mock'ry, to poetic fame, 30

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" the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Grecians, as described by " Homer; shewing, that no such expedition was undertaken, and that " no such city of Phrygia existed." Published in 1796, but there is no date to the title page. I find it difficult to give an opinion on this ingenious treatise. Whatever comes from the author of " The Analysis of " ancient Mythology," should be treated with *very* great respect. His character is* venerable, and his erudition, as I think, without an equal. Of all subjects, I should have thought this subject was one, on which an inquiry might have been instituted without offence. Yet this has not been the case. The offence has been considered as deep and wide, and the influence of the principle, in some respects, dangerous and alarming. The faith of history has been represented as attacked in its strongest fortress, and even the sacred writings, as matter of historical faith, implicated in the discussion. Some persons have even declared that Mr. Bryant had no right to touch the subject. That nothing can be more contrary to reason than to suppose, that the existence of a city, and a war, of which we have read with delight from our boyish days, could be called in question. That their pleasure is snatched from them; and such a poem, without an historical fact for a basis, cannot be interesting. They allow the amplification of poetry, and its embellishments, and even the anachronisms of Homer. But Troy did exist, and the Grecians did once besiege it, and Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, and Diomede were as real heroes, as the Archduke Charles, Buonaparte, Lord Cornwallis, or Tippoo Saib in modern wars. I really should smile at many of these objections, if they did not frequently come from persons of consequence and of learning. Most certainly however I will quarrel with no man " about Sir Archey's great " Grandmother." They who are acquainted with the science and subject

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* See Mr. Bryant's character delineated in the Pursuits of Literature, Dialogue 2, v. 189, &c.

And with the fire of Philip's son, unfurl'd
His classic standard o'er a wond'ring world,

---

of *probabilities* will best decide the question for themselves, and I will not intrude my judgment. It is a question of probability, and not of proof. For my own part, I am equally pleased with a poem founded on the metamorphosis of Apuleius or on any modern fiction, if all the essential and integral parts of a poem are preserved; if the characters, manners, and actions are human, and consistent with the supposed situations of the personages. This to me is sufficient; and perhaps poetry, as such, may be a gainer by Mr. Bryant's interpretation. I rather hail the omen in these times of poetical sterility. But nothing can be further from the dignity of Mr. Bryant's character, than the imputation of having attacked the faith and credibility of ancient, or of any, *history*. It is scarcely entitled to notice. What was Troy? with what part of history is it connected? Is not the Trojan war an insulated solitary fact? If it were done away, is any historical event whatever made to fall with it? When it is stated that *four hundred and thirty* ships (no matter of what size) were employed by the Grecians in the Trojan war in the twelfth century, and only *eighty-nine* in the Peloponnesian war in the fifth century before Christ, is this matter of *serious* history? Is not the whole allowed to pass even the bounds of any probability, but that of a poet? I remember hearing a gentleman state similar questions to these with much earnestness and apparent conviction, but without warmth. He seemed to understand something of the subject; and though I conceived some points were pressed indiscreetly and unnecessarily by Mr. Bryant, I replied that I thought *nearly* as he did, and I said with the most good-natured Εποχη of the Academics, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a *Bryantian*."....I think they who are the strongest in opposition to Mr. Bryant, if they were even Inquisitors,*

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* I am sure *Gilbert Wakefield* is even *more than an Inquisitor* in all his principles literary, civil, and religious. See his indecent letter to Mr. Bryant on the war of Troy. But above all, see his letter to Mr. Wilberforce. The Secretary to the Duke of Alva under Philip II. or the public

Till "Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
"And curs'd th' access of that celestial thief." [d]
Oh, for a Bryant's hand!

OCTAVIUS.

Methinks you smile,
And fain would land me on the wand'ring isle,
Where the learn'd drain Acrasia's foaming bowl,
Till *round the sun* their heads with Gebelin's [e] roll;

---

and could force him to hold a lighted torch in his hand, and make a retraction of his errors, and the *amende honorable* in the *Eglise ds notre Dame* de *Crbele Mere de tous les Dieux Païens*, would be contented with the Catholic form of words; "Questi erano gli scherzi d'una penna poetica, non gli sentimenti d'un animo catolico!" Yet considering all that I have heard, and *the quarter* from which it came, *Curius* quid sentit, et *ambo Scipiadæ*, and the insignificance of the question itself, but as a matter of amusement; though in common with many others, I should have lost much individual gratification and instruction, yet I wish this Dissertion on the war of Troy *had never been written at all.*

d Two lines from Sir Walter Raleigh's Sonnet, prefixed to Spenser's Fairy Queen.

e *Gebelin.*—If many persons in the learned world have thought Mr. Bryant unadvised in the discussion of the war of Troy in the twelfth century A. C. what must we say to Mr. Court de Gebelin, who has actually endeavoured *to reason us into a belief*, that, *the Founders of the Roman*

---

Accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal, under Roberspierre, never exhibited such a paper. *There is no deceit in Gilbert Wakefield: He is just what he seems.* It is plain to see *what* he expects, and *why* he writes.

Nor heed the pause of [f] Douglas, Wakefield's rage,
Nor Hallam [g] trembling for the sacred page,

---

*State* ROMULUS *and* Remus, were only allegorical personages, and were in reality representatives of *the sun* and worshiped as such. Mr. Gebelin is a man of the most various erudition, and if he were as well known as Mr. Bryant, his attempt would have been noticed. But few people perhaps have had the curiosity to look into nine volumes in 4to of the "Monde Primitif analysé et comparé avec le Monde Moderne par M. "Court de Gebelin." It may be entertaining to some persons, if I give a *few* particulars of this singular question. The *Fourth* volume of Mr. Gebelin's work consists of the "Histoire Religieux du *Calendrier*, ou des Fêtes Anciennes." The *fifth* Chapter of the *second* Book (Vol. 4) is the "Histoire des *Gemeaux* Romains Romulus et Remus." Mr. G. says. "Les *Romains*, eurent aussi leurs *Allegories* sur le *double Soleil* successif "de l'année; ils *l'appliquerent à* leur *Remus et Romulus*. Les noms sont "*allegoriques*, et tous *relatifs à l'année*." p. 264. Remus it seems, signified THE SUN *in the winter*, and Romulus *in the summer!* By an *easy* proof, he says, "Ils en firent la féte des *Le*mures pour *Re*mures, &c. p. 263. In the sixth chapter of the same book, we read: Nous avons *vû* dans le chapitre précédent, *que* ROMULUS *etoit* LE SOLEIL; que tout le *prouvoit*. —And what is the proof? Truly this; "Le nom de sa mere, celui de son pere, son frere, la mort de son frere *(Remus,)* son propre nom, &c. &c. Q. E. D.---Mr. Gebelin has not yet done, nor is Mr. Gebelin yet satisfied. He next converts, by means of his *solar* microscope, Romulus into *Hercules!* But hear his words. "Ce qu'exprimoient à cet ègard les "Grecs par l'Apothéose d'*Hercule*, les Romains l'exprimerent par l'Apo-"theose de Romulus." But when he speaks of *Quirinus*, another name of Romulus, the force of art and of *proof* can go no further. Hear him again. "*Quirinus* (nom de Romulus) la traduction *litérale* de *Melcarthe*, "on *Melicerte*, que portoit *Hercule* chez les *Tyriens*, EST UNE AUTRE "PREUVE, *qu'on regardoit* ROMULUS *comme* LE SOLEIL." p. 269!!!!!!--- I cannot help observing that in this same 4th vol. p. 422, Mr. Gebelin informs us that, "Sur le 18 Fevrier on célébroit *la Fête de Romulus*, and

Nor Gillies [h] *crying*, what shall we peruse?
What is *my* work? mere records of the Muse;
And lo! by Buonaparte's iron pen, [i]
The tale of Rome may be Troy's tale again.

AUTHOR.

No; other thoughts my lab'ring soul employ,
That springs anew to long-forgotten joy;

---

" at the same time, (rather inauspiciously to be sure) on célébroit *LA* " *FETE DES FOUX*." I suppose on the celebration of *LA FETE DES FOUX*, cards of invitation were sent round by the Pontifex Maximus to the *Antiquaries* of those days, and I really think, if Mr. Gebelin had been *produced* at that time, he would not have been *without his card*, with a few others, to be distributed *among his friends*.---Indeed these *deliramenta doctrinæ* are sometimes amusing, but in reality they are rather a subject of serious regret from their consequences on the public mind. There is no end to the absurdities from this source, when we resolve all ancient persons and events into allegories and Egyptian mysteries; till as we have just seen, *ROMULUS AND REMUS, the Founders of the Roman Empire*, become (according to Monsieur Gebelin's *Order of Firing*, after a grand *Escopetterie*, or volley, *of Serpents and Stars)* transformed into *ROMAN SUNS;* Remus *in the Winter*, and Romulus *in the Summer!*---See the *proofs* above.

f The Rt. Rev. Dr. JOHN DOUGLAS, the present Bishop of Salisbury, (1797.) Author of the Criterion, and of other acute pieces of reasoning, which will be long remembered and admired.

g Dr. Hallam, the present Dean of Bristol. (1797.)

h Author of a History of *Greece*.

i The tremendous conquests of Buonaparte in Italy and in Germany remind us too much of the words of the Roman Historian, " *Si* CAPTIVOS

I range in Fancy's consecrated round,
And meet the poet on a poet's ground,
Nor seek historic truth of time and place,
But truth of manners, character and grace.

The Bards who once the wreaths of glory wore,
Cloth'd in translucent veil their wondrous lore:
The tales they sung a willing age believ'd,
Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd.
Where'er they rov'd, young Fancy and the Muse
Wav'd high their mirror of a thousand hues;
They gaz'd; and as in varying guise pourtray'd
Aëreal phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,
Gave to each fleeting form, that shot along,
Existence everlasting as their song;
And as by nature's strength the tablet grew,
Rapture the pencil guided as they drew.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, now you soar indeed; another flight,
And the wing'd courser bears you from my sight:
You're strangely mov'd.

---

*aspiceres*, Molossi, Thessali, Macedones Bruttius, Apulius; *si* POMPAS, aurum, purpuræ, signa, tabulæ, Tarentinæque deliciæ." Flor. Lib. 1. C. 18. (1797.)

AUTHOR.

The matter is my own;
I never shar'd the profits of the gown,
Nor yet, with Horace and myself at war,
For rhyme and *victuals* [h] left the starving Bar;
I never lov'd *Dean* Dewlap's vacant looks,
Or purchas'd empty praise from empty books;
I leave at sales the undisputed reign
To *milk-white* [i] Gosset, and Lord [k] Spencer's train.

---

h This was lately done by William Boscawen, Esquire, an Etonian, first a Barrister at Law, now a Commissioner of the *Victualling* Office, and (by an easy transition) Translator of Horace. *Negatas artifex sequi voces.* (Pers. Prol.) In this *revision* of my work, I have no more space to allot to Mr. Boscawen or his rhymes. It is the fate of some men to describe the history of an art, without making any *progress* in it themselves, to write verses without inspiration, and satirical poems without satire. But what said Boileau?

" Attaquer *Chapelain?* ah! c'est un si bon homme:
" Il est vrai, s'il m'eut crû, qu'il n'eut point fait des vers.
" *Il se tue á rimer.* Que n'écrit il en prose?
" * Voilà ce que l'on dit. *Et que dis je autre chose?*

i Not a bookseller of reputation in London, Payne, Edwards, White, Robson, Egerton, Faulder, &c. &c. is unacquainted with Dr. Gosset's " *milk-white* vellum books," when he wishes to make an exchange. The Reverend little Bibliopolish Dr. Gosset is President at all Book-sales in the metropolis, and he certainly is a good scholar. I believe the auctioneer

* Boileau Sat. 9.

No German nonsense sways my English heart,
Unus'd at ghosts and rattling bones to start:
I never chose, in various nature strong,
Logic for verse, or history for song;
But at the magic of Torquato's strain,
Disarm'd and captive in Armida's chain,

---

always waits for his entrance, as the *Speaker* of the H. of C. waits for Mr. Pitt, before public business begins. He is Inquisitor General of all editions, from the Editio Princeps of the Florence Homer, down to the last edition of *Ignoramus*. Doctor Gosset's priced catalogues in his own hand are said to be in an uninterrupted series, except one. They are also said to be equal in use and value to " The curious collection, in regular " and undoubted succession of *all the Tickets of the Islington Turnpike* " from its first institution to the 20th of May inclusive," recorded among the presents made to the Antiquarian Society, when Sir Matthew Mite was admitted Fellow. (Foote's Nabob, Act 2.) I believe (but see the Society's Archælogia for the record) that it took place before the Rever end Mr. Brand was the reading Secretary, or the Earl of Leicester the eloquent PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES. N. B. No person is now obliged to make an inauguration speech, when he is admitted Fellow of the Antiquarian Society. The noble *President* observed in *one of his speeches*, that the custom ceased and determined at Sir Matthew Mite's election, as *appeared by the record*, copied by Mr. Foote and inserted in his Nabob.— Ego si RISI, lividus et mordax videar? The little Doctor, I think will be the first to smile himself. He should know the value of time, and is an ingenious, learned, sensible, and cheerful man.

k The Right Honourable Earl Spencer, the munificent, and I may add, the learned, sensible, and very intelligent collector of every valuable work in literature. I record with pleasure his " *Palatine Apollo*," that *munus Apolline dignum!*

To Godfrey's pomp Rinaldo still prefer,
Nor care if ranting Wakefield [kk] thinks I err.
To Hurd, not [l] Parr, my Muse submits her lays,
Pleas'd with advice, without a lust for praise,
Fond to correct, but never to defend,
And him who marks her errors, deems her friend;
With patriot aim and no irreverent rage,
Without one stain of party on the page,
From Grecian springs her strength, her arts she draws,
Firm in her trust, ennobled in her cause;
Her moral none, the verse some few disdain,
Yet not a note she sounds shall sound in vain,
While Bryant [m] in applause with Baker [n] joins,
Gifford [o] approves, and Storer [p] loves the lines:

---

kk Gilbert Wakefield.—We give up (but with great reluctance) Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius to his torturing hours, but we will not give up the Constitution of England, sacred or civil. "CRITICUS adsuetus "urere, secare, inclementer omnis generis libros tractare, apices, syllabas, "voces, dictiones confodere, et stylo exigere, non continebit iste ab "integro (REPUBLICÆ NOSTRÆ) statu crudeles ungues?" &c. &c. Orat, Petri Burmanni Lugd. Bat. (1720.)

l See my account of Dr. Parr's style and writings. P. of L. Dialogue III. &c. with the notes. When the reader has considered the whole, perhaps he may be inclined to say with the comic poet of Athens,

Πτιλον το μεγα ΚΟΜΠΟΛΑΚΥΘΟΥ πεσειν!

Aristoph. Acharn. Sub fin.

Though still, a stranger in the sacred clime,
Some say, I love not poetry, but rhyme.
Offspring of other times, ye visions old!
Legends, no more by gentle hands unroll'd,
Magnanimous deceits! where favour'd youth
Finds short repose from formidable truth!
Oh witness if, e'er silent in your praise,
I've pass'd in vice or sloth inglorious days,
But rais'd for you my firm unalter'd voice,
Fancy my guide, and solitude my choice.
Though now no Syren voice be heard, no strain
Ascend from Pindus, [q] or Arcadia's plain;

---

m Jacob Bryant, Esq. Author of the Analysis of Ancient Mythology, &c. &c. &c. See his character in the Second Dialogue of the P. of L. to which I refer.

n Sir George Baker, Bart. Physician to the King, a Gentleman of deep and extensive classical knowledge. His compositions are written in the purest Latinity, *worthy of an Etonian*. His situation in life sufficiently declares his professional talents.

o William Gifford, Esq. Author of the Baviad and the Mæviad.

p Anthony Storer, Esq. a Gentleman of fortune and fashion, talents and accomplishments. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. His attainments in literature are various and considerable; and few men have a nicer skill in the principles of just and legitimate composition than Mr. Storer. *He has read* QUINTILIAN *with effect*, (Mr. Storer will understand me perfectly) and he has drawn his knowledge and judgment from the best writers, and critics of antiquity and of modern times.

No Graces round th' Olympian throne of Jove
Bid the nine virgins raise the chaunt of love.
The harp of Taliessin [r] lies unstrung,
Close by the loom, where Death's dread sisters sung;
Unfelt each charm of Odin's magic tree,
With many an uncouth Runic [s] phantasy,
The symbol deep, and consecrated rhyme,
Trac'd with due reverence in the northern clime.
Though now no temper'd lance, no magic brand,
No Durindana [t] waves o'er fabled land;
No nightly-rounding Ariel floats unseen,
Or *flames amazement* o'er the desert green;

---

q I mean by these and several following lines to observe, that the *Pagan Fable* is now exhausted, and the specious miracles of *Gothic Romance* have never of late years produced a poet. Perhaps the latter were more adapted to true poetry than the pagan inventions. Witness the sublimer productions of modern Italy.

r A year or two ago proposals were offered by Mr. Owen to publish the works of the Bard *Taliessin*, but no encouragement could be obtained. Such is the time.

s Mr. Mathias, (the Author of the Essay on the Evidence, &c. on the long-disputed subject of the poems ascribed to Rowley in the 15th century, and which I mentioned in a note to the First Dialogue of the P. of L.) several years ago attempted to excite the curiosity of the public to the remains of northern antiquity, by a lyrical imitation of some Runic fragments. I wish the example had been followed.

t The sword of Orlando.

No wizards hold, some blasted pine beneath,
Their horrid sabbath on the darken'd heath;
Say, are the days of blest delusion fled?
Must fiction rear no more her languid head?
No more the Muse her long-lost transports know,
Nor trace the fount whence living waters flow?
Awake, ye slumb'ring Rulers of the song!
Each in your solemn orders pass along;
In sacred radiance o'er your mountain old
Yet once again your dignities unfold,
And fill the space; your scepter'd glories claim,
And vindicate the great Pierian name.

OCTAVIUS.

Are these a poet's only themes? I fear,
No verse like this will find a patient ear.

AUTHOR.

Hear yet awhile:—the dread resistless pow'r,
That works deep-felt at inspiration's hour,
He claims alone—

OCTAVIUS.

Who claims?

AUTHOR.

The favour'd BARD, [u]
Who nobly conscious of his just reward,

---

u I mean here to give a character of the Poet, *as such*, and of the sources whence the art itself is drawn. I would wish to express *generally*, what Proclus (in one of his dissertations on the Πολιτεια of Plato Ed. fol. Basil. 1534, p. 430,) would call with a sublime dignity, the "Πασαν "Ποιητικης ἑξιν διαλαμπουσαν," when the poet exerts his highest faculties, or (in the language of Proclus in the same place) "Οταν ενθουσιαζων, και "ταις Μουσαις κατοχος ων, κατα ΤΗΝ ΠΡΩΤΗΝ ενεργει ΚΑΙ ΕΝΘΕΟΝ "ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΝ.---A selection of various chapters from this work of Proclus on the Πολιτεια of Plato, which relate to poetry, might be made, and published by some ingenious scholar. They would be perfectly new and original to most persons. I know not (better Greek scholars than I may know) whether at present there is any edition at all, but that printed at Basil, in Greek, without any Latin translation. They exhibit what this philosopher of genius terms, the "Την των Ποιητων μανιαν κινηθεντες "και κινησαν, και πληρωθεν ανωθεν, και εις αλλα διαπορθμευσαν την εκειθεν "ελλαμψιν." (page 401 in the chapter on the Τρεις ιδεαι της Ποιητικης.) Philosophers like these, Apollo and all his choir were once supposed to address in strains, which few scholars will hear without delight. They are to be found in the life of Plotinus, the Platonic, which was written with some eloquence (at least Politian thought so) by his disciple Porphyrius:*

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* Plotini Vita. In limine edit. Oper. Plotin. Ficini Basileæ MDXXC.

With loftier soul, and undecaying might,
Paints what he feels in characters of light.

---

Κληϊζω Μωσας ξυνην οπα γηρυσασθαι,
Παμφωνοις ιαχαισι παναρμονιαισι τ' ερωαις,
Οιον επ' Αιακιδη στησαι χορον εκλητξαν
Αθανατων μανιαισιν, ομηρειαισι τ' αοιδαις.
Αλλα γε Μωσαων ιερος χορος απυσωμεν,
Εις εν επιπνειοντες αοιδης τερματα πασης,
Υμμι και εν μεσσαισιν Εγω Φοιβος παθυχαιτης!

I would also present the *following* passage, from a great Roman Master, to every rising youth of genius in this kingdom. If I could perceive his countenance brightening as he reads, and the powers of his soul kindling into fancied or anticipated emulation, I should say to him, as Herodotus once said to the Father of Thucydides, when he perceived the tear of enthusiasm falling from the boy at his recital of "the *Expedition* "*of Xerxes against the general Liberty of Greece.*" The scene was the Olympic games, Herodotus before his country, and Thucydides his auditor. Can I rouse the attention yet more? at such a moment he pronounced these words: Οργᾶ ἡ Φυσις τε ὑιε σε προς μαθηματα."† Let some future Poet, who now perceives in himself, what Statius calls the "*cruda* Exordia magnæ Indolis," hear and perpend.

"Legere si desideras,
Vaces oportet, Eutyche, a negotiis,
*Ut liber animus sentiat vim carminis.*
Ego, quem Pierio mater enixa est jugo:
In quo tonanti sancta Mnemosyne Jovi,
Fœcunda novies, artium peperit chorum;
*Quamvis in ipsâ pene natus sim schola,*
*Curamque habendi penitus corde eraserim,*
*Et laude invitâ in hanc vitam incubuerim,*
Fastidiosè tamen in cœtum recipior.
Rem me professum dicet aliquis gravem:

---

† Marcellini Vit. Thucyd. p. 8. Thucyd. Edit. Huds. Oxon.

He turns: and instantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices sound,
Portentous forms in heav'n's aërial hall
Appear, as at some great supernal call.
Thence oft in thought his steps ideal [x] haste
To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste;

---

Sed literatæ cum sim propior Græciæ,
Cur somno inerti deseram Patriæ decus?"

I never read this transcendent strain of genius, without feeling even my own mind filled for a space, with all the fulness of the Poet;

Neque enim Aonium nemus Advena lustro,
Nec mea nunc primis albescunt tempora vittis.*

x I speak of the effect of local situation on the mind of the poet. But if any man of genius, fancy, and learning, in the vigour and noon-day of his life and faculties should, from some circumstances forever to be regretted, be unfortunately deprived of the power of visiting these great and awful scenes of nature, and the monuments of ancient art; an imagination bold and fervid may, *in some degree*, supply that want by recourse to the most finished representations of them by the more sublime painters and artists. Stuart, Wood, and Piranesi may raise ideas worthy of the Poet, and pour upon his fancy all the ancient dignity of Athens, of Palmyra, and of Rome. Alas! these scenes are closed forever. Non Ego sum vates, sed prisci conscius ævi!—I cannot but present my reader with the form of an Oath on such a subject, from *the last classical Poet* under the expiring monarchy of France, the Famous Delisle. I am as ready on this subject, as himself to swear at *the high alter of the Muses:*

Helas! *je n'ai point vû* ce séjour enchanté;
Ces beaux lieux ou Virgile a tant de fois chanté,

---

* Stat. Achill. L. 1. v. 10.

To plains, where Tadmor's [y] regal ruins lie
In Desolation's sullen majesty;
Or where Carthusian [z] towr's the pilgrim draw,
And bow the soul with unresisted awe,
Whence Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd,
Prostrate great Nature's present God ador'd
And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
Religion hallow the severe sojourn.

To HIM the Painter gives his pencil's might;
No gloom too dreadful and no blaze too bright,
What time to mortal ken he dares unveil
THE inexpressive FORM[a] in semblance frail,

---

Mais j'en JURE et Virgile et ses accords sublimes,
*J'irai:* de l'Apennin je franchirai les cimes,
J'irai, plein de son nom, plein de ces vers sacrés,
Les lire aux mêmes lieux qui les ont inspirés.

Les Jardins L. 1.

y "He built *Tadmor* in the Wilderness." Chron. B. 2. ch. 8. v. 4. It is remarkable that Mr. Wood observes, that the natives, at this day, call *Palmyra* by the original appellation of *Tadmor*.

z The famous monastery, called "The Grande Chartreuse." The retirement of Saint Bruno.

a The pictures of the Supreme Being by Raphael and Michael Angelo. There is one picture of THE SUPREME BEING seperating the

To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrors, and eternal doom.

To HIM the Pow'rs of harmony [b] resort,
And as the Bard, with high commanding port,
Scans all th' ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound;
Strains, from that full-strung chord at distance swell,
Notes, breathing soft from music's inmost cell,
While to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep.

Thence musing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all its sad realities;
Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear,
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that rise, and flutter through the gloom,
'Till Death unbar the cold sepulchral room.

Such is the Poet: bold, without confine,
Imagination's "*charter'd libertine!*" [c]

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light from the darkness, in the Vault of the Capella Sestina in Rome, by Michael Angelo which, I believe, has never been engraved. *Mr. Fuceli, I think, said so when I inquired about it.* I allude also to the picture of the Last Judgment, by the same Master.

b The powers of Music on the mind of the Poet.

c "The air, *a chartered libertine*, is still." Shakspeare, H. V.

He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream
On listless Satisfaction's torpid stream,
But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide;
While tho'ts encount'ring tho'ts in conflict fierce
Tumultuous rush, and labour into verse,
Then, as the swelling numbers round him roll,
Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of the soul.

OCTAVIUS.

Nay, if you feed on this cœlestial strain,
You may with gods hold converse, not with men:
Sooner the people's right shall Horsley [d] teach,
In judgment delicate, with prudence preach,
And o'er his bosom broad forget to spread
Bath's dangling pride, and ribband rosy-red; [e]

d I allude to Bishop Horsley's intemperate and unadvised speeches in Parliament. An injudicious friend is worse than an enemy. I believe Mr. Pitt thinks so.—Inconsiderate sentences uttered publicly by members of either House are very dangerous, and do much harm. The dogma is remembered, and the comment is forgotten. Bishop Horsley and Mr. Wyndham (both men of great natural and acquired ability) should be more attentive in this particular.

e Bishop Horsley is Dean of the Order of the Bath, and is a bold rival to the late learned knight, Sir William Draper, in making "*that*

Friend of the Church the *pious* Grafton [f] prove;
Or Sutton [g] cease to claim the public love,
And e'er forego, from dignity of place,
His polish'd mind and reconciling grace;
Or Yorke, [h] regardless of his sacred trust,
To unobtrusive merit be unjust;
Porteous, the *royal* [i] prelate, firm to truth,
Forget the primal patron of his youth;

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" *blushing ribband the perpetual ornament of his person.*" See Junius, in his third Letter, and Bishop Horsley *every where.*

f See the Duke's *Hints*.---Rather broad.

g The Right Reverend Charles Manners Sutton, Bishop of Norwich. A Prelate whose amiable demeanour, useful learning, and conciliating habits of life, particularly recommend his episcopal character. No man appears to me so peculiarly marked out for THE HIGHEST DIGNITY of the church, *sede vacante*, *as Dr. Sutton.* July 1797.

h The Right Reverend James Yorke, D.D. Bishop of Ely. The *voluntary unsolicited* offer of the Mastership of Jesus College in Cambridge, to the Reverend Dr. Paley, so well known in the literary and ecclesiastical world, deserves to be publicly mentioned as an instance, almost solitary, of generous liberal discernment in the important collation of academical dignity. The University regrets the absence of Dr. Paley, one of the ablest instructors she ever could boast; and Bishop Yorke must be recorded as one of " the friends of learning." It is no mean honour to associate the name of Paley with that of Yorke. " *Et meæ*, si quid loquar audien-" dum, *vocis accedet bona pars.*" Nov. 1797.

i The Right Reverend Beilby Porteous, Bishop of London. See the Dedication of his Sermons. I think him right in recording his elevation as the immediate voluntary gift of ROYAL, and not of ministerial, favour.

Moore to his synod call of *unction* full;
Or Barrington be meek; or Watson dull.
Sooner Stentorian [k] Davies *cease* to talk,
And for *his* Eton quit his Bond-street walk; 200

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Sic gemmas *vaginæ in fronte* solebat
Ponere zelotypo JUVENIS PRÆLATUS Hiarbæ!

The choice was approved unanimously by the country, and justified by his own merits and conduct. But I admire still more Dr. Porteous's affectionate, grateful, and elegant tribute to the memory of his venerable patron, ARCHBISHOP SECKER,* a name never to be uttered but with reverence, as the great exemplar of metropolitan strictness, erudition, and dignity.---The union of SUCH patrons must forever mark the character of Bishop Porteous. (1798.)

k The Rev. Jonathan Davies, D. D. Provost of Eton College; a learned pleasant, generous, open-hearted, good tempered man, but in conversation rather too much of a Stentor, who is declared by Homer to have had *a voice equal to fifty other men.* The Epithets of Homer are all significant, and I therefore give the lines.

Στεντορι εισαμενος μεγαλητορι χαλκεοφωνω
Ος τοσον αυδησασκ' ΟΣΟΝΑΛΑΟΙ ΠΕΝΤΗΚΟΝΤΑ.

Mr. PROVOST has an invincible *partiality* for *the charms* of London, whenever his duty does not oblige him to be at his Lodge. The reason is simple. The air at Eton now and then bites shrewdly, &c. &c. &c.

Extract from a MS. found in *Long Chamber* at Eton; the hand writing conjectured to be by Dr. HEATH the Head Master, and one of the Assistants. It was found on one of Mrs. HEATH'S *Ball nights during Lent*, given to the *Lautirum Puerio* for the advantage and credit of the School. (Nov. 1797.)

*Vicinas* alii Veneres, Charitumque *choreas*
Carmine concelebrent *nos Veri dogma severum*,
*Triste sonant pulsæ nostrâ testudine chordæ.*

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* See his Life, just *re*-published, with a proper attention to the time.

Sumner[1] drink deep of the Castalian spring;

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Eton School, like many great and other useful public Shools, stands in need of many new and strong regulations, which the interests of this kingdom, in common with the demands of the time, call for with a voice not to be disregarded by the masters and governors. Perhaps the very existence of the kingdom, in its present constitution, depends upon the undeviating compliance with the present form and mode of classical (and I hope of religious) instruction, so long and so wisely established in our public schools. If we desert and abandon it, the principles and strength of THE ENGLISH CHARACTER for sense, discretion, solid learning, and sound understanding will fall, to rise no more. We shall be destroyed, over-run, or disgraced with National Institutes, French morality, French learning, and French jargon, political and metaphysical. No illustration can purify us any more.

" Οιον ὁ τω 'πολλωνος εσεισατο Δαφνιδος ὁρπηξ!
" ΟΙΑ Δ'ΟΛΟΝ ΤΟ ΜΕΛΑΘΡΟΝ ! ἑκας, ὁστις αλιτρος·
Και δη πυ τα ὑρετρα καλω ποδι ΦΟΙΒΟΣ αραοσει.*

This is a subject which should be considered by every Father and Guardian of young Persons in this country, with the most impressive seriousness. Undoubtedly the expense attending an education at any great public school, (I speak not only of Eton) is now felt in such a manner, as I fear it will be difficult for Parents long to supply, or to continue. Whence does it arise? Is there a remedy, *in part?* I think there is. To my certain knowledge, the expenses of any public school, as such are increased but in a small and in a very reasonable proportion to the exigencies of the times. Mode, fashion, custom, vanity, and inconsiderateness occasion the chief causes of complaint. Fashionable private tuition is indeed now as expensive or rather more so in some cases. I would first propose, that no master or instructor in any of our public schools, should be suffered to keep a Boarding House, or have boys to board with him. The character of the " *De lodice parandâ attonitus* " *Doctor*," should be done away, and the custom wholly abolished. All

* Callim. Hymn. ad Apoll.

Or Longford leave off preaching to the King; [m]

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Boys, of every description and rank, should board at the general Boarding Houses as established, the expenses of which are liberal, unvarying and regulated. From such an equality of education nothing is to be apprehended. The next question may be this; Is there a necessity for a Boy to have a Tutor in any public school? Why must he have one? It is perhaps a source of unnecessary expense (and sometimes of traffic) and which is still worse, it promotes negligence and idleness in boys, and prevents their reliance on their own faculties and indispensable application. Thirdly, I am confident that by attention and superintendance on the part of the parents or guardians, the expense of bills might be considerably lessened. In regard to books in particular. For want of precaution, there is often no limit in the elegance of the editions or of the binding. School-books are never costly. This is a single instance; but on such and similar instances I cannot condescend to expatiate. I would be useful; and therefore not tedious.

The greatest, most serious, and most alarming cause is behind, over which the masters can have no control. It is this. Private or pocket money given with a heedless, wanton, and inconsiderate profusion unknown in former times. We are told in the *liberal* spirit of the day, that all boys must be gentlemen; that they must act as other boys, and *have no temptation to be mean.* Suppose this granted. How is this enormous expense to be supplied? By the argument, it is no part of the *unavoidable* expense of education. But a boy's purse, it seems, should be always full; that---That what? *that he may be under no temptation to be mean.* Can we be now ignorant what is the sense affixed to *meanness* by a modern pampered boy? Well then: he has no temptation to be mean. But, from a full purse, has he no temptation to be wicked? no temptation to be idle and negligent? A horse, perhaps I may be told, is sometimes allowable. Why? that he may attend races, I suppose, or be in town, now and then, perhaps for a whole night. His purse must be full. Why? that he may go to the tavern, drink his bottle like a gentleman, and now and then slink to the gaming table, and become a man of honour in *good* time. Liquors are rebellious in the blood, and then, as the purse is full,

Or good *Palæmon*, [mm] worn with classic toil,

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the forehead will not be long bashful. The means of weakness and debility need not be *wooed;* they are every where obvious and obtrusive. Such is the education of Boys with a full purse. A poet once spoke of moderation, and *government in expense*, in other terms.

O nondum cognita Divûm
Munera! *virtutis custos et amica pudori*,
*Luxuriæ frænum, vitæ tutela!*

But such expenses, it may be said, are for patrician boys. Are they then separated from the rest? Is there no contagion of example? What are our public streets by day, or our theatres by night? The eye may see, but the ear might distrust the report. But a full purse, it seems, is very necessary for a boy, *that he may not be mean.* Surely this is contemptible sophistry.

In education, and in the government of a state, every obstacle should be opposed to wickedness, and to the means of wickedness. There should be a double restraint. All passions submit ultimately (with the great majority of mankind) to the inability of gratifying them, and the disposition is best prepared by the discipline of necessity. In boys and youths of ingenuous tempers, sometimes filial piety, a regard for their nearest relatives, the advantage of a good character, and the pleasure of a good conscience, operate with the better and more honourable part. But human infirmity is not to be trusted: it never yet was trusted with security. Laws, regulations, and strong institutions have the greatest power to enforce good manners, when the Parents, Guardians, Instructors and Masters co-operate fully in their several functions. It must be remembered, I am speaking of the education of boys, and not of confirmed habits of expense, of wickedness, or of depravity in men. The wisdom and experience of those to whom I am addressing myself, in public schools, will easily supply what I have omitted; for I have omitted much. Every gentleman in the country may co-operate in this important and patriotic attention, at such a period as the present.

It is also not to be dissembled, (it is MY office to speak openly and boldly) that *Boys* now actually divide themselves *into political parties.* There is

Complain of plants ungrateful to the soil;

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indeed a general licentiousness of spirit among modern boys, which the public good requires to be *effectually and powerfully* repressed. It is not by false and specious *liberality* that this evil is to be subdued. If masters and governors are firm and inflexible in their regulations, what can *the children* do? I laugh at the idle apprehension of rebellion in a School. If I were the Head-master of Eton, I would begin by THE ABOLITION OF THE MONTEM *immediately*. It is very improper, and very foolish. There is *a meanness*, and sometimes *an audacity*, *in this authorised mode of collecting money on the highway*, which I wonder *young Gentlemen* of birth and family are not *ashamed of*, and can *even wish* to continue. IT IS SOMETHING BETWEEN ALMS AND PLUNDER. Harrow school has no longer its ancient and dangerous custom of "shooting for the silver arrow." I mention *the aboliton of* THE MONTEM (though it *now* occurs but once in three years,) only as an introduction to *many other* salutary and necessary restrictions in ALL public schools. I have seen the nature of a rebellion (as it is called) in a college and a school, and nothing can be more foolish and impotent. If the Parents, Friends, and Guardians co-operate with Masters of Schools and Colleges, what can *children* and young men *ultimately effect*, when it is considered, by what laws and hopes their future interest and advancement in life are bound-in, cabined, and confined? The majority of such petty Revolutionists and embryo Democrats are always restrained *in a short time*, and their successors never feel the absence of what they never expected. Let every Master of a College and a public School boldly, and vigorously, and instantly adopt the words and spirit of Cicero to his friend Atticus. "*In qua* Ego *nactus*, "ut mihi videbar, LOCUM RESECANDÆ LIBIDINIS ET COERCENDÆ "JUVENTUTIS, vehemens fui, et omnes profudi vires animi atque ingenii "mei, non odio adductus alicujus *sed spe reipublicæ corrigendæ et sanandæ* "*civitatis*. AFFLICTA EST RESPUBLICA!"---Cic. Ep. ad Attic. L. 1. E. 18. I hope this note will be regarded *with the attention it calls for from the public*.---At all events, now and ever; "*Salve*, *magna Parens* "*doctrinæ*, *ETONIA TELLUS*, *Magna Virûm!*" (Nov. 1797.)

Or Warren [o] in his well-curv'd palm confound

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1 The Reverend Humphry Sumner, D. D. lately elected (November 1797) Provost of King's College in the University of Cambridge. So it is: *Mussat tacito Doctrina timore.* I can have no personal objection to a very worthy and a very good-natured man, but public considerations make me reflect deeply on such a subject. *We* lament the loss of a Provost venerable in advanced age, dignified in his deportment, and of classical erudition, deep, useful, and extensive. In the extremest boundary of human life, without the throbs of agony, or the cold gradations of dissolution and decay, and supported and sustained by *female* filial piety, (that blessed *bounden* duty!) he came as a shock of corn to the ground in his season. Such was William Cooke, D. D. Provost of King's College.

But when I think on all the *eligible* doctors and learned men, worthy of succeeding to the office, who belong to *our* paramount and royal College, I must own *the choice surprises me* at such a time as this. I comfort myself that I have no vote. At the very moment when defence is more than ever called for, it seems as if we had recourse to the system of *inefficiency* for public support. I know not into what form our University may at last be changed. It may be turned, for aught I can tell, into an Academia degli Arcadi e degli Buffi caricati. It may be *supported* by the violation of every principle of Academic dignity, and by an unworthy familiarity of learned gowns-men with mechanics and shop-folks. It may become an appendage to the Corporation of the Town of Cambridge. Are *we* not elbowed on the floor of our own Senate House by an impudent, unqualified intrusion of Borough mongering Mercers and rustling Men-milliners? Oxford might teach us better lessons. She knows her dignity, and preserves it. I have nothing left but to deplore the change among ourselves. Would to heaven, I could avert it. "Uni "quippe vacat, studiisque odiisque carenti, Newtoni lugere genus!" Let the University of Cambridge however be converted into any thing, but a seminary for *French* principles and *tutorial* democracy. Let us consider a little to whom we give our confidence. Should the revenues of any College be entrusted to the administration of the partisans of democracy?

An ancient guinea with a modern P pound; 200

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Should the insigne of a Chancellor's authority be borne by a satellite of a French Directory? I think not. The robe of Cæsar was folded gracefully, when he fell in the Senate. Let us at least remember that. I confess it boldly; my principles are strong unto salvation: and if I had authority, I would thoroughly purge the floor. It may be done *now;* but how long the power may be continued to us, I fear to conjecture. The Monasteries were dissolved, when they became useless. His Grace of Grafton, our Chancellor, has indeed given *Hints;* but they are for Dissenters and Socinians; the orthodoxy of the High Steward, Mr. Pitt, might yet support the establishment. Some Colleges have watched over the principles of the men proposed for the tutors; but all have not so watched. Must I say, as the Poet did of Achilles?

Stupet Aëre primo:
Quæ loca? qui fluctus? ubi Pelion? *omnia versa,*
*Aut ignota videt; DUBITATQUE AGNOSCERE MATREM!**

I would not suffer the Muse of Satire to descend among Schools and Colleges, but upon the most mature and the most weighty deliberation. Perhaps this is the last public remonstrance which will ever be made. I would not scatter my words lightly in every ear, but I would graft them where they might grow and bear. At this hour the State is shaking through *all* her departments. Nothing is indifferent, which can supply aliment for health, or remedies for a mortal distemperature. The grand and chief supporters of our Country in the Parliament, the Law, and the Church *must proceed* from the Universities. Upon them, primarily and ultimately, as to our governors and legislators, Domus inclinata recumbit. Nothing should be suffered to diminish or to sully the character of *our* Athens, and pollute *the fountains* of Ilyssus. In these retirements, every science, and every art, and every accomplishment which is good and essential to man in civilized society, may be pursued with effect; and a solemn account rendered to the kingdom. In them, the Youth of this Kingdom may best learn the foundation of all knowledge; the principles of

* Stat. Achill. Lib. 1.

Sooner *one* Prelate hate th' unequal glass,

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evidence in sacred and human affairs; the nature of legitimate argument; the eternal power of truth opposed to the subtleties of sophistry; the proofs of revelation, and the best introduction to it, the higher philosophy of Greece and Rome; the sources of history; the finished models of classical literature, and those alone; the principles and laws of ancient composition; the abhorrence of conceit and forced thought; and the life-springs of taste and of good conduct. Whatever can bring forth, strengthen, amplify, cultivate, enlighten, purify, and direct the powers of the human mind, within those limits which are prescribed by its great Creator, and not beyond them; all these, and if there be any other praise, or any other virtue, which preserves and continues to man the blessings of lawful government, and of subjection to GOD, the Author of all Order, it should be there prosecuted, recommended, taught, and enforced.

I call upon the servants of the crown, upon the solemn Council of the Nation, upon every one who bears legal rule and legislative authority in the kingdom, to hear me, and to answer me. Has the state nothing to do with the Governors and Tutors of such hallowed and important retreats of arts, and eloquence, and wisdom, and religion? By their very nature they are consecrated to a high and holy ministry, to a strict fealty, and bounden service to their country. *Their dignity and necessity can be laid prostrate by themselves alone.* If they are true to their own cause, if they will rouse themselves into a vindication of the great, original, master principles on which they were founded, they may continue to be the lights of the kingdom. They will again be, what they always should be, a Γενος εκλεκτον, a Λαος εις περιποιησιν, a Βασιλειον Ιεραττευμα. The best and the strongest literary bulwark and fortress against deception, error, sophistry, anarchy, and the wildness of political and religious confusion. I am not speaking out of season, or without necessity; I am speaking in soberness and in truth. While the words are passing from me, JAM THEBÆ JUXTA ET TENEBROSA VORAGO.*

I will extend an observation or two, on the method of Academical study. I own, I never had a very great fear or apprehension, that the

* Stat. Theb. L. 6.

And *round* ¶ his table let the Claret pass;

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severe and most indispensable studies of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy should be generally carried too far. Into the inmost recesses of any study few are permitted to enter. In Academical educations, the great aim and end should be, to recommend the study of original works principally, I think almost exclusively. If these are not attended to at the University, they are seldom, if ever read, (I am sure with little effect) at any other period of life. I am rigid in this opinion. I have seen its good effects in men of eminence who adhered to it. "*Say, wouldst "thou hear it from our mouths, or from our Masters?*" were the words of the weird Sisters; "*Call them, let me see them;*" was the reply of Macbeth. In this spirit would I consider the books proposed for the subjects of public lectures. By way of instance, Locke, Grotius, Puffendorf, Cumberland, and Woollaston, should be preferred to the writers who have arisen since their day. I would object to Dr. Paley's moral and political Philosophy, *as a Lecture book*, solely upon this principle; for it is a book of great merit, and of general utility. New morality, new metaphysics, and new politics are introduced *unawares*, from the contagion of the time.

I would call the rising youth of this country, to the intense, and fervent, and unremitting study of the ancient classical writers, (whom I need not name) as their primary choice. I call upon them to have the courage to be ignorant of many subjects, and of many authors, at their inestimable age. I exhort them affectionately, as a matter of the most serious importance, never to pretend to study, in their first academical years, what they design as the ultimate end of their labours, I mean, their profession. Their whole business is to lay the foundation of knowledge original, sound, and strong. In particular, the study of the Law, *as such*, should never be entered upon, even in limine, before the first degree in arts is obtained. The first volume indeed of Blackstone's Commentaries may be read, in the same manner as Robertson's Introduction to his history of Charles the Fifth. They are both chef-d'œuvres in their kind, and form a part of general knowledge. The specific study of the Law in the University, at that early age, confines and cripples the facul-

O'er *his* true church the crafty St. Pol[r] sleep;

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ties. Such a Student may arrive at mere knowledge, as a special pleader, but he will never be illustrious, or ornamental to his profession. I wish to observe with particular emphasis, that, when a man has once entered upon any profession whatsoever, his education has in fact ceased. They who, by a patient continuance and undiverted attention to academical studies *alone*, have sought for the original materials of science and of solid fame, have seldom failed in their great pursuit.

I am zealous for the honour and the utility of BOTH OUR UNIVERSITIES. I am earnest in my words and thoughts. I see and hear them too frequently, and most unworthily, traduced in writing and in conversation. I see the institution ridiculed and sneered at by the thoughtless, by the ignorant, and by the designing. But it is a common cause. They should always be termed, in literary dignity and with a prophetic spirit, the "Æneadas magnos et nobile Pallantèum!" I am for no balance of merit between them. I wish to see no sparkles from their collision; but I would have them grow brighter and more illustrious from mutual reflection. But if they are doomed to fall, and the mortal hour of democracy, confusion, and tyranny is approaching, this book, till it is prohibited by a Directory, will shew that they had a friend, *bold enough to contend to the last* for their original and inherent dignity. A friend who believed, or rather who knew, them to be capable, in their high functions, to maintain and adorn the principles of happiness, and safety, and learning, and comfort, and hope, and good conscience; against foppery, and false science, and the degradation of the intellect, and frippery, and pompous nonsense, and the insolence of sciolists, and the neglect of good writing, and of good manners. A friend who, with no false enthusiasm, would secure the permanency of THESE ILLUSTRIOUS INSTITUTIONS, with every monument of ancient arts, and eloquence, and science, consecrated by the ministry of religion to the stability of the State. (November, 1797.)

m The Reverend W. Langford, D. D. Canon of Windsor, and *Lower Master of Eton School.* An instructor of much industry and abil-

Or bounds with Heretics John Milner's keep; 210

ity, and not without liveliness. It is particular, that his Majesty never leaves Windsor for Cheltenham, Weymouth, or any other place, but all the public papers instantly inform us of Dr. Langford's loyal attention. "The King arrived at Weymouth on such or such a day; the next "week Dr. Langford set off *from Eton*, and preached before his Majesty "the following Sunday." It is hardly fair to his reverend rural Brethren. His Majest should not be accustomed only to *one* kind of excellence. The Doctor, on these occasions, suddenly disappears, and like the River Alpheus, having glided softly under the Sicanian waves, (uncontaminated by the saltness of the ocean) rises again *sound and fresh* in the pulpit at Weymouth. This is very kind. The Doctor seems unwilling to trust the royal theology to the country curates even for a few weeks, during his Majesty's absence from the heavenly consistory at Windsor, *now his only Chaplains*, who, it is hoped, attend deeply to their theological studies. This is very considerate in Dr. Langford, and a high mark of his loyal attachment.

"Mon cher *Delpini*, sure you will agree,
"That for *(a Bishop)* none so fit as *He*,
"*Who gives the King such very good avis.*"

See the Probationary Odes, by Friar Lawrence and his (ci-devant) conventual brethren. (Nov. 1797.)

mm I allude to a learned, modest, ingenious, and laborious gentleman, who has educated many of the *first* sons of the first nobility and gentry of this country, *between* twenty and thirty years, with unremitting *personal* diligence and ability. He is but *just* promoted,* to the satisfaction of all who know him, and to the shame of those who have so long neglected him.

Quis gremio Enceladi doctique PALÆMONIS affert,
QUANTUM GRAMMATICUS MERUIT LABOR?

As my notes have attracted the attention of men of high rank and consequence, (and perhaps *have reached the ear of Kings,)* I cannot help

* February, 1798.

Or Wilberforce range lawless through the town;

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suggesting the impropriety and injustice of *delaying* the reward of those, who deserve so highly of their country, as the Masters of our great public schools, and of *some* private Instructors. There are many ecclesiastical preferments perfectly compatible with their important office, and which should be conferred, "before the spirit of distributing prebends "and bishopricks shall have departed from the Ministers" (of any time,) to use the phrase of Junius.---As I would console some of my learned friends whose preferment, though it tarry, will not be (as I hope) long *in abeyance*, I wish they would, in the mean time, contemplate the energy of the following classical sentence, preferable even to the Latinity of Tully himself;---"*Status* dicitur *a stando*, quia quando quis habet *unam* "*bonam Præbendam* tum dicimus, '*Is bene stat.*" Epist. *Obscurorum virorum.* Enquire at Westminster, Durham, Winchester, Worcester, and Windsor.

o Richard Warren, M. D. a learned and able Physician of the time. "*The well curved palm*" is the attitude of a modern physician, when he is about to leave his patient, and which he as naturally closes upon his fee, as a lobster does his claw. As I have a high respect for the Medical art, I will gratify Dr. Warren, and many other ingenious gentlemen of the profession, with an extract from one of the Elogia written by Sammarthanus; it relates to a physician whom he names *Marescottus.* "Recorderis Marescottum nostrum *tria* se sacræ arti nostræ (Medicæ "scilicet) debere professum, quibis caruisset, si *propositum a parentibus* "*sacerdotium* suscepisset; scilicet, sanitatem athleticam ætatis anno 82mo, "*centum aureorum millia*, atque intimam innumerorum illustrium amici-"tiam." Sammarth. Elog. p. 83 and 84. N. B. Though the Doctor rejected the *propositum sacerdotium* for himself, yet his Brother my Lord of Bangor was *made into a Bishop* by *fraternal* skill in the reign of Lord North.---Since this note was *first* printed, (July 1797,) the public have lamented the loss of this acute and very learned physician. *Dum loquimur*, &c. &c.

p This allusion was evidently made since the 26th of February 1797, soon after which the Bank issued the *One Pound* notes, to the great disquiet of *the faculty.*

Or Mingay be the glory of his gown;

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q " Siccat *inæquales* calices *Conviva Sacerdos.*" It is well known *by the Clergy* of a powerful northern diocese, that on public days when the *Claret or Burgundy* arrives at *a certain distance* from the top of the table, where *my Lord* is seated, the attracting power suddenly draws the bottles *across* the table. " Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat." This is *not* an anecdote *of other times.* It is true at this hour. (July, 1797.) When avarice, pride, and meanness act upon the mind at once, I leave it to the metaphysicans to determine the curve in which it moves.---I say no more.

r The Bishop of St. Pol de Leon, to whom the chief care of the public largess of this kingdom to the Freneh Emigrants *sacred and profane* is committed. See the portrait of his Catholic Lordship in the public print shops of London. It is impossible to doubt the apparènt propriety of the epithet I have given him, if we only glance on the portrait.---I refer the reader to *all* my notes on the Roman Catholic cause, in the Third Dialogue of the P. of L. It is indeed true, that THE POPEDOM IS NOW FALLEN; but *the spirit of it*, I still maintain, is neither extinct nor asleep. By way of *Contrast*, I cannot refrain from presenting to the reader the picture of Pope PAUL THE FOURTH, as drawn by the master hand of Paolo Sarpi. I will not injure the sublimity and force of the language by a translation. He well knew the court and the policy of Papal Rome, and they knew him. " E ben cosa certa, que PAOLO, " come quello che era d'animo grande e de' vasti pensieri, teneva per " sicuro di poter remediare a tutti i disordini *per la sola sua autorità pon-* " *tificale*, ne riputava di *aver bisogna* in ciò *di Principe alcuno;* solito di " non parlar mai con gli Ambasciadori, *se non intonandogli nelle orecchie* " *che* EGLI ERA SOPRA TUTTI GLI I'RINCIPI; che non voleva che " alcuno d'essi domesticasse seco, *che poteva mutar regni*, che era SUC- " CESSOR *di* CHI hà deposto Rè et Imperadori:" Ist. del Concil Trident. Lib. 5. This picture of a Pope, in the plenitude of pontific power, should be presented to all Christian countries, " *in perpetuam rei* " *memoriam*," that they may contemplate what this spiritual tyranny and usurpation once were, and what the principles of the Romish Church sacred and political (which *never change* in essence, substance, or spirit

Or Erskine cease from impotent grimace,

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under any calamity) will *at all times* naturally introduce, whenever they obtain their full operation. "*Ubi* PAPA, *ibi Roma!*" in sæcula sæculorum! Let *England* look to this. (1796.)

s To the revival of the Roman Catholic Cause in Great Britain, "*Pestis ero vivens.*" In our dread and natural horror of atheism and of anarchy, why are we to revive superstition and tyranny? I have nothing to do with the emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland, but to my apprehension it is a measure full of danger. It is at one stroke to alter the fundamental law and constitution of the country. I write in Great Britain, and direct my thoughts for this kingdom, wishing for *peace, tranquility, and union* between the two Islands.—I have given more time and study to *this Roman Catholic subject* than any man perhaps, at this time, will think it deserves. I have perused many a dull and uninteresting tract, even of their own squabbles among one another, much to the loss of my own quiet. In general I pass them over and consign them to their own dulness. But there is one pamphlet, not for any, even the least, excellence of the composition, but for the virulence of its spirit, which I call into public notice, if the public will or can feel upon the subject. It is entitled "A Reply to the Report published by the "Cisalpine Club on the authenticity of the Protestation at the British "Museum, &c. &c. by the Rev. John Milner," Printed for Coghlan, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, 1795. It is written, as the title page informs me, by one John Milner, a Provincial Priest resident as I am told at Winchester, not an emigrant, nor in the King's House (while the Priests lived there *en masse*,) but the priest of a private chapel in that city. He seems by his writings, (I know no more of him) to be of the most intolerant principles *and deliberate* in the application of them. He exhibits at once the extremes of fierceness and of impotence. But he represents the opinions of *a very large* portion of their body by whom he is *accredited.* He is very cautious in his pamphlet, as he thinks, but his caution speaks plainer language than the frankness of the most open delaration. "It is apprehended (he says) that the publication of the facts "in question *might prove detrimental to the Catholic Interest* (observe the

And his appeals to t GOD, his prime disgrace;

" words) *on any* FUTURE *application to the Legislature.*" p. 36. We see this *wary* priest has not thought proper to conceal that *they have* FURTHER *intentions.* He tries the ground before him, but his steps are uneasy. The indulgence, it seems, is not to *rest here.* The lenity of our government naturally leads to other *demands.* With this clue in my hand, I have little difficulty to pass through the intricacy of this Romish labyrinth. In another part of Mr. Milner's " REPLY," his indignation rises against some expressions in the declaration of the Catholics. We see the embers under which the fire is not yet extinguished. He is afraid, that *we Protestants* should think that the spirit of *his* church has suffered an abatement. " Thus to *MY judgment* (he cries out) am I and the whole " Catholic body, *without consenting to it,* pledged in the face of the " Legislature to *condemn* the wars of Charlemagne, *and* THE CRUSADE " *against* THE INFAMOUS ALBIGENSES." p. 28. I hope we are all children of mercy, trained and educated in the benevolence and charity which Christ has taught and enforced, and if we have read the history of that infernal and murderous persecution of the devoted Albigenses, (whose *chief* crime was their determined opposition and resistance to the papal tyranny*) what opinion or what comment shall we form on this merciless priest, who *after the lapse of centuries*, feels *the same* passions and

* The Albigenses were a sect of the Waldenses, who had their rise in the twelfth century. I know what *the malice* of their enemies has suggested against them. This is not a place to *discuss* history, but I refer the statesman to Thuanus L. 1. S. 16. vol. 1. p. 221. Ed. Buckley. N. B. For their confession of faith, which was presented to king Francis the First, by the wretched remnant of these Albigenses, I refer the theological and political reader to Sandius's Hist. Eccles. It is an honour to their religion. Sandius's words begin : " A. 1544. Merin- " doliani et Caprarienses, &c. existentesque *Reliquiæ Albigensium* sequen- " tem fidei suæ confessionem obtulerunt Francisco I. Regi Galliæ, quam " a majoribus quasi per manus acceperant, abhinc anno post Christi " Incarn: 1200," &c. Sand. Hist. E. p. 425.

Or Grafton's virtues, to their latest day,
Expire in Junius, and revive in Gray; [tt]
Sooner the black weird Brother of *the Heath* [x]
With spells [y] appall an *innocent* Macbeth;
Or, by the wayward justice of the land,
Great Mansfield fall by *an Attorney's* hand; [z]

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*the same* thirst of blood against these innocent victims of popish and arbitrary violence. *Crimine ab uno* DISCE OMNES! (1796.)

t Nothing can be more offensive, more injudicious, and in some instances more profane, than when *a Barrister appeals to God* for the truth of every assertion made in a court of law, and in many cases when the facts have been doubtful, and sometimes have been afterwards proved to be false. I call this *a prime disgrace;* and I hope no Barrister of ability will follow this flippant and rash habit of Mr. Erskine, in the Court of King's Bench, which *we* have all so repeatedly witnessed. Mr. Erskine's own better sense and serious thought (for I believe he has some serious thoughts) will restrain him in future. But public men must be told of their faults publicly.

tt The fate of the present Duke of Grafton is singular. He has been *celebrated* by the first prose writer and the first poet of the age. (1797.)

x Σφιγγος κελαινης γηρυν εκμιμεμενος. Lycophron. Cassand. v. 7. To a scholar I would speak as a scholar. No more. At some future day, he will find himself to be under a mistake, and may perhaps acknowledge it. The very ingenious author of the Bath Guide once made a similar mistake; and, as he is a man of virtue, as well as talents, genius, and learning, he repented of it. See, if it be extant, a Poem called, "*The Priest Dissected.*"

z See a long law-life in 4to. of the great Earl Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; by Mr. Holliday, in a very peculiar style indeed. For the greater part, it is a bundle of reports and law plead-

Or one mean cause the virtuous [a] Scott maintain,
Turn law to trade, or deem religion vain;
Or [b] Rose with coy submission, modest grace,
Rise to explain his sinecures and place;
Or the Bank bow to Pitt's imperial creed;
Or Dramatists to public trust succeed;
Sooner to France Thames roll his current strong,
Than men love verse, high fancy, or the song.

Taught by the muse, and by her wisdom wise,
Think not, a Poet's name I lightly prize:
But in the wane of Empires (mark the hour)
Vice and the Sword consolidate all pow'r;
Laws pass their [c] bounds; few statesmen stand erect;
All in their country's name, themselves protect;

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ings strung together. It is astonishing to me, that Conveyancers and Attorneys, who really appear not to know how to construct a single sentence, without provoking a smile at some error in grammar, language, or metaphor, will think themselves qualified to deliver down to posterity the lives of great men. Luckily, Mr. Holliday's zeal does not offend us in rhyme. The friendship and the verse of Pope, as well as the splendour of his own abilities, and the dignity of their high exertions, have secured an eternity of reputation to *Lord Chief Justice Mansfield*, which can never fall—even by Mr. Holliday's attempt. (November, 1797.)

a Sir John Scott, Attorney General.

b George Rose, Esq. Secretary to the Treasury, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

The public hopes with public credit sink—
At *such* an hour, when men to madness think,
What is a Poet, what is fiction's strain?
Junius [d] might probe a nation's wounds in vain.
As from a diamond globe, with rays condense,
'Tis Satire gives the strongest light to sense,
To thought compression, vigour to the soul,
To language bounds, to fancy due controul,
To truth the splendour of her awful face,
To learning dignity, to virtue grace,
To conscience stings beneath the cap or crown,
To vice that terror she will feel and own.

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c The violence, sedition, and daring wickedness of *times like these* produce the necessity of *extending* laws and regulations, and acts which are declared *temporary*, and called for by that necessity alone. When the danger is past, the Constitution is again left to protect itself by its ancient laws, if that danger can *now*, *or ever*, pass from us. This is what Octavius seems to mean, by "laws *passing* their bounds," &c. in this and the *following* lines; and in this sense I hope he will be understood.

d O magnâ sacer et superbus umbrâ! Stat. Sylv. L. 2. Carm. 7. Junius told the nation, that "a time might arrive, at which *every inferior* "*consideration must yield* TO THE SECURITY OF THE SOVEREIGN, AND TO "THE GENERAL SAFETY *of the* State." Introduct. to Lett. 35. This is not the doctrine of Horne Tooke and the desperate French factions and seditious societies now in England and Ireland. Junius had not *so learned* the Constitution of England; nor has the Author of the P. of L. so learned it.

But if in love with fiction still, at Court
Present in verse some new Finance Report,
How taxes, funds, and debts shall disappear,
Or in the fiftieth or five-hundredth year.
Or tread the maze of *picturesque* delight,
From Holwood paint with Pitt the prospect bright;
Without one "line of boundary" to speech,
The summit of *conceit* with Gilpin [e] reach.

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e. I am under the necessity of making a strong remonstrance against *the language* of MR. GILPIN'S writings on Landscape and the Picturesque. It is such a *sartago* or jargon of speech as is wholly unnecessary, though we are taught to believe them appropriate terms. They absolutely appear in troops. *Dips—Boles—Grand Masses—Belts—tremulous Shudders—Bursts—Plashy Inundations—Partitions of Desolation—Continents of Precipice*—and a hundred more, till the English language sets all English meaning at defiance. These terms are not the *parcé detorta* of Horace, but mere jargon and foolish affectation. Dilettanti and Connoisseurs almost blush to use them. A term or word may not be quite obvious or easy, yet it may not be affected. But the rage of *Concetto* admits no "line of boundary," as these gentlemen love to talk. To use the words of Shakspeare in one of *his own* plays, (as it *now* seems, for Dr. Farmer and George Steevens, Esq. take from him and give to him *just as they please.)* "They absolutely make a battery through our defence-"less parts." Pericles Prince of Tyre, Act 5, Sc. 1.—Simplicity in language is first to be sought. Strength and dignity will follow. Government, the arts, morality, and religion, are all concerned in its preservation. MR. GILPIN'S works on other subjects have and deserve high approbation. In all but the picturesque he seems as ready as any man to say, "*State super vias antiquas.*"

In Desolation's dread partitions felt,
With dip, and bole, grand masses, burst, and belt,
With shudders tremulous explore your way,
Through plashy inundations [f] led astray;
Till tir'd and jaded with the coxcomb strains,
Homeward you steal "thro' Surry's [g] quiet lanes,"
Renounce all Gilpin's jargon, said or sung,
And talk of Nature's works in Nature's tongue.
But still keep *Method.*

AUTHOR.

Method?

OCTAVIUS.

Yes: 'tis plain,
Connection, order, *method* you disdain:
Be regular: from A to B proceed;
I hate your zig-zag verse, and wanton heed.

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f *Anglicé*, "Fens."

g "Stealing through the quiet lanes of Surry," is an easy and happy expression *(cur non omnia?)* of Mr. Gilpin. See Observat. on the Lakes of Westmoreland, &c. vol. 2, p. 268.

AUTHOR.

Say then, a simple story shall I tell?
A MAN OF METHOD is the theme.

OCTAVIUS.

'Tis well.

AUTHOR.

There liv'd a Scholar [h] late, of London fame,
A Doctor, [i] and Morosophos [k] his name:
From all the pains of study freed long since,
Far from a Newton, and not quite a [l] Vince;

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h When I am very particular in the description of a character, I abstain from giving the least hint of a real name. "Quis rapiet ad se "quod erit commune omnium?" or in Le Sage's inimitable language, "*qui se fera connoitre mal à propos?*" I only give this as *A Character*, and say no more.

i The word and title of "DOCTOR" is miserably abused. Erasmus long ago in an Epistle from Louvain in 1520 to the celebrated Cardinal Campeggio, observed with some indignation, "*Unde* DOCTORIS titulo "gloriantur, *nisi* UT DOCEANT?" Erasmi Epist. Ed. Lond. Fol. 652. I wish this were written in larger characters over the door of the theatre at Oxford, and the Senate House at Cambridge.

k Morosophos. i. e. *Stultè sapiens*---But more presently of Dr. MOROSOPHOS, *the Man of Method.*

In metaphysics bold would spread his sails,
And with Monboddo still believ'd [m] in tails;
At anatomic lore would sometimes peep,
And call Earle [n] useful, Abernethy [o] deep;
With Symonds and with Grafton's Duke [p] would vie,
A Dilettante in Divinity;

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l A learned and useful Professor of Natural Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge. See his works.

m All the learned world know *how* Lord Monboddo believed, and still believes, that men had once *tails* depending from the *gable end* of their bodies, supposing them to *go upon all fours*. N. B. Dr. Johnson defines the *gable end* to be "the *sloping roof* of a building," and he gives a pleasant instance from Mortimer's Husbandry. "Take care that all "your brickwork be covered, &c. without *gable ends*, which are *very* "*heavy*," &c.

n James Earle, Esq. Senior Surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Editor of the celebrated PERCIVAL POTT'S Works. I have been informed that the notes which Mr. Earle has added are valuable; nor would I pass in silence the treatises he has given to the world in his own name, the result of extensive practice and observation.

o A young Surgeon of an accurate and philosophical spirit of investigation, from whose genius and labours I am led to think, that the medical art and natural science will hereafter receive great accessions. (1797.)

p The Duke of Grafton, the Chancellor, and John Symonds, L.L.D. Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, have both attracted the public attention by their various *Hints* and *Observations* on subjects of Scripture.---As I never may have so convenient an opportunity, I will also offer a remark or two, which are *new* to me, on a passage in St. Paul's Epistles, if another Layman may be heard with indulgence. There is no particular conjecture as to the peculiar meaning or force of

A special clerk for *method* and for plan,
Through science by the alphabet he ran. 280

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the following passage of St. Paul in the Second Epistle to Timothy. "The "*Cloak* which I left at Troas bring with thee, and the books, but espe- "cially *the parchments.*" Ep. 2. C. 4, v. 13. I would hint, that this Epistle was written *from Rome* when Paul was brought before Nero the second time. Εγραφη απο Ρωμης, ὁτε εκ δευτερυ παρεστη Παυλος τω Καισαρι Νερωνι. In the 22d chapter of the Acts, Paul was tenacious of the privilege of Roman Citizenship, and it proved of much advantage to him before the Centurion. It may be, and it is, a matter of mere *conjecture*, whether he might be *required* to prove himself a Citizen of Rome, when he was to make his defence. These *parchments* (μεμβρανας) might contain some documents, or be a deed or diploma of some consequence to the matter in question. But as to *the Cloak*, there is something more particular. The *Cloak* in the original, is Φελονης, or Φαιλονης, which is undoubtedly a corruption for Φαινολης, and is so read in the Codex M. S. Bibliothecæ Cæsareæ Viennensis. Φαινολης was *grecised* from the Roman word *Pœnula*. This is no more than was done frequently in other languages and in other countries. Particularly when the seat of Empire was transferred from Rome to Byzantium, the lawyers of the Imperial Courts were obliged to *grecise* many terms of law; as Φιδεϊκομμισσαριυς for *fidei commissarios*, Ρεπυδιον for *repudium*, (as in this passage, "Ευλογως ἡ γυνη "το Ρεπυδιον στειλειε· κτλ." Justinian. Novell. 22.) Κηνσευειν, for *Censere* Εξπεδιτον for *Expeditum* or *Expeditio*, κομπρομισσον for *compromissum*, and other words, as may be seen in Du Fresne's and other Lexicons, but in particular in a most singular and scarce Glossary by Meursius.* And in the East, before the accession of the House of Timour, the *Arabian* lan-

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* "Joannis Meursii Glossarium Græco---Barbarum, in quo præter "vocabula quinque millia quadringenta. Officia atque Dignitates Im- "perii Constantinop. tam in Platio, quam in Ecclesia aut Militia expli- "cantur et illustrantur." Lugd. Bat. 1614. It is worthy the attention of any scholar.

Prudent, as Newton, [q] in domestic care,
With no Scriblerian [qq] scruples for his Heir,

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guage was prevalent in *Hindostan*, when the Hindoo Rajas had communication with the Mahommedan princes; and it is remarkable, that the *Arabian* language is used technically in the code of Gentoo laws. Ch. 2. S. 3. "That is a woman's property, during the *Ayammi Shaddee*." These words are the *Arabic* terms for *the Days of Marriage*. The trial of Mahorajah Nundocomar for forgery before the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, will furnish many singular instances.---But to return to the Φαινολης or *Pænula*. I would observe that when the Roman state degenerated into an absolute monarchy, many citizens laid aside the *Toga* and wore the *Pænula*, or the *Lacerna* in its stead. Augustus highly disapproved of this change in their dress. He was, as Suetonius informs us, *indignabundus*, and gave orders to the Ædiles on the subject; "Negotium "Ædilibus dedit, ne quem posthac in foro paterentur, nisi positis *lacernis*, "togatum consistere." Octav. C. 40. But the *Pænula* was still worn. As the Pænula was so specifically a Roman garment and worn only by Romans, St. Paul might wish, as a slight confirmation of his point, to shew what was his customary dress. It may be remarked, that the Pænula was a vestment, which the Romans generally wore upon a journey. Juvenal observes in Sat. 5. "Multo stillaret Pænula nimbo," and St. Paul says, that "he left it behind him at Troas."---This is only written as a mere literary remark to hint, that in the minutest passages of the Scriptures there may be some meaning; and that nothing can be so contemptible as a foolish and profane ridicule, on any passage in the sacred writings, *founded on ignorance*. The present remarks are intended as a matter of some little curiosity: and I look upon them in no other view. But I think there is no passage in the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures which will not at least admit of such an illustration or explanation, I mean *philologically* or *critically*, as may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. Much general information is to be obtained from Harmer's valuable and satisfactory Observations on the Scriptures, collected from Voyages and Travels in the East; (four volumes 8vo.) and from "Letters from some

He took, not e'en in thought inclin'd to rove,
A wife for regularity, not love.

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" Jews to Mr. Voltaire." A man of real erudition, who merits the esteem of his fellow-creatures, constantly keeps his knowledge, his reason, *and his prudence* connected indissolubly, or as it is well expressed by a philosopher, Εν συναρμογᾶ αδιαλυτω κατα λογου αριστον.*

q The celebrated and learned Bishop Newton, late Bishop of Bristol, in his pleasant and ingenuous account of his own life (written by himself,) has recorded the very useful œconomical motives for his marriage.

In the year 1761, Dr. Newton thought *seriously* of taking a wife *en seconde*. His reasons were as follow, and may be serviceable to many. " *O Vecchi, ch'avete bisogno di Moglie!* and so on, &c. &c. &c. *Scola* " *de Maritati.*"...." Dr. Newton found that the study of sacred and clas- " sic authors ill agree with accounts of Butchers' and Bakers' bills, and by " daily experience he was convinced that it was not good to live alone " without a help meet for him. *And especially when he had some pros-* " *pect of a bishopric.* Fresh difficulties and troubles opened to his view, " two houses....a great number of servants....a better table and public " days....and he plainly foresaw, that *he must either fall a prey to servants,* " or look out for some *clever sensible woman* to be his wife, who was a *pru-* " *dent* manager and œconomist, and *could lay out his money to the best* " *advantage;* who had no more taste and love of pleasure *than a reasona-* " *ble woman should have;* who would be happier in staying with her hus- " band *at home*, than in *perpetually gadding abroad;* who, though she " brought no fortune, *might save one*, and be a fortune in herself. In " short, the Doctor married on the 5th September 1761, and on the 18th " of the same month he *kissed* his majesty's hand on his Bishopric." The Doctor was lucky. " *Oscula* libavit, dein talia fatur;" i. e. The Bishop adds, " A lady of quality a friend of his, said upon his marriage, " *it was the wisest thing he ever did in his life;* and that she was the

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* Plat. Timæ. Locr. de Animâ Mundi. Plat. Op. Edit. Serrani Tom. 3, page 95.

A little architect in all his schemes,
Some say, he had *a method* in his dreams.
Three sessions in the House he daily toil'd,
In every plan, in every *motion* foil'd,
Till like grave Nicholls in a pet he swore,
"I'll *move myself*, the House I move no more;"
Then penn'd to Pitt his monitory strain, [r]
As Murray, clear, and as fond Randolph, plain.

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"most proper wife for him in the world. And indeed, says the Bishop, "she more than answered his *warmest wishes*, &c." Bishop Newton's Life, 8vo. Ed. vol. 1. p. 81....Except in two *aculeated* closing words, his Lordship does not take into *his* account of wedded love, "the golden "shafts, the constant lamp, or the purple wings," which Milton celebrates, and Husbands feel.

"*O Vecchi, che avete bisogno di moglie*, &c. &c. &c. &c."

Episcopal *Air and Rondeau repeated*, by a Chorus of Doctors and Chaplains.

qq See the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus. Chapter 1. *How* Dr. Cornelius observed all the rules given by the ancients to those who desire to generate children of wit, which Dr. Morosophos magnanimously disregarded. He neither cared for the South or the West Wind. Lucretius thought otherwise.

Cum reserata viget genitabilis aura Favonî,
*Doctores* primum aërii te, Diva, tuumque
Significant initum, &c. &c. &c. &c.

r The three great, yet familiar, Letter-writers of the age are, John Nicholls, Esq. M. P. for Tregony (1797). Sir James Murray (Pulteney) Secretary to the Duke of York in Germany, and the Reverend Dr. Randolph....See "A pair of Epistles in verse, with notes: the first to the

Resolv'd on ease, his travels were at home,
And Lum'sden [s] taught him to converse of Rome:
The arch Palladian and the Parian stone
He lov'd, the pride of Chambers and of Soane [t]
But late, by Carter's [u] *holy* pencil won,
Wyatt and Gothic *heresy* would shun;

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"Reverend Dr. Randolph, &c." second edition. 1796. I recommend them to the general entertainment, and perhaps instruction, of the public.

s That ingenious, accomplished, and very learned gentleman, ANDREW LUMISDEN, Esq. F.A.S. Edinb. has since that time taught us all, in the most agreeable scholar-like manner. See "His remarks on the "Antiquities of ROME and its Environs, being a classical and topogra-"phical Survey of the Ruins of that celebrated City." 4to. 1797. It is a pleasing and most judicious performance of a Gentleman who appears to have enjoyed the united advantages of foreign travel, studious leisure, and polite company.

t Two celebrated architects. The professional knowledge of Sir W. Chambers, Knight, (of most *heroic* memory) was profound and substantial. Mr. Soane has more fancy and airiness of design, and is certainly a man of information and ingenuity. But he indulges himself a little too much in extravaganzas and *whims*. See the Bank.

u I am obliged for this information to a Fellow of the S. of Antiquaries....Mr. Carter is a draftsman of the very first merit, but his catholic zeal betrayed him, assisted by some *Morosophists* of the Society, to attack THE FIRST GENIUS IN ARCHITECTURE, in this kingdom, MR. WYATT. Longa est injuria: longæ ambages. It is difficult to prove that the Society of Antiquaries was instituted, solely to preserve the purity of Gothic Atchitecture or to listen to the tiresome cabals of busy Baronets and meddling Romish priests....But to us, under the auspices of Wyatt,

O Fortunati quorum pia tecta resurgunt!
Æneis ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis. (November 1797.)

And oft in thought, by antique pavements laid,
With Lysons [x] guide the military spade;
And once, for purer air o'er *rural* ground,
With little Daniel [y] went his twelve miles round.

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x Samuel Lysons, Esq. F. R. S. and A. S. The most judicious, best informed, and most learned amateur Antiquary in this kingdom, in his department. Do lubens manus Vitruvio. His work on the remains of the Roman Villa and pavements at Woodchester, near Gloucester, (which a friend has just shewn me) is such a specimen of ingenuity, unwearied zeal, and critical accuracy in delineating and illustrating the fragments of antiquity, as rarely has been equalled, certainly never surpassed. His Majesty was so pleased with some of Mr. Lysons's attempts (near Dorchester I think,) that a party of *the militia* was detached to assist him in digging among the ruins. A friend of mine was much entertained with *the three tents* erected on the spot, and a detachment of soldiers storming a fort under ground, under the orders of an Antiquary. Hence my allusion to *the military spade*.---Of the genius, judgment, knowledge, and perseverance of this Gentleman in the department he has undertaken, it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient approbation. (November, 1797.)

y The Reverend Daniel Lysons, M. A. the brother of Samuel Lysons, Esq. An ingenious and diligent Antiquary, but of an inferior class; I mean *as to the respective subjects of their works*. He is author of The Environs, twelve miles round London. But really in these hard times, Four large Volumes in 4to. *wire-wove and hot-pressed*, and Six Guineas paid down on the table, and the books unbound, (and an appendix threatened) are rather too much for parish-registers, births, deaths, and marriages, or even for *the delights* of Islington, Homerton, Hackney, Clapton, Acton, and all the rural retreats of City innocence and pure air, in the neighbourhood of Town. The work should have been printed in 8vo. My only objection is to the typographic pomp and expense of a book on *such* a subject. I think most persons will agree with me. (November, 1797.)

On Sundays at Sir Joseph's [z] never fail'd,
So regular, you might have thought him bail'd.
With Jones a linguist, Sanscrit, Greek, or Manks,
And could with Watson play some chemic pranks;
Yet far too wise *to roast* a diamond [a] whole,
And for a treasure find at last a coal.
Would sometimes treat, his wines of chosen sort;
Will Pitt, with *honest* Harry, lov'd his [b] port;

---

z Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. Knight of the Bath, President of the Royal Society, Privy Chancellor, &c. &c. has instituted a meeting at his house in Soho Square, every Sunday evening, at which the Literati and men of rank and consequence, and men of no consequence at all, find equally a polite and pleasing reception from that justly distinguished Gentleman. Sir Joseph Banks is fitted for his station in the learned world not more from his attainments and the liberality of his mind, than by his particular and unremitted attention to the interest and advancement of natural knowledge, and his *generous* patronage of the Arts.

FORTUNÆ MAJORIS HONOS, ERECTUS ET ACER!*

a The ingenious Mr. Tenant has shewn, in a paper read at the Royal Society, that he can reduce a *Diamond* by evaporation *to Charcoal.* I hear Mrs. Hastings, and other great possessors of diamonds, have a kind of *Tenanto-phobia*, and are shy of this gentleman. *A poor Poet*, like myself, who has neither diamonds nor any thing precious belonging to him, can only remind Mr. Tenant and the Royal Society of the old proverb, "*Carbonem pro Thesauro.*"

b I can give no better character of his old Port.—We all know on such occasions, "*Bacchum in remotis rupibus*" is the song of honest Harry Dundas, in all the wildness of *highland* Dithyrambic; while Mr.

* Claudian.

The Bengal Squad [c] he fed, though wondrous nice,
Baring his currie took, and Scott his rice.
In Scrip: not Hemings' [d] self more vers'd than he,
The Solomons, or Nathan, or E. P.;
Loyal and open, liberal of cash,
(Not your damn'd dollars [e] or Bank-paper trash)

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Pitt, on the battlements of Walmer, in his own and Virgil's sober majesty, " OCEANO LIBEMUS, ait."

c " Privatis majora focis."—I can have nothing to say to them. Dr. Morosophos, was bolder than I can venture to be. I could write down a pleasant collection. Several of them are *Reformers*, Mr. Philip Francis, little Michael Angelo, &c. &c. &c. but none of them are disposed to extend the question of *Reform* in a more important department.

D'ou ce Visage enfin, plus pale qu'un Rentier,
A l'aspect D'UN ARRET * *qui retranche un quartier?*
Qui vous a pû plonger dans cet humeur chagrine?
*A-t-on par quelque edit* reformè la cuisine? Boileau, Sat. 3.

d Dr. Morosophos now and then dabbled in the funds. *The Gentlemen of the stock Exchange, or the College*, (as it is termed in City-wit) are much indebted to that eminent calculator of *the different payments*, Mr. Hemings. Boyd, Benfield, Solomon Solomon, Nathan Solomon, E. P. Solomon, Thelusson, Old Daniel Giles, Mr. Battie, Lord Lansdowne, Dr. Moore, Little Count Rupee, and all those who *look an eighth better or worse for the opening*, know that I am wright, in pronouncing the panegyric of this learned classic on *the Stock Exchange*.

" Prens moi le bon parti; laisse là tous les livres.
" Exerce-toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes sciences;
" Prens, an lieu d'un Platon, *ce Guidon des Finances.*"
Avis de Boileau, Sat. 8.

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* Mr. Pitt is supposed to have taken his hint of the *quadruple* assessment from Boileau, and to have *improved* upon it.

Nor tax, nor loan he fear'd, at table free,
And drank the Minister *with three times three;* [f]
Till with a pun old Caleb [g] crown'd the whole,
"*Consols*, and not philosophy, *console*." 320
He talk'd, like Indian [h] Rennell, rather long;
And would at times regale you with a song:
But seldom that; in music though a prig,
The little Doctor swell'd and look'd so big:
Nay to Greek [i] notes would trill a Grecian ode,
In diatonic kind and Lydian mode,

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e This verse was evidently written after the 26th of Feb. 1797, after the order of Council was sent to the Bank of England, when the whole nation was made to pass through the pillars of Hercules.

f Certainly Dr. Morosophos did this, before MR. PITT *(fame rabidâ* TRIA *guttura pandens)* conceived the idea of the triple assessment, or, perhaps, three times three.—(Nov. 1797.) Sir Robert Herries, though no great poet, understands this subject better than I do. We read, aurea prima sata est ætas, et vindice nullo, &c. &c. Ovid, and compare Sir Robert's very sensible Autumnal Sketch of Finances in 1797. The tints of Autumn are favourable to painters of sketches. See also, "An Address to Mr. Pitt on the Triple Assessment."

g Caleb Whitefoord, Esq.—N. B. If you do but touch him, puns stand as ready as quills upon the fretful porcupine. I wish him health and spirits for many a year, *in a green old age;* and then with the Epinicion of Horace, *Vitâ cedat, uti conviva satur.*

h Major James Rennell, the great Geographer of India, *ὁ πανυ.* A gentleman to whose accuracy and extent of knowledge this country is considerably indebted. But this has nothing to do *with his conversation.*

i Dr. Morosophos, the man of method, was rather troublesome to his friends on this subject of Greek Music. He wished to pass for

And then with Burney, as his fit grew warmer,
Convers'd of Stentor the great [k] *throat performer;*
And with Raimondi's fire, and warlike art,
Play'd some French General's *obligato* [kk] part. 330

---

another Meibomius. But there is still reason to think that he never saw the three hymns to Calliope, Apollo, and Nemesis, printed with the Greek musical notes to which they were sung, at the end of the Oxford edition of Aratus in 1672, by Dr. Fell, or the more accurate copy of these hymns in Mr. Burette's Memoire on this subject. Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions Tom. 5.—Dr. Morosophos knew but little of the system of the Lydian mode in the diatonic genus. There is also reason to think that he knew as little, as Bishop Horsley, of the προσλαμβανομενος, the Υπατη ὑπατων, or the Παρυπατη μεσων, &c.

k "Stentor is celebrated by Homer as the most illustrious *throat-performer* of antiquity." Burney's Hist. of Music 4to. vol. 1. p. 350.

kk I allude to Signor Raimondi's exquisite and interesting piece of instrumental music intended *to express A BATTLE*. It is called A BATTLE SYMPHONY. It consists of eight different movements, in which *General* Raimondi powerfully calls on the imagination of the hearer to assist the composer. The third movement amuses and *alarms* me the most. "It announces *THE COUNCIL OF WAR*, composed of *EIGHT GENE-*" *RALS, represented by EIGHT different INSTRUMENTS obligati*, which "at last, in their accord, *in a general cadence*, EXPRESS THEIR UNANI-" *MOUS RESOLUTION OF GIVING BATTLE!*" *Bravo, Maestro!!! E Guglielmi che ti lo dice.* In this manner, Dumourier, Custine, Pichegru, Miranda, Hoche, Berthier, Angereau, and Buonaparte, have each played their *obligato* parts in Europe, as assigned them, *con furia*, by the Convention and the musical Directory of France. Europe has by no means approved of *the general cadence:* but *THE CONCERT* is still proceeding in all the harmony of horror and barbaric symphony.

Rendono un alto suon, ch' à quel s'accorda
Con che i vicin *cadendo* il Nilo assorda!*

* Ariosto. O. Furioso. L. 16.

Banks [l] gave him morning lessons how to dress,
And Morgan [m] whisper'd courage and finesse.
A Poet too he was, not very bright,
Something between a Jerningham and [n] Knight:
He dealt in tragic, epic, critic lore,
With half, whole plans, and episodes in store,
*Method* was all; yet would he seldom write,
He fear'd the ground-plot wrong, or—out of sight.
At last THE DOCTOR gave his friends a work! 339
(Not verse, like Cowper, or high prose, like Burke,)
CHAMBERS ABRIDG'D! in sooth 'twas all he read,
From fruitful A to unproductive *Zed*.

---

But with respect to Great Britain, I hope and trust that a Band of our own British musicians will put to silence and *drown* all their *obligato* parts on their citizen rafts and barges, by a general cadence, and a well-executed, masterly, *choral performance of OUR OWN WATER MUSIC.* (February, 1798.)

l Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. &c. I speak only of "*Morning* habili-"ments."

m Maurice Morgan, Esq. an ingenious writer, author of the pleasant *Extravaganza* on the *Courage* of Sir John Falstaff. Mr. Morgan is known to his friends by the name of *Sir John*. In his politics, he is of the *Lansdown School*.

n Knight and Jerningham.

"*Soyez plutôt maçon*, si c'est votre talent,
"Ouvrier estimè dans un art necessaire,
"*Qu'écrivain du commun, et pöete vulgaire.*"
Avis de Boileau, A. P. ch. 4.

OCTAVIUS.

What then? forever shall we wildly stray,
And pluck each hare-bell in the flow'ry way,
Or void of judgment, fire, or critic force,
Stoop to each golden apple in the course?
I never can with argument dispense;
Pope gave the verse, but Warburton [o] the sense.

AUTHOR.

'Tis true; by plan and syllabus [p] confin'd,
Knight thus composes first the reader's mind.
To rouse attention is the poet's art,
Knight calls to sleep, and acts a civil part,
Save to his view when foul Priapus [q] rose,
He wak'd to lust, in stimulating prose.

---

o Octavius is right in some degree. The commentary of Warburton on Pope's moral Poems is peculiarly valuable, and explains many seeming inconsistencies. Pope thought so himself.

p Par *classes* et par *titres*,
Dogmatizer en vers et rimer par chapitres. Boileau Sat. 8. 115.

q Concerning Mr. Knight's Treatise on the Worship of Priapus, in addition to what I before said (P. of L. Dial. 1. v. 134. Note (g) I shall offer the spirited words of Clemens Alexandrinus, from his Λογος Προτρε-

But though that *Garden-God* forsaken dies;
Another Cleland [r] see in Lewis [s] rise.

---

πτικος εις τες Ελληνας, or "*Admonitio ad Gentes:*" "Ταυτα ὑμων της "ἡδυπαθειας τα αρχετυπα, ἀυται της ὑβρεως αἱ θεολογιαι, ἀυται των συμπο- "ρευοντων ὑμιν Θεων αἱ διδασκαλιαι·---Πανισκοι, και γυμναι κοραι, και "ΜΟΡΙΩΝ ΕΝΤΑΣΕΙΣ ταις γραφαις απογυμνεμεναι:---Ηταιρηκεν ὑμιν τα "ωτα, πεπορνευκασιν οἱ οφθαλμοι, αἱ ὀψεις μεμοιχευκασι. Ω βιασαμενοι τον "ανθρωπον, και το ενθεον τε πλασματος ελεγκει απαρξαντες! κτλ."---Clem. Alex. Edit. Commelin. 1616, p. 30, &c.---I now dismiss this odious Treatise on Priapus *forever*.---N. B. The learned reader will recollect that Clemens Alexandrinus lived in the third century under Alexander Severus and Caracalla, was a native of Athens, and that the famous Origen studied in his school.

r John Cleland, author of "The Memoirs of a Woman of Plea- "sure."

s M. Lewis, Esq. M. P. author of "The Monk a Romance, in 3 "Vols." (Vol. 2. Ch. 6. and 7.) See my observations at length in the preface to this Fourth Dial. of the P. of L.—The publication of this novel by a Member of Parliament is in itself so serious an offence to the public, that I know not how the author can repair this breach of public decency, but by suppressing it himself. Or he might omit the indecent and blasphemous passages in another edition; there is neither genius nor wit in them, and the work as a composition would receive great advantage. I wish he may at least take this advice. I will give Mr. Lewis an extract from the ninth book of the History of Procopius, called the *Historia Arcana* of the emperor Justinian and the infamous Theodora. The words are these.

"Αλλο τε μοι ενδειν ηθες περιμνημονευσαι τηδε τε Ανθρωπε ουδ' ὁτιουν οιμαι. "Απαντα γαρ αυτε τα της ψυχης παθη ἑτος αν αξιοχρεως σημηναι διαρκως ειη. "Επει ὁστις αλογησας την ὑπερ των πεπραγμενων την αισχυνην, εκ απαξιοῖ τοις "εντυγχανεσι βδελυρος φαινεσθαι, τετω δη ηδεμια παρανομιας αταρπος ακατος· "αλλα την αναιδειαν αει τε μετωπε προβεβλημενος, ῥᾶστα τε και ηδεϊ πονω ες "των πραξεων τας μιαρωτατας χωρει." Procop. Histor. Arcan. Lib. 9. p.

Why sleep the ministers of truth and law?
Has the State no controul, no decent awe,

---

46. Ed. Fol. Lugdun. 1623.—I wish Mr. Lewis may read and profit from this passage. (July 1797.)

Novels of this seductive and libidinous tendency excite disgust, fear and horror, in every man and woman who reflect upon those virtues which alone give support, comfort and continuance, to human Society. The interests of society and the essential welfare, and even the very existence, of this kingdom, authorise any man, though conscious of manifold frailties, to speak in the manner I have done. For we cannot long deceive ourselves. Poetical men, of loose and ungoverned morals, can offer to us or to themselves but feeble consolations from wit and imagery, when left to solitary reflection and the agony of remorse. I never found this subject so well represented, and so unanswerably enforced to every understanding, capable of *recalling itself* from vicious conduct and irregular inclinations, as in this short sentence: "*Whoever* WHOLLY *give themselves* "*up to Lust, will soon find it to be the least fault they are guilty of.*"

In this place I cannot help recommending, with peculiar earnestness, the attentive perusal of one of the most instructive and useful short pieces of Biography which I ever read, in the life of Dr. Johnson, by the learned Sir John Hawkins: from p. 222 to p. 232. It is particularly important to many young men who live in the allurements of a great and high-viced town, or among freethinking literati and the more calm and sober Sensualists. It is the account of *Mr. John Dyer*, a man of genius, politeness and learning. The conclusion of it in the words of Sir John Hawkins is very impressive. "I have been thus particular in the history of "*this accomplished and hopeful young man*, whom I once loved with the "affection of a brother, *with a view to shew the tendency of idleness, and* "*to point out at what avenue Vice may gain admittance in minds seemingly* "*the most strongly fortified.* The assailable part of his mind was laxity "of principle; *at this entered infidelity*, which was followed by such "temptations to pleasure *as he could see no reason to resist.* These led on

While each with each in madd'ning orgies vie,
Pandars to lust and licens'd blasphemy?
Can Senates hear without a *kindred* rage?
Oh may a poet's light'ning blast the page,
Nor with the bolt of Nemesis in vain
Supply the laws, that wake not to restrain.

Is ignorance the plea? since Blackstone drew
The lucid chart, each labyrinth has a clue,
Each law an index: students aptly turn
To Williams, Hale, judicious [t] Cox, and Burn;
Obscenity has now her code and priest,
While Anarchy prepares the dire Digest.

---

" desires *after the means* of gratification, and the pursuit of them was " his destruction."

To conclude. Whatever I have said on the subject of this Novel, called THE MONK, I shall leave as matter of record, whether the Novel is altered, or not. The tenor of the whole is reprehensible. I leave it as a protest against such a work, published in such a manner, by a Gentleman in the high, honourable, and responsible station of a Member of Parliament. It is hoped and expected that no similar work will ever again be given to this country. (Added November, 1797.)

t Samuel Cox, Esq. of the Court of Chancery, the Editor (at his leisure hours) of the reports of Peere Williams. I am not very coversant with *professional* law books, but a learned person shewed me Mr. Cox's mode of illustration, and desired me to consider it. I really think, it seems as a model for all future Editors of Reports of former years. This plan is evidently the mode of a most judicious understanding and of a well-read Lawyer. Transeat in exemplum!

Methinks as in a theatre I stand,
Where Vice and Folly saunter hand in hand,
With each strange form in motley masquerade,
Featur'd grimace, and impudence pourtray'd;
While Virtue, hov'ring o'er th' unhallow'd room,
Seems a dim speck thro' Sin's surrounding gloom.
As thro' the smoak-soil'd glass [u] we spy from far
The circling radiance of the Sirian Star,
Faint wax the beams, if strong the fumy tint,
Till the star fades, a mathematic point.
Sure from the womb I was untimely torn,
Or in some rude inclement season born;
The State turns harsh on fortune's grating hinge,
And I untaught to beg, or crouch, or cringe.
For me the fates no golden texture weave,
Though happier far to give than to receive:
Yet with unvaulting sober wishes blest,
Ambition fled with envy from my breast;

u "If the eye-glass be tincted faintly with the smoke of a lamp or "torch to obscure the light of the star, the fainter light in the circum- "ference of the star ceases to be visible, and the star (if the glass be "sufficiently soiled with smoke) appears something more like a mathe- "matic point." Newton's Optics, Prop. 7, Theor. 6.

For friendship form'd, I feel, in realms above,
My Saturn temper'd by the beam of Jove.
I cannot, will not, stoop with boys to rise,
And seize on Pitt, like Canning, [x] by surprise, [xx]
Be led through Treasury vaults in airy dance,
And flatter'd into insignificance.
I cannot, will not, in a college gown,
Vent my *first* nonsense on a patient town,
Quit the dull Cam, and ponder in the park
A six-weeks Epic, [y] or a Joan of Arc.
I leave these early transports, and the calm
Complacence, and the softly trickling balm

---

x George Canning, Esq. M. P. Under Secretary of State, *an Etonian* of much ingenuity, liveliness, and learning.

xx The Novels, Farces, most of the Plays, Romances, Ballads, and Pantomimes, of the day, are all founded on---*Surprise.* Why not the ministerial *Coups de Theatre?*

y Robert Southy, anthor of many ingenious pieces of poetry of great promise, if the young gentleman would recollect what old Chaucer says of poetry,

" 'Tis every dele
" A rock of ice and not of steel."

He gave the public a long quarto volume of epic verses, JOAN OF ARC written, as he says in the preface, in *six weeks.* Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years.---I mention this, for I have been much pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would review *some of his principles.*

Self-consolation sheds! more sweet than all
Burke felt in senates, or Impeachment's Hall;
Borne to that course, where thund'ring from afar
The Great Auruncian [z] drove his primal car.

E'en now, when all I view afflicts my sight,
All that Horne Tooke [a] can plot, or Godwin [b] write;

---

z Lucilius.

a Mr. HORNE TOOKE, in the conclusion of his "Diversions of "Purley," makes an apology for applying himself to subjects so trivial as grammatical discussions, in the year 1786. He uses the words of an Italian poet, which are very remarkable, though they never have been much noticed.

"Perche *altrove* non have
"Dove voltare il viso,
"*Che gli è stato interciso*
"*Mostrar* CON ALTRE IMPRESE *altra virtude.*"

The hour was however approaching, when *his countenance* was to be *turned* to *other* thoughts, and he was to display *other* talents which had almost slept since the time of Junius. At the blast of the French revolution he awoke from grammatical slumber, and found that *other* enterprises awaited him. We have traced his proceedings till his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, November 4, 1794. His *plans* were UNFOLDED, and though he was acquitted, and "Execution was not done on Cawdor," yet it is not impossible that hereafter, (after his decease,) some honest chronicler may be found,

"Who will report (in private)
"That very frankly he confess'd *his treasons*,
"Implor'd *his country's* pardon, and set forth
"A deep repentance." *(Macbeth.)*

Now when Translation to a pest is grown,
And Holcroft[c] to French treason adds his own;
When Gallic Diderot in vain we shun,
His blasted pencil, Fatalist, [d] and Nun;
When St. Pol[e] sounds the sacring bell, that calls
*His* Priests *en massé* from Charles's ruin'd walls;

---

Till that hour arrives, I shall wait for the continuation of his grammatical researches, which are promised to the world, with the celebrated wish of the Satirist,

Ut vellem *his potius nugis tota illa* dedisset
Tempora sævitiæ!

From the abilities and uncommon erudition of Mr. Horne Tooke I dread much, and from the calmness and mildness of his conversation I should apprehend perhaps more. But as I think *the whole Kingdom* is fully, and deeply, and solemnly, and *unalterably* impressed with the nature, the malignity, the extent, the influence, and the terror of the grand Revolutionary Principle, and the desperate fury of Reforming societies and embodied factions, I trust Great Britain and her Ministers will never suffer the arm of justice and of vigilance to remit or to relax its energies. (November, 1797.)

b See an account of this weak and contemptible writer, William Godwin, and his *Political Justice*, in Dialogue III. of the P. of L.—See also a future note in this part of the Poem.

c *Thomas Holcroft*.---An author, translator of plays and novels, and a *would-be* directing Statesman, tried for High Treason at the Old Bailey in 1794, and acquitted. He is also one of the Clairvoyans, and of the order of the *Chevaliers des Lunettes* in the meridian of Hyde Park. Horne Tooke cannot be much pleased with this compeer. *Scurra degrunnit prior*. See the fable. (1797.)

d The names of his posthumous novels, translated for the benefit of Great Britain.

e The Bishop of St. Pol. de Leon, to whom the care of the French Emigrant priests is committed *en masse*. The reader may recollect they

When Thelwall, [f] for the season, quits the Strand
To organize revolt by sea and land:
When Barristers [g] turn authors; authors [h] prate;
Charles Fox allegiance dares to calculate,
And with his sulph'rous torch relumes the pile
With unaverted [i] face, and ghastly smile; 418

---

*were* maintained in the old mansion built by Charles the Second at Winchester.---The reader may be surprised, but he will find by the papers laid on the table of the House of Commons, on the 21st of December, 1796, that *no less* a sum than 540,000l. was issued in one year for French priests and Emigrants, *sacred and profane*.---See the Preface to the P. of L. Dialogue IV.

f This indefatigable incendiary and missionary of the French Propaganda, *John Thelwall*, has now his *Schools of Reason* in country towns, &c. &c. Περισσως εμμαινομενος. (1797.)

g Mr. *Barrister* Erskine.---See more of him and his pamphlet on the French war in a future note.

h I refer to the House of Commons.

i In ancient times among the Romans, when *the public ministers* of funeral obsequies *set fire* to the pile, *they turned aside their faces*.

Triste ministerium! subjectam more parentum
*Aversi* tenuere facem. (Virg. Æn. 6.)

*Not so* the Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES FOX!

As Mr. Fox *loves Greek* and *reads* Greek, *(nugari solitus Græcè)* I will give my opinion of Mr. Fox's *tongue* and eloquence in that language. I shall then say of it; ΗΓλωσσα πυρ ὁ κοσμος της αδικιας, ἡ σπιλωσα ὁλον το σωμα, ἡ φλογιζωσα τον τροχον της γενεσεως, και φλογιζομενη ὑπο της Γεεννης, ακατασχετον κακον, μεστη ις θανατηφορα. If Mr. Fox would attend to THIS *Greek author*, he might learn the καλη αναστροφη, and the πραϋτης σοφιας. Even Mr. Fox may possibly read *what I say*.---As Mr. Fox is

Now when, beneath the dread FRATERNAL [ii] frown

---

*now* (June 1797,) *studying* Mr. Gibbon's History, he will find many an instructive lesson for his public conduct. Mr. Fox, *I know* cannot always *construe* Mr. Gibbon's *English*, and is in the habit of consulting his friends on the *meaning* of many passages and sentences; but without much success. His friends can confirm what I say, if they think proper.* I always feel an interest in Mr. Fox's studies, whether he is reading Gibbon, or *culling simples* on St. Ann's Hill with Aspasia, or poring on the Odyssey, in lamentation over his *departed* friends in the House of Commons, in the old Bard's language,

Αρνυμενος ἡν τε ψυχην και Νοστον Εταιρων,
Αλλ' οὐδ' ὡς Εταρους ἐρῦσατο, ἱεμενος περ.†

But his Εταιροι or Friends are said to have left him *only on one account;* his good humour and ability have never forsaken him. The account is this, deep, short, and full:

"Επει Τροιης ἱερον πτολιεθρον επερσε."‡

On this subject I would *now*,‖ add a remark or two. I would remind Mr. Fox, on the subject of *Radical Reform*, or any similar subject, that the Historian *De Bello Civili* has recorded this expression of *Caius Gracchus;* "Αθρους ΤΗΝ ΒΟΥΛΗΝ *(Senatum)* καθηρκει." The Historian proceeds to say, than when THE MEASURES of *Caius Gracchus* had *been tried and taken effect*, his words were found to be true. "Τε δ'εργε "προϊοντος ΕΣ ΠΕΙΡΑΝ, μειζονως ετι εκφανῆναι το επος τε Γρακχε---Ταχύ "τε περιῆν ΑΝΕΣΤΡΑΦΘΑΙ ΤΟ ΚΡΑΤΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΛΙΤΕΙΑΣ!!!"** Are

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* Perhaps Mr. Fox may understand and construe the following sentence from the luminous Historian. "An aspiring candidate may be "tempted *to build his greatness on the public confusion*, but it is the inter- "est as well as *the duty of* THE SOVEREIGN *to maintain the authority of* "*the laws.*" Gibbon, Vol. 7, p. 80, Ed. 8vo.

† Od. L. 1. ‡ Od. L. 1. v. 2. ‖ March, 1798.

** Appian, De Bello Civili, Lib. 1, p. 363. Edit. H. Steph. 1592.

THE HARP revers'd grates discord on the Crown 420

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the words *plain* to this learned *modern* Grecian? Does Mr. Fox understand? Let me also add, that in after times *The Tribune* Vatinius conferred on *Cæsar* the government of *Cisalpine Gaul;* and, what is singular enough, in the very same days Gabinius, a Consul *of profligate character*, assured *the people*, " Errare *Cives*, si tum Senatum aliquid in Republicâ " posse arbitrabantur." Cicero Orat. pro Sext. 12---See the great Chapter De Mutatis Mutandis, by THE NEW TRIUMVIRATE in England.*

*Mirantur taciti, et* DUBIO PRO FULMINE *pendent!*†

The further I extend my researches, political or historical, the less do I find any thing which, in governments and states, and in the revolutions of governments, is absolutely *new* in kind, but in degree, new beyond comparison. But as to the objects of fear, caution, and apprehension, I see them more and more; the events of which will be *new* and terrible indeed to Great Britain, if we do not find mercy in this day of wrath, horror, and convulsion. Yet I think I see, at the same time, our means of Defence increased, and the spirit, generosity, and resolution of OUR GREAT NATION raised and animated to act, AS ONE MAN. If ever there was a time, when the Ministers of a Country might feel *an*

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* Sir R. Walpole spoke with spirit on the *Seceders from Parliament* in 1742. Mr. Coxe in his important and very valuable Memoirs (and original diplomatic correspondence) of that Minister, observes that, "The " consequence of this measure was to the Seceders disappointment and " speedy repentance, to the Ministers satisfaction and triumph. They " even flattered themselves with the hopes of being called back to their " posts. They soon experienced the ill policy of their conduct. The " nation was not inflamed by their conduct." See and read the Memoirs, of Sir R. Walpole. Vol. 1. 4to, page 606.---Mr. Fox, who, as well as every other statesman, will certainly peruse this curious and instructive work, should remember a saying of Lord Bolingbroke the enemy and opposer of Walpole: " History is Philosophy teaching by examples." (March 1798.)

† Stat. Thebaid. L. 10.

When Transatlantic Emigrants can roam
But to return, and praise *our* [k] English home;
Now, when the French *defend* us [l] in disgrace,
French swords, French fraud, French priests, and
French grimace;

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*assurance within themselves* that THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES, on which they have acted, have been just and justifiable, and that they might throw themselves on the judgment of their Country; in my opinion, it is the present hour. The state of Europe has PROVED the intentions of France from the first moment of her Revolution; and every historical document daily confirms the proof. Though I profess no personal predilection for Mr. PITT, yet I join in the common gratitude for his firmness, unbending and inflexible perseverance in *general* principles, which, under Providence, may yet prove our salvation. Upon very serious and mature reflection, I feel a rooted and unconquerable veneration for this great and transcendent character.

*Ut te, fortissime Teucrûm,*
*Accipio agnoscoque libens! ut verba Parentis,*
*Et vocem Anchisæ magni mentemque recordor!*

ii I allude to THE UNION or French *Brotherhood* in Ireland with their *Book of Death*.—See the Reports of the Irish Parliamentary Committee, and the memorable speech of the Right Honourable John Earl of Clare, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, in the House of Lords on the 19th February, 1798, on the motion of the Earl of Moira. (Re-printed, Wright, Piccadilly.) The verbal variations of the editions of it are of little consequence. The whole of it should be read, as spoken by that eloquent, learned, well-informed, patriotic, and undaunted Statesman.

k See Mr. Cooper of Manchester's Account on his return from America, and Letters of some wandering Journeyman Weaver or Carpenter, I forget which, &c. &c. "Impudens liqui patrios Penates," &c.

l I allude to the French Emigrant Regiments, enrolled in the British army. Surely this is a measure of government unwise, and un-

When England changes arms—at such a view
Must I find *method*, verse, and patience too?
My verse, the thunder of a Patriot's voice,
Cries loud to ALL who ENGLAND make their choice,
"Throw wide that portal; let no *Roman* wait,
"But march with Priestly thro' the *dextral* gate. [m]

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accountable on any sound principle; a project of desperation, one would think. Is this a time for Englishmen to say,

Mutemus clypeos, Danaûmque insignia NOBIS
Aptemus. (July, 1797.)

m "Through the dextral gate!"---My allusion is this. In ancient times, the most frequented roads to the city of Rome had *double gates*. They who came into the city passed through the left-hand gate; and they who went *OUT OF THE CITY* took the right-hand gate. See Nardini Roma Antica, L. 10. c. 9. Pliny, in his Natural History, in the chapter *de Roma*, Lib. 3. c. 5, speaking of the gates of the city, says, "that "twelve of the thirty-seven gates should only be numbered once (semel "numerari)." The expression is odd, but it alludes to such of those gates as were *double* in this sense. This was not unknown in other Italian cities. The Porta de' Borsari at Verona (in the opinion of the Marquese Scipio Maffei, Verona Illustrata, Part 3.) was in reality a twin or double gate, though it has been mistaken by some antiquaries for an arch of triumph.

In times like the present, I would never shut those *double* gates in any city, when the turbulent, discontented, and factious wish to retire into foreign parts. We all remember, that Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, being ready to sail for America, were *STOPPED* by order of Council! Hume's words are very strong and remarkable in this Lecturing age. "They (i. e. Hampden, Hazelrig, and "Cromwell) had resolved forever to abandon their native country, and "fly to the other extremity of the globe, where they might enjoy lectures

OCTAVIUS.

Talk thus, e'en Horsley shall applaud: proceed.

AUTHOR.

The tears that Britain sheds, her wounds that bleed,
Call for a fost'ring hand, the balm of PEACE;
Not styptics, which the sanguine tide increase,
Such as State-quacks, or Barristers expose
For fame and sale, and sleeping might disclose.
In state affairs all Barristers are dull,
And ERSKINE nods, the opium [n] in his skull.

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" and discourses of any length or form that pleased them." Mr. Hume adds, very significantly, " The King had afterwards full leisure to repent " this exercise of his authority." Hume's Hist. Vol. 6, p. 311, Ed. 8vo. 1773.

n Erskine.---Mr. *Barrister* Erskine is famous for taking opium in great quantities, (I have often heard him speak in praise of it) and if he proceeds in this manner, it is apprehended that his political faculties will die of too large a dose, of which there are many symptoms already. But all my observations are confined to his political conduct and career. They are not extended to his professional character, which is great, or to his private life, which no man is inclined to respect more than myself. But his political doctrines are plunging and dangerous. Mr. Erskine has informed the public, that he has not the talents of a statesman, which, in common with the kingdom at large, I readily admit as a part of my political creed; though it is so very plain, as hardly to be an article of faith.

Saw'st thou, (or did my troubled fancy dream?)
High o'er yon cliff, in majesty supreme, 440

In his late flimsy and puerile "View of the Causes and Consequences of "the present French War,"* he comes forth to the public, μαλα σοφιστικως και σοβαρως, to use an expression from Themistius; but I cannot stile him in the words of that orator, before the Emperor Constantius, as Ατυφε μοιρας φυσει μετεχον, Ζωον ερανιον, εκειθεν δοθεν τοις τηδε εις επιμελειαν.† I positively will not translate this Greek, either for the Barrister himself or the country members, or the electors of the town of Portsmouth; but I shall leave it to be rendered faithfully by the Reverend Dr. Parr, or Mr. Erskine's language master. Indeed in this age we require nothing but what we call, eloquence; though the term is miserably abused. But such as it is, eloquence in the political world is like charity in the Christian character; without it a man is counted dead.

In ancient times however, in one particular there was a great and essential difference from the present. Perhaps it may not be without use to hint or remind some persons, that in Greece and Athens, "apud "Greciam, (in the opinion and triumphant language of Cicero,)* quæ "semper ELOQUENTIÆ PRINCEPS ESSE VOLUIT, atque illas omnium "doctrinarum inventrices Athenas, in quibus SUMMA DICENDI VIS et "inventa est et PERFECTA;" in Greece and Athens, I say, Orators and Barristers were never permitted to make any epilogus or peroration whatsoever in the courts of law, or in the senate. "Epilogos illi mos civitatis "abstulerat," says Quintilian; (L. 10. c. 1.) and from whom? From Demosthenes. On which passage the learned Turnebus observes, "Non "Licebat Athenis affectum movere, ac ne Epilogo quidem uti;" and yet Demosthenes appeared under this restriction. What does Mr. Erskine think? Has he ever read the Pleadings for the Crown, or against Midias, or Περι Παραπρεσβειας?‡

* De Orat. L. 1. † 1797.

‡ Themist. Orat. p. 3. Ed. fol. Harduini, 1684.

|| Mr. Erskine, if he ever read this last oration, may perhaps recollect the allusion to the Water-Clock, by which the length of public

Vengeance his attribute, (and, as he trod,
The conscious waves roll'd back!) the passing God,
That shook old Ocean's empire? from beneath
Strange threat'ning notes in hollow murmurs breathe,

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Mr. Erskine always appears to me below his natural size, when he speaks in the House of Commons. I have too often disliked the manner and the matter. In Westminster-Hall he is without an equal. He has no rival in the eloquence adapted to the Bar and a Jury. But as he confesses himself no Statesman, he should have spoken with more modesty and deference on political subjects, to those who are confessedly great statesmen in the esteem of the country. I will leave in Mr. Erskine's ear the words which Demosthenes thundered against Androtion. It cannot however be supposed for a moment, that I can mean to compare a gentleman of genius and distinction like Mr. Erskine, with such a being as Androtion. I only give the words, and Dr. Parr may translate them if he pleases. "Ει "ανδραποδων ἡ Πολις, αλλα μη των αρχειν ἑτερων αξιωντων, ωμολογειτο ειναι, "εκ αν, ω Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, τας ὑδρειας ηνεχεσθε τας Τυτυ, ὰς κατα την αγοραν "ὑδριζεν, θοων εν ταις εκκλησιαις, επι τε θηματος, δηλος και εκ δηλων καλων "ἑαυτε βελτιως και εκ βελτιονων."*

In conclusion, I recommend to all persons who have an itch for writing or speaking, in public or private, from Mr. Barrister Erskine down to Mr. Dent and his dogs, to study with care the following passage from

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speeches was regulated. Ουδ' εγχει μετα ταυθ' ὑδωρ εδεις εμοι. The use of this Clepsydra is proved from various authorities by the learned Sigonius, concerning the customs of the Athenians. I am told it is in contemplation to have Clepsydræ or Water-Clocks in either House of Parliament, and in all the Courts of Law at Westminster. What an useful invention for the public! Such a custom might be safely adopted even from *a tyrannical democracy*. We should never forget, such was the Constitution of Athens.

* Demosth. Orat. Κατα Ανδροτιωνος. Gr. Ed. Benenati. 1570. p. 398.

Hoarse through the deafen'd shrouds! But hush'd the blast,
THE TRIDENT IS CONFIRM'D: the dream is past. °

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Lord Shaftesbury, in his "Advice to an Author." The words are these: "Where the harm would be of spending some discourse, and bestowing "a little breath and clear voice purely upon ourselves, I cannot see. We "might peradventure be less noisy and more profitable in company, if at "convenient times we discharge some of our articulate sound, and *spoke* "*to ourselves* viva voce, *when alone*." Advice to an Author, Sect. 1. This anticipating remedy of Soliloquy the noble adviser prescribes against the disease called "THE LEPROSY OF ELOQUENCE," which is now a British Epidemic. Mr. Erskine, as I have been informed, has been under a regimen for a long time to no effect, and a Committee of Physicians and Surgeons (appointed by the House) who have examined Mr. Erskine's case, and the state of his blood, have reported it as their opinion, that this Leprosy of Eloquence, with which he is infected, is like the Leprosy of Naaman the Syrian, that it will cleave to him forever, except he rigidly adheres to Lord Shaftesbury's anticipating remedy of Soliloquy, and abstains from speaking in *all* places but in the Court of King's Bench.—*Illa se jactet in aula* ÆOLUS! (July, 1797.)

o These lines were written and inserted here at the latter end of the month of May, 1797.

Proh dolor! Imperium Pelagi SÆVIQUE *Tridentis*.
Cui nunc sorte datum!

A patriotic poet may be, I hope, in this instance prophetical: "The "Dream is past." Behold the confirmation by Admiral Viscount Duncan, Earl St. Vincent, and Earl Howe, the great Naval Triumvirs. I trust we shall never again say,

Eunt *tutis TERRARUM CRIMINA velis!*
Ex quo Jura Freti, majestatemque repostam
Rupit Iäsoniâ *Puppis Pagasæa* rapinâ!* (November, 1797.)

* Statius, Achill. L. 1.

Oh, strong against ourselves, and rashly bold!
No voice, as in the Hebrew fane of old,
From Britain's centre to her utmost bounds,
From parting [p] angels in sad accent sounds;
Paine may blaspheme, Tone, Tooke, and Thelwall mourn,
Our Ark [q] is still by hallow'd hands upborne!

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p I trust that Great Britain is *yet* firm, and that the guardians of her laws and constitution will stand bold, undaunted, and with deliberate valour. My allusion in the verse is this: After the profanation of THE TEMPLE at Jerusalem, under the Roman Emperor Titus, we read (it is recorded by their own Historian) that the voices of guardian angels were heard at the dead of night, crying out through its inmost recesses, Μεταβαινωμεν Εντευθεν, "Let us depart hence!" See the seventh bood of the Jewish War, by Josephus, p. 1282. Edit. Hudsoni Oxon. I recommend the perusal of the whole of that wonderful section (Chap. 5. L. 7.) The Historian, in some parts of it, is scarcely inferior in spirit, language, and sublimity, to Æschylus himself. Surely at this most awful hour when, I am almost tempted to say, the moral and the natural world seem to be breaking up together, when the most powerful European states and populous cities have been convulsed or overthrown, can we hear, without secret emotion, and without a kindred horror, what the Historian calls the "Ρωμαϊκων ταγματων αλαλαγμος συμφερομενων, the των Στασιαστων "πυρι και σιδηρω κεκυκλωμενων κραυγη? Can we read unmoved, Ουτε ηλικιας "ην ελεος, ουτ' εντροπη σεμνοτητος! Λιμω μαραινομενοι και μεμυκοτες εις οδυρμους "και κραυγην εντονηταν. Συνηχει ητε Πειραια και τα περιξ ορη, βαρυτεραν "ποιουντα την ορμην. Τα θορυβετο Παθη φοβερωτερα! κτλ.---I will make no "apology for presenting the learned reader with this passage, as Longi-"nus would say, "Ουτω μεγαλοι οι λογοι, και εμβριθεις αι εννοιαι. ὁλον

I too will call, loud through the gathering storm,

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"σωματιον δραματικον και εναγωνιον." (Sec. 9. de Sublim.) I expect his thanks and not his censure, if he is worthy to read it.

q The *Abbé* BARUEL has done a public service to Europe, by his eloquent and perspicuous delineation of *the History of Jacobinism* in his work intitled "*Memoires pour servir à l' histoire du Jacobinisme.*" I by no means subscribe to all the Abbè's opinions and particular doctrines, or to his whims and fancies. But in the disposition of the whole work, I perceive the hand of a master. He has discovered and traced from the very source the *original* Cabal, and its impious, infamous leaders; and he has laid down their scheme, and disposed the proofs from their own authentic writings and works, in a convincing, orderly, and logical arrangement. It is the best historical and critical commentary extant (except the events themselves) on Mr. Burke's first work, called "Reflections on the Revo-"lution in France." 1790. It is worthy to be read by all who are interested in the great cause of GOD and man, and I hope it will be read and studied.

Finis et Ætas

Tota retro; SERÆ VOLUMUS DECUS ADDERE MORTI!

It is for such paramount reasons, that the Legislature and all the Magistrates of Great Britain are loudly called upon *to control* (while they *yet* can control with effect) *by the law, and by the law alone*, such works as those by Thomas Paine, and all the spawn of lewdness, infidelity, and democracy, in their vigour or in their dotage; to repress *by law* such popular works or novels as THE MONK, by M. Lewis, Esq. Member of Parliament, which I have stated * amply, as indecent and blasphemous; and to watch over the proceedings of Dr. Geddes,† the new Translator of the Bible. The plain questions are these: "*ARE WE TO BE PRESERVED?* and, "*CAN WE BE PRESERVED?*" The French Revolution is *now* matter of history, I mean of history speaking in every language of every nation of Europe. One establishment upholds another; and the fall of any one draws after it *a long Ruin.* Read the Memoires of the Abbé BARUEL, and doubt, if you can, whether LITERATURE has power to kill and to

* Preface to Dial. IV. of the P. of L. † Ib. Pref. to Dial. IV.

Godwin [r] and Volney, [s] Ruin and Reform;

make alive. Atheist Statesmen always co-operate with Atheist Philosophers, but are generally duped by them. "*Ils prennent leurs ordres sans* "*le savoir*," said D'Alembert, in the plenitude of his impudence. The grand triple Conspiracy and *crushing* Cabal, under all its horrid formularies, against religion, regal power, and social order under moral restraint, has shewn what is the force and potency of LITERATURE, stimulated and conducted by an exterminating philosophy. *LET ENGLAND BEWARE AND LOOK TO HERSELF!* *

r GODWIN.—"Ecce iterum Crispinus!" and I wish I need not proceed with the line, "Et est mihi sæpe vocandus in partes, Monstrum "nullâ virtute redemptum."—In my note in Dialogue 3, of the P. of L. I thought I had taken leave of WILLIAM GODWIN; but he has again obtruded himself upon the public, and I, as one of the public, shall give a few remarks on his late book, called "The Enquirer; or Reflections on "Education, Manners, and Literature, in a series of *Essays*." Of his Enquiry concerning Political Justice, the author differs in opinion from me. He declares, in his Preface to his *Enquirer*, that "An Enquiry *thus* "pursued on Political Justice, (i. e. as he, William Godwin, has pursued "it) *is undoubtedly IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF MAN!!!*" But as I have given my opinion upon it in the Third Dialogue of the P. of L. I shall say nothing here. Yet I might add, as it is recorded of the infidel Boaster before Thebes,

Si tardius artus
Cessissent, potuit fulmen meruisse secundum.†

I shall take but a few chapters of his new book, for really I should fatigue myself and my reader past all sufferance, if I were to go through

* See also "the Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and "Governments of Europe, carried on in the Secret Meetings of Free "Masons, Illuminati, &c. &c. by J. Robison, A. M." A book of great importance and solemn warning to this country, which should be perused with Abbè Baruel's work. They reflect a powerful light on each other.

† Thebaid. L. 10.

The Sophists unabash'd yet rear their head,

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with it. The spirit and the manner is the same in *all* these Essays. "The "present volume," (i. e. the Enquirer) he informs us, (Preface, p. 8.) "is "presented to the *contemplative* reader, not as *dicta*, but AS THE MATE- "RIALS OF THINKING, and that they are committed to his mercy." He adds, "that *with as ardent a passion for innovation as ever*, he, (i. e. Wil- "liam Godwin) feels himself more *patient* and *tranquil*." This is pleasant to himself certainly, but whether his opinions and their consequences will promote *patience* and tranquillity in *other* men, is all that we are concerned to know and to expose. He professes to write a moral work. It is miscellaneous and unconnected, whatever he may think. I would premise there is a difference in considering a moral and a mere metaphysical Enquiry. In the latter it is just and necessary to take in all the parts of a system to know its efficacy and apparent truth; but in a *moral* work there is not the same necessity, and for this plain reason: Mankind are *guided in their actions*, not by system, but *by single impulses;* by detached maxims, by aphorisms, by sentences, which have frequently the force of whole volumes. Whatever impels to action *singly and by itself*, may be considered also apart, and held forth either to approbation or to censure. For this important reason I shall offer some passages from "The Enquirer, by William "Godwin." The book perhaps has been read very little; but it is published and it may be read, and I am sure it ought to be criticised, not from its excellence or the ability of the writer, but from the subject matter.

His first Chapter or Essay is, "*Of awakening the Mind.*" He begins with *so very wise* a sentence, that we are naturally prepared for *much instruction*. I have indeed been told, that Mr. Godwin's mother, like little Isaac's in Sheridan's Duenna, used to call him "*Little Solomon.*" What is this sentence? verbatim as follows: "*If* individuals were *uni-* "*versally* happy, the species *would be* happy!" Again. "When a child "is born, one of the earliest purposes of his institutor ought to be, to "*awaken his mind*, to breathe *a soul into the*, as yet unformed, *mass.*" Whether the *mass* is the *mind*, or the *mind* the *mass*, and at what time *the soul* is to be *breathed into the mind*, is not quite clear; but it is *very instructive*. Mr. Godwin also thinks, that "it is *not* the absurdest of

Their colours gaudy, though but idly [t] spread.

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" paradoxes to affirm, that *the true* object of juvenile education is *to teach* " *no one thing in particular*, but (the reader will be rather surprised) to *pro-* " *vide*, against the age of *five-and-twenty*, a mind well regulated, active, " and *prepared to learn*." It is to be remembered, that the *general* education of mankind is the object under consideration. If the reader's mind is not *awakened* by such an alarum of nonsense, I think he must be deeply intranced, as fast as a modern watchman, or Mr. Godwin himself, when he wrote the chapter.

Next comes Essay 2. " On the utility of talents." From this we learn, in Mr. Godwin's own words, that " The only complete protection " against the appellation of *fool*, is to be the possessor of *uncommon* capa- " city;" and that " a *self-satisfied*, *half-witted fellow* is the *most ridicu-* " *lous* of all things." This is also *very instructive*, and lets us into the secret of Mr. Godwin's wits and his self-satisfaction. But I cannot think Mr. Godwin's instructions will " produce in his pupil or child" (if he has either) " *one of the long-looked-for saviours of the human race.*" It might perhaps produce another Anacharsis Cloots, the *Orator* of the human race. Then come " The Sources of Genius," in Essay 3. The sentiments are either so trite, or so absurd, or so wicked, that it is difficult to choose. One of them I must select.—Of the children of *peasants*, Mr. Godwin observes, " That at the age of fourteen the very traces of under- " standing are obliterated. They are enlisted at the *crimping house of* " *oppression*. They are *brutified* by immoderate and unremitting labour. " Their hearts are *hardened*, and their spirits *broken* by *all* that they *see*, " all that they *feel*, and all that they *look forward to*. THIS IS ONE OF THE " MOST INTERESTING POINTS OF VIEW in which we consider *the present* " *order of society!!!* It is the great *slaughter-house* of genius, and of " mind. It is *the unrelenting murderer* of hope and gaiety, of the love of " reflection, and *of the love of life*." (p. 16.) This is, I suppose, as this atrocious but foolish writer would call it, *to promote patience and tranquillity* among mankind! Mr. Godwin has not yet done. Essay the 4th is on the same Sources. Here he proves too much for himself. He

Better be dull than wicked; from the heart

says, page 19. "There is an insanity among Philosophers, that has "brought Philosophy itself into discredit."

At the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. G. speaking of the succession of events, and the manner in which we acquire ideas, delivers this sentence seriously and philosophically, with a view to be *instructive* as I suppose. "If any man was to tell me that *if I pull the trigger of my gun* "*a swift and beautiful horse* will immediately appear starting from the "mouth of the tube; I can ONLY answer, *that I do not expect it*, and that "it is contrary to the tenor of my former experience. But *I can assign no* "*reason (!!!)* why this is an event intrinsically more absurd, *or less likely* "*to happen than the event* I have been accustomed to witness. It may be "familiarly illustrated to the unlearned reader, by remarking, that the "*process of generation*, in consequence of which men and horses are born, "has *obviously no more perceivable correspondence* with that event, than it "would have for me to pull the trigger of a gun!!!" I pass by the gross indecency of the illustration, that I may just hint, what it is to be a philosopher, and *instruct the unlearned* in the new way. I am ashamed to analyse any other opinions in this Essay; but as Mr. G. is supposed by some to be "a man of talents" I suppose also that Mr. G. has the properties of "A man of talents," as he himself has declared them to be; and that "HE (himself) can *recollect up to what period* he was *jejune*, and *up* "*to what* period he was dull. He can call to mind the innumerable "errors of specul ation he has committed *that would almost digrace an* "*ideot*." (p. 28.) For my own part, in the present instance, I have nothing to do with recollection. Mr. Godwin and his book are before me. So much for "A man of talents." I can not oppress the reader with all his desolating, unfounded and silly opinions on all trades, professions, and occupations; wholly subversive of the order of society, and as I believe, of any supposeable order whatsoever of any regulated human society.

But if the reader wishes to be amused with the acmé or height of absurdity and wildness, I earnestly recommend to him to read Mr. Godwin's account of "*The walk of a man of talents*, (Mr. Godwin himself, "for instance,) *and of a man without talents*, (such as myself) *from Tem-*

The life-springs issue, and their force impart.

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" *ple Bar to Hyde Park Corner.*" (p. 31 and 32.) It is really *refreshing* in the extreme. Nothing can be superior to it, but his " Gun of generation," just described, and his " self-tilling plough, without the intervention " of man," in his other book on Political Justice, vol. 2. p. 494. Ed. 8vo. I will give Mr. Godwin's own account of this famous Walk, especially as the public are accustomed to observe all kinds of men and women too *between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner.* " The *chief* point of differ- " ence (says Mr. Godwin) between *the man of talents and the man with-* " *out*, CONSISTS in *the different ways* in which their minds are employed " during *the same* interval!!!" (This is the proposition, ludicrous and absurd enough of itself, but now let us hear *the proof* or illustration.) " They, (i. e. the man of talents and the man without) are *obliged*, let us " suppose, to walk from Temple Bar to Hyde Park Corner. The DULL " MAN goes *strait forward:* he has so many furlongs to *traverse.* He " *observes* if he meets *any of his acquaintance;* he *enquires* respecting their " health and their family. He *glances* perhaps at the shops as he passes; " he *admires* the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea urn. *If* he " *experience* any *flights of fancy* (i. e. between Temple Bar and Hyde " Park Corner) they are of a *short* extent; of the same nature *as the flight* " *of a forest bird* clipped of his wings, and *condemned* to pass the rest of " his life in a *farm-yard.* On the other hand, THE MAN OF TALENTS " gives full scope to his imagination. *He laughs and cries* unindebted to " *the suggestions* of the surrounding objects, *his whole soul* is employed!" We are now to prepare *for the employment of the whole soul* of a man of talents from Temple Bar to Hyde Parke Corner, and the reader will *observe* that he has enough to do. " He, (the man of talents) *enters* into " *nice* calculations; he *digests sagacious reasonings.* (All this is done between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner.) " In imagination he *de-* " *claims or describes*, impressed with the *deepest* sympathy, or elevated " to the loftiest rapture. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, " *tries his courage*, *tasks his ingenuity*, and thus becomes gradually pre- " pared to meet *almost any* of the *many-coloured* events of human life. " He consults, *by the aid of memory* the books he has read, (N. B. a man

Better to write stark nonsense; better preach

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" of talents never reads in the streets,) and he *projects* others for the *future* " *instruction* and *delight* of mankind." (I always said Mr. Godwin himself *projected* his book on Justice and this on Education *in the streets;* Sic tu *triviis*, *indocte* solebas.) " *If* he *observes* the passengers, (the dull " man only observes his acquaintance) he reads their countenances, con- " jectures *their past* history, and forms *a superficial* notion of their *wisdom* " *and folly*, their virtue or vice, satisfaction or misery. If he observes " the scenes that occur, it is with the eye of a connoiseur or an artist." (The dull man above minds only *buckles and tea urns.)* " Every object " is *capable* of suggesting to him *a Volume of Reflections.*" (Mr. Godwin must mean *his own volume* now before me, called *Reflections* on manners, education, and literature.) " The time of *these two persons* in *one* " respect resembles; it has *brought them both to Hyde Park Corner.* In " almost every other respect it is dissimilar." Here is the denouement or *Ευρηκα of Philosopher* GODWIN, and I have no doubt, he thinks it a discovery in Terra jam congnita, as he will allow the ground to be between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner. I cannot say the parallel is quite in the manner of Plutarch; but it is *very instructive.* No man can ever be again at a loss to know a man of talents, from a man without, *in the streets.* I have often been puzzled, till I met with this instructive volume of Reflections.

When the Reader has considered this, and all the other parts I have produced, and thousands which I have omitted, he will remember that Mr. GODWIN has set himself up for a Legislator, a Reformer, a Philosopher, a destroyer of ancient prejudices, and a builder of new systems, a guide through the darkness of the world by this new light, and he expects the obeisance of mankind. I am sure, I cannot even conceive that any man or woman will worship BEFORE SUCH AN IMAGE of democracy and Tyranny, whoever may sound the cornet, sackbut, or dulcimer at the dedication. It is not an image of gold; it is an image of *iron mixed with miry clay.*

With silky " voice, and sacred flow'rs of speech,

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This it is to instruct the world, to reform it, to make it happy. Mr. G. comes in such a questionable shape, that I know not when to finish my questions. I might go on chapter by chapter in this manner. Let any man look at his opinions and *the nature* of his knowledge and his pretensions. I must copy two thirds (at the least) if I wished to express, and to expose, all that is reprehensible in this volume, or wicked, or ridiculous, or trite beyond belief. I would hold up Mr. G's own propositions, in his own words, to all persons who have understanding, and let them judge. Let them fairly decide whether his impiety be not *even less* than his folly; and the weakness of his understanding more visible than the plunging violence of his exertions. " Dat operam ut cum ratione insaniat."

Mr. Godwin is at best but a mongrel and an exotic. He is grafted upon the stock of Condorcet and the French rabble on French ground; but he has not even the *raciness* of that teeming soil. English minds will not long bear the grossness of such an imposition. We are better and earlier taught than he wishes we should be. Reason indeed disclaims Mr. Godwin; of eloquence, and good writing, (in spite of all his dogmatism) he knows nothing; and of the Belles Lettres nearly as much as can be attained, or rather *picked up*, in a modern academy in some London Square, or at Islington. But for Mr. Godwin we are to lay down Plato and Xenophon; for him we are to relinquish Aristotle and Tully; to him Locke is to give way, and the simplicity and tempered humour of Mr. Addison is to be lost in Mr. Godwin's effusions. I really am fatigued with this man. Nothing but the importance of the consequences and effects of his wild, weak, wicked, and absurd notions, (I cannot dignify them with the name of principles or ἀξιωματα) could have prevailed upon me to have wasted irretrievably so much of my time upon them.

From the period when *Philosopher* HUME first garbled his neglected " Treatise on Human Nature," and published it in the form of Essays, and set up a kind of *slop-shop* of morality in the suburbs of Atheism, we have had nothing but Essays upon Essays, till—we all know the consequence. And last of all comes *Philosopher* GODWIN, and sets up his

In soft *probation* [x] for a Foundling's gown, 461

trumpery shop too in the same quarter; though he is willing to wait upon ladies and gentlemen at their own houses, with his "Gros paquet de "toile *verte* * *et rouge*," upon the principles and practice of the celebrated *Fripier* in Gil Blas, and with the same kind of justice. He presents you with his second-hand suits, with his "habits de drap tout uni," and his "habits de velours un peu passés," demands his soixante ducats, and then addresses you with the same cool effrontery: "Vous êtes bien heureux "qu'on se soit addressè à MOI, plutot qu'à un autre. Graces au ciel, "j'exerce rondement ma profession: JE SUIS LE SEUL FRIPIER qui ait "DE LA MORALE."† So much for Philosopher GODWIN, or Le Philosophe FRIPIER, malgrè sa morale!

To the learned world in particular (if they have ever drudged through the works of Mr. Godwin as I have done) I will address a few words from the second book of the Pyrrhonic Institutions of Sextus Empiricus, as applicable to WILLIAM GODWIN, after all the observations I have made on his writings. "Εξομεν δι' ὃ ΤΟΝ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΝ "ΤΟΥΤΟΝ διακρινατ τε απο των αλλων Ζωων, και ΕΙΛΙΚΡΙΝΩΣ ΝΟΗΣΑΙ "δυνησομεθα."‡

s Volney.—See Dial. 1. (note *e*) of the P. of L. for an account of Mr. Volney's book, entitled, "Ruins, or a Meditation of the Revolu-"tion of Empires."

t "Mocking the air with colours idly spread."

Shakspeare's King John.

I wish to refer the reader to an excellent, very seasonable and important pamphlet called "Reform, or Ruin," by J. Bowdler, Esq.—It is well written.

u All Doctors (and Bishops too) should remember it is one thing to preach, and another to print and publish their sermons. It is also high

* *Green* is the symbol of the *Irish*, and *Red* of French dèmocratic factions.

† Gil Blas, Liv. 1. ch. 15. ‡ Sexti Empyrici Inst. Pyrrhon. L. 2. c. 5.

To please some guardian Midas of the town,

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time for Bishop Horsley (qui au travers de toute sa pieté n'est pas Auteur impunément, et qui a la satisfaction d'arracher les Voluptueuses aux plaisirs, * et d'affermir dans leur devoir des Epouses ébranlées par des amans seducteurs; though I cannot say, " qu'on trouve ses homélies " et ses ouvrages egalement forts et delicats") it is high time I say, for my Lord Bishop Horsley to remember, that it was said of the Archbishop of Grenada, " Voila un Sermon qui sent furieusement l'Apoplexie."† I do not think that the Archevêque de Grenade (I beg pardon) plain Bishop Horsley (for I think, he never will be an Archbishop) will appoint me to be his Secretary, or in the inimitable words of Le Sage, be desirous " avoir près de lui un homme (comme moi) qui ait de la literature, et une " bonne main pour mettre au net ses homélies."‡—I may add, that if I should take a walk through his literary grounds, I fear I should be found *damage-feasant;* and if I were to enter the premises at Rochester or Westminster, and be prosecuted for it, I should certainly direct my counsel to plead a special " Nil habuit in tenementis." (See Lord Raymond's Rep. 1550.) For though his Lordship, as Plaintiff, is but an Assignee, he may take advantage of the estoppel, for it runs with the land. See Co. Lytt. 152, and Salk. 276.

Truth, erudition, and ability, always fail in their effect if their professors enforce them with violence, or asperity in the manner, or imprudence in the choice of subjects and in the place of delivering them.

x I allude to any popular preacher. It is really humiliating and degrading to the Clergy to preach probationary sermons, on any vacancy of a chaplainship at any of the charitable foundations, before such a set of judges. One is for voice and action, another for what he calls learning, others for the tender passions, some for appeals to reason, and others again love logic and close argument. No Divine can satisfy such judges, but such a Doctor as is described by John of Salisbury, " Doctor sanctis-

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* See his Magdalen Homily, and his speeches in the House of Lords in cases of Adultery.

† Gil Blas, liv. 7. ch. 4. ‡ Ib. liv. 7. ch. 2.

Who gives his vote from *judgment* and from *taste;*
Better with Warner move with *measur'd* haste
To lend *new pleasure* [y] to a pedant's ear,
Appeal to Bryant, nor his judgment fear;
Better to state-arithmetic be bred,
Tell Jacobins and Tories by the [yy] head;

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" simus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et " inebriavit Ecclesiam!" It is high time to put these affairs on a more respectable footing for the Clergy.

I think indeed, that the business, elections, &c. belonging to all Hospitals, and all charities, should be transacted by a Committee of the Subscribers elected annually. A Committee composed of twenty-one persons would be sufficient, and the present mode of canvassing for offices might be entirely suppressed, which is much to be desired. It might be easily carried into effect. The propriety of such a measure being generally adopted in London, and near the metropolis, is evident; and I wish this hint may be attended to by men of sense and judgment.

y See a Treatise lately published, entitled "METPON APIΣTON, " or a *New Pleasure*, recommended in a Dissertation on Greek and Latin " Prosody," (1797.) It is without any permission, and I think with considerable effrontery, dedicated to Mr. Bryant in a style perfectly new. If almost every page of this treatise were not sillier, wilder, and more extravagant than the preceding, I might be tempted to take some notice of its multifarious contents. For they are very numerous indeed; from the laws passed in King Priam's reign (I beg Mr. Bryant's pardon) under his marine Minister, when Troy was attacked and invaded by the Grecians, down to the present French war and the incomprehensible Cavalry Act, under George the Third of Great Britain. As it does not appear to me possible for this Author (I use his own words in his own treatise) to " put " off the monkey and bring out the man," I shall say nothing further of this farrago of learned nonsense.

Prove that no dogs, as thro' the streets they range,
Give bone for bone in regular [z] exchange; 470

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yy Mr. Burke gave it as his opinion in his "Two Letters on the "Proposals for Peace," (1796) that there are "400,000 political citizens "in Great Britain, of whom 80,000 are pure Jacobins, the other four-"fifths perfectly sound," &c. In this particular instance I shall only say of this great and venerable man, what one of Dante's Commentator's says on a passage in the *Purgatorio:* "Per verità é un gran capriccio; ma in "ciò segu il suo stile." Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, and Burke, all abound in similar capriccios; but I will add Dr. Johnson's admirable words; "He that can put these *(capriccios)* in balance with their beau-"ties must be considered not as nice but dull, as less to be censured for "want of candour, than pitied for want of sensibility." Life of Milton.

z Here is another little *copriccio* of a man of no common sagacity, the late Adam Smith. He says seriously, by way of illustration; "No "body *ever saw a dog* make *a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone* for "another with another dog." Smith's Wealth of Nations, Vol. 1. p. 20. Ed. 8vo. My dear Adam, this philosophy of yours is nearly of the same date as your ancestor's † in Eden, and I can only say in reply. "Whoever expected to see a dog do so?"—We have all heard and read of that snarling sect, the Cynics, and if we could convert dogs into philosophers, or what is harder still, philosophical propositions *into meat and bones*, (which I fear is more than most *Scotch* Professors can do) I should apply metaphorically the following lines from a celebrated Poet, a great observer of *human* nature:

"So when *two dogs* are fighting ‡ in the streets,
With *a third dog* one of *the two dogs* meets;

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† In the most extensively learned book I ever saw, (for the size of it) and the best arranged, I mean the "Philosophia Generalis, &c. per Theo-"philum Gale," there is actually a chapter "De Philosophia Adami." L. 1. C. 1. s. 5.—"A Capriccio!"

‡ i. e. For *a bone*, or for any thing which is an object of *fair and deliberate* exchange.

Or frame, with Marsh, [a] strange theorems to try
Some manuscript's divine identity;
With Hargrave to the Peers approach with awe,
And sense and grammar sink in Yorke and law; [b]

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With angry tooth he bites him to the bone,
And *this dog* smarts for what *that dog* has done."

a A learned and ingenious Critic, the Rev. Wm. Marsh, (Translator of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament, to which he has added many valuable notes and illustrations) published in the year 1795, "Letters to Archdeacon Travis, on the subject of a Greek Manuscript in "the Public Library at Cambridge, printed at Leipzig, but sold in London "by R. Marsh Fleet-street." Mr. Marsh's theorem is so totally new, and so unparalleled, that I shall laugh hereafter at any man who tells me, that the chances for or against any thing are 100,000 to 1.

"*General Theorem*, by which the *indentity* of Manuscripts *is determined*, "from a coincidence in their Readings." (Letters, p. 70.)—I omit it in this edition of my poem, as the theorem is judged to be too long and uninteresting.

b See lately published, "The Jurisdiction of *the Lords House*, or "Parliament, by Sir Matthew Hale," and an introductory preface by F. Hargrave, Esq. the Editor. 1796. Mr. Hargrave is universally acknowledged as one of the soundest and most learned lawyers in the kingdom. But when he will *step out of his way*, and turn rhetorician, and fancy that he is writing like Cicero de Oratore, there is some difference between the Roman and the English advocate. Mr. H. in his preface thus writes concerning the Rt. Hon. Charles Yorke, the short-lived and lamented Chancellor. "Hs *was a modern* constellation *of English jurisprudence*, whose digressions *from the exuberance of the best juridical knowledge* were illuminations; *whose energies were oracles; whose constancy of mind was won into the pinnacle of our English forum at an inauspicious moment; whose exquisiteness of sensibility, at almost the next moment from the impressions of imputed error*, stormed the fort of even his highly-cultivated

With Pitt and Fox some Mantuan strain rehearse,
In school-boy contest for a hackney'd verse; [bb]
Better be White, though dubious [c] of my fame,
Or wisely sink my own in [d] Homer's name;

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reason, and so made elevation and extinction contemporaneous; *and whose prematureness of fate—has caused an almost insuppliable interstice in the science of English equity.*" Pref. p. 181. I really think Mr. Hargrave has dived through all the celebrated ten fountains of invention, from which " * he has taken in water for an happy voyage over the procellose " ocean of his funeral parentation" of *Charles Yorke*.---I pretend not to comprehend this passage in all its sublimity, but upon one principle, which, as it appears to me, is the grand, though secret design of Mr. Hargrave, to leave upon record to his brethren; It is this: " THAT A " LAWYER WHO WRITES SO CLEARLY AS TO BE UNDERSTOOD, IS AN " AVOWED ENEMY TO HIS PROFESSION."

bb See the Parliamentary Register for the record of this famous combat (Nov. 1797.) between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox about the verse of Virgil, " Toto certatum est corpore regni," &c. It was the mere quibbling of children at school. When I heard it and considered the time and the question, it was difficult, though Virgil was the theme, to forget Lucan.

*Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda trophæis*
*Ausoniis*, umbrâque erraret Crassus inultâ,
*Bella* geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos.

Mr. Dundas indeed never troubles the house with any Latin, (which is quite out of his way;) but, from his rostral beak, regales the Scotch interest with the unsophisticated pronunciation of the most unpolluted North:

He keeps within the bounds of sense and verse,
But, like Macpherson, glibly *gabbles Erse*, (Feb. 1798.)

c See the learned and very ingenious (but rather declamatory) Sermons by Professor White of Oxford at the Bampton Lecture. But in

* Hist. of Friar Gerund, Vol. 2. p. 265.

Better to disappoint the public hope,
Like Warton driveling [e] on the page of Pope; [f] 480

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this, as in many other cases, it seems, "Garth did not write *his own* "Dispensary."---I always thought the charge ridiculous; yet learned men would "write about it and about it." Any thing will serve for a controversy. Enquire of Messrs. Ireland, Malone, and Chalmers, at the *Shakspeare Manufactory* in Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

d The Reverend Dr. Parr will best explain this verse. See his *sublime* Apostrophe, "*Spirit* of Henry *Homer!*" &c. &c. &c. Letter to Dr. Coombe, by an occasional Writer in the British Critic.

e The Booksellers may say in Sir Philip Sidney's words: "What "fools were we, to mingle such *driveling* speeches among (WARBUR-"TON's) noble thoughts!" (Sir P. S's Arcadia.")

Pan etiam Arcadiâ dicat se judice victum.

The typographical errors in Latin, Greek, and English in this edition are numerous beyond all belief; so numerous as to be very inconvenient to the reader.

The reason why I have, in the following passages, examined the edition so particularly, is this. There is no Author in our language, whose works admit of such important illustration, as Mr. Pope's, moral, religious, critical and argumentative. This opportunity has been now unfortunately lost; and it must be seen that our great poet has been disgraced, and a fond admiring nation is left to lament the negligence, inattention and impropriety, (I use the mildest terms) with which this work has been performed, except in the *critical* part of Dr. W's notes, which I *generally* approve. I have *proved* this in the following remarks; and I have given the most cogent reasons. My sole object is the good of the kingdom, which I will strive to support *systematically*, WHOEVER, OR WHATEVER, MAY STAND IN THE WAY. "Hoc illis dico, qui me non intelligunt."

f See the new edition of Pope's Works by *the Reverend Dr.* JOSEPH WARTON, late Head-master of Winchester School. The mildest words I can use are, "Tantamne rem tam negligenter?" I praised (and liberally enough as some people thought) Dr. Joseph Warton's Common Place

While o'er the ground that WARBURTON once trod,
The Winton Pedant shakes his little rod,
Content *his own* stale scraps to steal or glean,
Hash'd up and season'd with an old man's spleen; ff

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Book on Pope, in the First Dialogue of the P. of L. and I still think it very entertaining and instructive. But when a learned man appears as the professed Editor of the most distinguished and the most interesting Poet of the nation, and when the public have been taught to expect the work as of great promise, we require something more *than mere copying his own old common place remarks* from one book, *to put them* in the form of notes at the bottom of the pages of another. It is mere book-making, beneath the character of so learned a gentleman as Doctor Warton. It is to steal *from one's own self.* Yet the town is patient: "Marcus dixit "ita est." But I will not say so. Had this been done merely by the Booksellers, or by the whole *worshipful* Company of Stationers, it would have remained without notice from me. It would have been *an edition made with a pair of Scissars*, nothing more. But at the end of the Advertisement to this edition I find these words: "For the rest of the "notes (except those by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton) I am answer-"able. JOSEPH WARTON."

When the ILLUSTRIOUS friend of Pope, WILLIAM WARBURTON, (sublime even in his exorbitance, and dignified in sagacity and erudition,) condescended to become an Editor, I should have preferred reprinting his edition as it stood. But I am indeed ashamed of the present edition as it is now offered to the public. If Dr. Warton had neither time, nor spirits, nor industry, nor leisure, nor inclination, *he should not have undertaken a work* so important to the world. But as their is no other new edition to be had of an elegant form, type and paper, (and this is *very pretty*) many persons will desire to have it and I am sure I will not refuse it a place in my library.

ff See Dr. Warton's personal notes on Pope and Warburton *passim* throughout the work, splenetic in the extreme.

Nor e'en the Bard's deformity can 'scape,
" His pictur'd person and his libell'd [g] shape;"

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g Poets are often prophets. POPE little thought that, fifty years after his death, a learned Editor would revive some imputed trash, (perhaps) *not his own*, and actually give to the malignant curiosity of some folks, " His libelled person and his pictured shape." (Prol. to Pope's Satires, v. 353.) It is strange that Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pope should have the same fate. The figure of Mr. G has been presented to the world and to posterity by *his friend* Lord Sheffield (See Mr. G's Posthumous Miscellanies. 4to. Vol. 1.) and Mr. Pope's contemptible appearance by *the kindness* of his editor.

I have many and great objections to this edition; but I shall only state a few. An edition of Pope is a fair and a very proper subject of criticism. I think the title page contemptuous: " With notes and illustra- " tions by J WARTON, D. D. and others." To include WILLIAM WARBURTON, Bishop of Gloucester, and author of the Divine Legation, under the title of others, required on assurance equal at least to the dilettante spirit which too frequently prevails in Dr. Warton's comments. In this instance, as he says of the great Samuel Johnson, " temulentus videtur." Mr. Pope himself said to Dr. Warburton, " *No hand can set* " *my works in so good a light*, or so well turn their best side to the day " *as your own.*" Upon which Dr. Warton remarks: " Without incurring, " I hope, the censure of being a short-sighted and malevolent critic, I " venture to say that *our Author's* fond expectation of his commentator's " setting his works in the best light, was extremely ill-founded."* I believe Mr. Pope will be found the best judge of his own interest. Dr. Warton may remember these lines:

" Critics I saw, *that other names deface*,
" And fix their own, with labour, in their place;
" Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
" *Or disappear'd*, AND LEFT THE FIRST BEHIND."

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* Pope. Warton's Edit. Vol. 9. p. 377.

Ah, better to unlearn'd oblivion hurl'd,

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Such was the inscription in a Temple, from which it will be difficult to erase the name of William Warburton, and substitute the name of Joseph Warton. I have no personal partiality for Warburton; he was long before my time. Nor have I the honour (such I should indeed esteem it) of an acquaintance with Bishop Hurd, his venerable friend and compeer. But I was born to admire erudition and genius, and to vindicate them when they are insulted.

Dr. Warton's life of Pope is not well written as to the matter or *the manner*. The style is defective and often vulgar. I shall instance a passage or two. The perpetual vulgarism of the term "*our* author."—"Dennis pursued *our* author in bitter invectives, against every work he "*gradually* published." p. 18. "After arriving at eminence *by so many* "*capital* compositions, *our* author, &c. &c.---p. 24. "Which, as an "uncommon curiosity, *one* would have been glad *to have beheld.*" p. 11. "Dr. Warburton's defence of the Essay on Man *ultimately got him a* "*wife* and a bishopric." p. 45. "Into what a *mass* has he *raised* and "*expanded* so slight a *hint!*" p. 21. Dr. W. is fond of "*delicious* lines, "and *delicious* passages," &c. I cannot specify more of them in this note. He commends Voltaire too often and too much. He is also perpetually praising the German Professor Heyne, who has insulted our English universities and public schools in his writings. Yet *we* have republished *his* Virgil and all his ponderous dissertations. Professor Heyne was originally a mechanic: he was not born with taste, and he never acquired elegance. His learning is without discernment. More embodied dulness or a heavier mass of matter than *his* Virgil I never saw. The shrine of the Poet is indeed loaded with offerings, but it is illuminated with rays from Gottingen.---I must observe further.

It was very bold and *very indecent* in the *Reverend* Dr. Warton, to publish Pope's Imitation of the Second Satire of the first Book of Horace. Pope never * printed it in his works himself; Dr. Warburton refused to

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* Dr. W. indeed says, vol. 1. Life, p. 56. "Pope *suffered* his friend "Dodsley to print it as *his* writing in one edition, 12mo." I never saw it, but can believe the Doctor. Pope was undoubtedly ashamed of it.

Than give to Perry [h] what I owe the world;

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admit it: no common edition whatsoever of Pope has admitted it. It is printed only in a vulgar appendix in two volumes. But if Mr. Pope had actually described every nymph in the seraglio of "the pious Needham," must the Reverend Dr. Warton publish such a poem, merely because Mr. Pope had written it?---This sixth volume of Dr. Warton's edition should be reprinted, and this scandalous poem, and some other parts of it, omitted. With the Commentators † on Shakspeare, Pope, &c. of modern days, there is no such thing as an invocation to "*Intermissa* VENUS;" for the Goddess has actually deserted her beloved Cyprus, "*In hos* TOTA *ruens.*" (See Horace for the rest.)

"Te, Venus Regina, *pio* vocantum
"Thure WARTONI ET STEPHANI decoras
"Transfer in ædes."

I have indeed no doubt the poem is by Pope. As to mere wit and point in the imitation, it is perhaps the best. But what then? Mr. Pope's works are distinguished for peculiar correctness in taste and morals; and are intended for the most general and the most unqualified perusal. Dr. W. might as well have printed Mr. E's *Geranium* in his comments, or any other light and vigorous sally of a *very* young man, forgiven as such and forgotten, as the following lines, if the reader will believe they are printed *IN POPE'S WORKS;*

"Or when a tight neat girl will serve the turn,
"In errant pride continue * * * ?
"I'm a plain man, whose maxim is profest,
"The thing at hand is of all things the best."

Vol. 6. p. 51.---See also p. 49, worse still.

I, though an anonymous layman, refuse to print the passage *in full*, which *the Reverend* Doctor Warton has printed and sanctioned with his name as Editor of Pope's Works. "Nobis *non licet* esse *tam disertis*, "qui musas colimus severiores." If Mr. Pope had often written *thus*, his works must have been consigned to the library of a brothel. *This*

† See the P. of L. Dial. 1.

And idly busy, in my choice perplext,

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edition of Pope's works will be sent into every part of the civilized world. This will be so; and can it be said, that I speak without reason? Surely I am not pleading for public decency in vain. The Doctor at least should have dedicated this sixth volume to the Ladies---of the Commons. To what other ladies could I present this volume? Yet so it is. "Doctors "rush in, where laymen fear to tread." But because Pope called this, Sober advice from Horace, the Doctor thought their could be no harm in it. Dr. W. observes, that "the first step in the literary, as well as in the political world is of the utmost consequence," &c. Pope's Life, p. 14. I would remind the Doctor of *the last step* in *both* these worlds, which he seems to have forgotten. I think that the political principles in the notes are frequently false, and in may instances dangerous. I cannot copy whole notes; but I wish any sensible man would refer to the passages and examine them. If they are right, in such a world as this and in such a state of society as the present, I will give up the whole of my objections. Dr. W. tells us first from Sir Thomas Browne, "That there is *a certain* "*list of vices* committed in all ages, and *declaimed against* by all "authors, which will last as long as human nature, or digested into com- "mon places, may serve for any theme, and never be out of date till "doomsday." (Vol. 4. p. 318.) Instead of a spirited vindication of moral satire, Dr. W. laughs at the effects of it, and very unadvisedly seems to discourage even *the endeavours* after a reformation of manners. If I am asked how? I answer thus: Dr. Warton tells us, from *a certain Wit*, "Mount in the pulpit with Bourdaloue, or take the pen with La "Bruyere, it is only so much time lost; the world will go on as before." The morality of Voltaire cannot surely be the morality of Dr. Warton. He lastly informs us, that Pope, in those Dialogues, "exhibits many "strong marks of petulance, party-spirit, and self-importance, and of "assuming to himself the character of Censor-general." (vol. 4. p. 345.) As if in answer to this unjust and outrageous character, by a singular anticipating sagacity, Pope seems himself to have replied to the Doctor, in *his own* concluding note to these Dialogues, in language, sentiment, and dignity beyond all praise.

Throw years of labour on a single text, 490

I may add, that if this mode of arguing against every *endeavour* to reform the manners of mankind and recall them to virtue and wisdom, is to be *adopted*, we are indeed in the high road to ruin and revolution. Fortunately there is as much sense as there is policy, or truth, in this indiscreet and dangerous doctrine. I might as well say; "There is always "a certain list or catalogue of diseases, infirmities and miseries attendant "upon every human being in every stage of his earthly existence, and "which will appear, disquiet, and lay waste the species in all ages. The "art of medicine never can wholly remove them, and they will *never be* "*out of date till doomsday*. What is the use of the physician and his skill? "We should never apply to him, but suffer silently, till our dissolution "takes place, without any attempt to remove the pain or misery which "flesh is heir to, even when it is in our power to mitigate or *perhaps* to "cure them." I really cannot pass doctrines like these without animadversion, especially when they are either recommended, or approved, by a Doctor of the Church, whose office is to declare, pronounce, and enforce the doctrine of moral reformation. He should not forget the constitution of the natural and moral world. "Good is set against evil, and life "against death. So look upon the works of the Most High; *there are two* "*and two, one against another*." I feel I am right in submitting such remarks as these to the public.

As to political sentiments, I own I was surprised to read many notes, but particularly these words in vol. 4. p. 333, on the compliment Virgil paid to Cato. "A much honester passage" (says Dr. Warton) is that in "which Virgil had the courage to represent his hero assisting the Etrus-"cans in *punishing* * their tyrannical king, in the 8th book of the Æneid. "v. 424."

"Ergo omnis furiis surrexit ETRURIA justis,
"REGEM AD SUPPLICIUM præsenti marte REPOSCUNT."

Dr. W. knows that Julius Cæsar was not Mezentius. I am sure the Doctor cannot approve and recommend this passage, which has been in

* *Punishing* is the modern democratical word for *murdering*.

(Alike to me, encas'd in Grecian bronze,

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the mouth of every modern Regicide from the murderers of Charles I. to the murderers of Louis XVI. But why perpetually call out these passages to public notice? Why dwell upon the " morgue et grandeur des " Souverains," the authorised type of a Lion, &c. &c. (Vol. 4. p. 330.) in times like these? We all love liberty as well as Dr. W. but a wise and good man discerns the signs of the times. These are the undermurmurings of a spurious, bastard, half-republicanism. I like them not.

I write with indignation against such an edition of such a poet. Does any Husband, or Father, think of cautioning his wife, his daughter, or his son, against any part whatsoever of Pope's works? If this edition becomes general, it will be necessary to do so. I have no personal dislike to Dr. Warton: my business with him is solely, as Editor of Pope. Nothing can justify him. Am I to spare public criticism, because of Dr. Warton's age, (is it in the title page?) or the variety and extent of his learning? Surely not. They are both strong against the deed. Dr. Warton's own words of himself are, " *I am answerable.*"

Pope was in his hands in double trust. First, as he is the most moral and correct poet of the nation, the consistence of his fame and character should have been preserved, even by the partiality of an editor. Secondly Dr. W. stood bound to his country, from his sacred profession, not to contaminate the rising youth of either sex, by such filthiness and rank obscenity as would disgrace the vilest magazine. By this he has committed a great offence against the public, which he cannot repair. I am sure I have spoken nothing of Dr. W's private character. But his edition is open to me, and to the whole world. It challenges my notice: and executed as it is, it demands the very spirit of Satire. " Ense velut stricto Lucilius ardens infremuit." The very indecent chapter of " The Double Mistress," *in this scandalous Sixth Volume*, should have been omitted, in the Memoirs of Scriblerus. (Vol. 6. p. 150.) In the Second Volume there are a few trumpery, vulgar copies of verses, which disgrace the pages. I am ashamed of the low taste which could suffer them to appear before the public. I again and again,

Koran or Vulgate, Veda, Priest, or *Bonze)*

disclaim any personal harshness or severity on the character of Dr. Warton, with whom I am not even acquainted. All I call for loudly is, that *this sixth volume* should suffer what every catalogue yearly informs me poor Hollingshead once suffered. I never before heard that *tenderness* was due to an edition of any work. But, in these days, if an idea or opinion is but absurd, it will be considered as deep and sagacious.

I shall not make any further remarks on Dr. W's criticisms on Pope at present, they are often very just, curious, and gratifying, but chiefly taken from his old Essay. I cannot now proceed. *Nos* genera degustamus, non bibliothecas discutimus.* But as to the conclusion of one of Dr. Warton's notes on the Prologue to the Satires, I can well conceive it to be his own case, and I can believe it may be applied with feeling. Dr. Warton says, " *We* read (or he will read) with more satisfaction, the

" Αψ' ὁ πᾶις προς κολπον εϋζωνοιο τιθηνης
" Εκλινθη ιαχων·

" than *we* do (or than the Doctor will hereafter do)
"Τρις μεν ορεξατ' ιων, ΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΕΤΡΑΤΟΝ ἱκετο τερμωρ Αιγας. κτλ.†" Vol. 4. page 55. Which last is the motto to this Fourth and last Dialogue of the P. of L. I can indeed easily conceive, that after Dr. Joseph Warton has read these remarks, he will shrink back like the child in Homer, from the grey-goose plume nodding ‡ on the head of the writer of this note, and prefer luxury and repose on the deep *bosoms* of his *well-zoned nurses*, the London Booksellers. To them and to *their consolations* I leave him.

If I have written at large on this subject, it is because I thought it important. Nothing is intended *personally* to Dr. Joseph Warton in this note. It is only directed *against the Editor of Pope's works;* and whoever, with the character of a scholar, had published them *in this manner* would have received the same strong reprobation from me.

* Quint. Lib. 10. C. 1. †Quint. Lib. 20. C. 1.
‡ Δεινον απ' ακροτατης κορυθος νεννοτα νοησας. Il. 6. 470.

And lend to truth itself unhallow'd aid,
In all the rashness of a scholar's trade,
And fall, like [i] Porson.

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This poem on the P. of L. is designed to represent and hold forth, to the people of Great Britain, whatever directly or indirectly strikes at, or affects, the existence of the public morality, or of the principles by which the constitution of England, or of society itself in a polished and well-guarded state, is maintained in vigour and in sound health. Dr. Warton may be, and I doubt not he is, a sensible, agreeable, and ingenious man, and of amiable manners in private life, of these I have said nothing: I am sure I am not disposed to contradict or question them. But in his office and character of Editor of Pope's works, I most solemnly impeach him of high crime and misdemeanor before his country, as I have proved at large. It is a material part of my work, to mark the offences, errors, or aberrations of men of eminence in literature. *Neque me Phœbi cortina fefellit.* If I shrink from this duty on any consideration whatsoever, I hope I shall be despised and neglected. We naturally look to so learned and ingenious a man as Dr. W. (I always esteemed him as such) for instruction and improvement in classical taste and moral sentiment. But when a Pilot, of long experience, not only neglects the care of the vessel intrusted to his skill and fidelity, but almost voluntarily directs it into the port of an enemy, or by extreme negligence and inattention exposes it to the danger of a shipwreck, he should not be surprised, if he meets the fate of Palinurus.

> Gubernaclum *(non vi, sed* SPONTE,*)* revulsum,
> Cui datus hærebat CUSTOS, cursusque regebat,
> *Præcipitans traxit secum!*

h *Perry*, put synonimously for the printer of any factious newspaper.

i See Mr. Professor Porson's Letter to Archdeacon Travis, of which the world has now heard *quite enough*. Mr. Professor Porson, *you may begin again*, but pray write no more in Mr. Perry's *little democratic closet* fitted up for the wits, at the Morning Chronicle office. It is be-

OCTAVIUS.

You may spare your pains,
He gives no ear to any modern strains,
Save those, by Oberèa [k] fondly sung,
What time Opano [l] trembled on her tongue.

AUTHOR.

Censure or praise let others seek or fear;
Look at *my* verse, the superscription there,
The cause that I defend: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
The statesman's, and the peasant's. In my line,

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neath you; I speak seriously. I know your abilities. It may do well enough for Joseph Richardson, Esq. author of the comedy of *The Fugitive*, if a *certain political Dramatist's* compotations *will leave him any abilities at all*, which I begin to doubt. What is genius, without a *regulated* life! Young men *about town* (to use that detestable phrase,) will *at last* allow it, if they look at all the tattered, sin-worn fragments of their species, whom they meet in their walks.

k See "An Epistle from *Oberèa*, Queen of Otaheite, to Joseph "Banks, Esq." (now Sir Joseph Banks) Mr. Porson's favourite modern poem, which he can say, or rather *sing* to his friends, as I am told. It is very ingenious, but rather too free; the versification is exquisite. I believe it is the only piece of modern *English* verse Mr. P. will read.

l *Opano* or *Tabano* was the manner in which the name of Banks was pronounced at Otaheite. But in this learned language, as Mr. Zachary Fungus says to his brother Isaac in the Commissary, "Pshaw! you block-"head, I tell you THE NAME *does not signify nothing*."

All find in me a patron and a friend,
Unseen, unknown, unshaken to the end.
Yes, from the depths of Pindus shall my rhymes,
Thro' this mis-order'd world, these lawless times,
Be heard in Albion and her inmost state;
All that the good revere and bad men hate,
In spirit and in substance, as of old,
The Muse in her *Asbestos* [m] shall enfold.

This is my *Method*.—Though I sometimes stray
From Euclid's rigid rules to Fancy's way,
Yet have I mus'd on Granta's willowy strand,
The sage of Alexandria [n] in my hand,
And mark'd his symbols deep; while o'er my ear
Truth pour'd her strain in harmony severe.
I sought the Stagirite; and could divide
(No Scotchman near, no Gillies [nn] by my side)

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m I know not whether I need mention it, but it was an ancient Roman custom to wrap dead bodies, before they were placed on the funeral pile, in a cloth made from a stone called *Amiantus*, or *Linum vivum*, by some called the *Asbestos*, on which fire had no power. (See D'Aubenton, Tableau Méthodique des Mineraux, p. 10. Edit. Par. 8vo. 1784.) N. B. Mr. D'Aubenton, a gentleman of amiable character and of great accuracy of mind, is *now* (1797) resident in Paris, advanced in years, and by quietly yielding to every revolutionary torrent in the republic, has escaped the general exterminating massacre of the active Citizen Literati in the hall of *French Justice*. "*Hic armis illa quoque tutus in aulâ.*"

n Euclid.

His sober sense from pride of intellect,
What Locke confirm'd, or warn'd me to reject,
Thence soaring on the balanc'd wings of thought,
(As Kepler hinted, but as Newton taught)
My mind in calm ascension to the height
Of the world's temple, through th' abyss of light,
Mid wand'ring fires and every starr'd abode,
Explor'd the works and wonders of the God,
Who fix'd the laws of order, time and place,
In his own great *sensorium* [o] boundless space.
The Chemist's magic flame, the curious sport
Amber first gave, would oft my fancy court,
Led through creation's consecrated range,
Each flower, and plant, and stem, with every change
Of vegetative life, *in order* brought,
I magnified Linnæus [p] as I thought;

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nn Since writing this verse, I am happy to say, that I think we are much indebted to Dr. Gillies for offering to the public, *at this period*, an English translation * of the two most important treatises on morality and politics, which antiquity can boast. No man can read these works without being wiser and better, particularly the politicians of the day. (March 1798.)

o "Deus, *in spatio infinito*, tanquam *in sensorio suo*, res intimè "cernit," &c. &c. Newton Princip. Schol. General. sub fin.

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* Aristotle's Ethics and Politics, 2 vols. 4to. 1798.

But spurn'd unfeeling science, cruel tales
Of Virgin [q] rabbets, and of headless [r] snails,
And through the realms of Nature as I trod,
Bow'd at the throne, and saw [s] the pow'r, of GOD.

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p But not in the spirit of that silly man, who inscribed these words under the print of Linnæus: "DEUS creavit, *Linnæus* disposuit."—There is more folly in the inscription, than any intention of impiety; it is the mere rage of antithesis without reflection. But in this botanizing age, it should not pass without observation to *all* naturalists. There is a sublime picture of a heathen poet, which is not unworthy of any man who acknowledges "THE WORKER distinct from the work,"

Stabat anhela metu *SOLUM Natura TONANTEM*
*Respiciens!**

q *Virgin* Rabbets.—I allude in general to all needless, and cruel experiments upon animals. All that breathe, and feel, and enjoy the gift of life from their Creator are entitled to protection from man, under those limits and degrees which an honest and upright mind knows without being told. But in this place I particularly allude to an anecdote *related to me by a friend*, of a paper read at the Royal Society in the course of the last winter, (1797,) on the subject of generation. The animal, chosen for these savage experiments by the merciless Doctor, was the Rabbet. Decency and humanity alike forbid the exposure of the process, and the mutilation of the parts of generation, before and after the animal was impregnated, and I think, in one or two of them, before the coitus. Surely to sit calmly and to watch with an impure, inhuman, and unhallowed curiosity the progress of the desires, and the extinction of the natural passions in devoted animals after such mutilations and experiments, is a practice useless, wicked, foolish, degrading, and barbarous. There is no justification to be offered. The mystery itself is not to be disclosed to man. But we will know every thing: I wish we would recollect that we must account for our knowledge. When an experiment, for any purpose

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* Stat. Achill. L. 1. 488.

In morals, in religion, in the state,
In science, *without order*, ALL I hate.

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useful to millions of our fellow-creatures, has been once made upon an animal, it should be *finally* recorded by men of science and veracity, as authentic and satisfactory, not to be repeated. Sometimes, *as I was told*, the idea of cruelty exercised upon these animals was for a moment lost in the ridiculous terms, which were perpetually repeated in these papers, which occupied three or four sittings of the Royal Society. *My friend told me*, that he actually thought that *SIR CHARLES BLAGDEN, KNIGHT AND SECRETARY* to the Royal Society had been provided with specimens, and that he expected to see *Virgin* Rabbets, *married* Rabbets, and *matron* Rabbets produced from a basket on the table to lick, as in scorn and contempt, the very mace of a Society, which night after night could sit and hear such a cruel farrago without indignation, but with half-smiles and simpers at the *virginity* of these unprotected, devoted, miserable animals. When papers are publicly offensive, they should be publicly reprobated, and *not suffered to be produced* before the Royal Society upon a pretence of promoting natural knowledge. *WHY HAS THE SOCIETY A COUNCIL? THE COUNCIL* should be a literary philosophical *Grand Jury*. If it is not so, it is of no use whatsoever, but to gratify the silly vanity of dilettanti noblemen and *busy Romish Baronets*. I should think Mr. PLANTA, the very learned, judicious, accurate, and well informed Secretary to the Royal Society would be of my opinion. To make such experiments as these, is to offer an insult to the *Sacrarium* of the Most High. For my own part, I would extend the famous speech of the Barons in the age of Henry the Third. I would thunder in the ears of the President and of the whole Royal Society, as a body, "*Nolumus Leges* NATURÆ *mutari!*"

r Here is another savage instance to no end or purpose whatsoever, but mere cruel sport of curiosity. The Abbé Spalanzani asserts that snails *re-produce their heads* after the amputation of the original capita. And he made experiments numerous beyond belief. But in the Academie des Sciences 1778, the reader will find Mr. Cotte differs from the humane Abbé, and says, " that *out of thousands of snails* who have *suffered* the

## OCTAVIUS.

Speak then, the hour demands; Is learning fled?
Spent all her vigour, all her spirit dead?
Have Gallic arms and unrelenting war
Borne all her trophies from Britannia far?
Shall nought but ghosts and trinkets be display'd,
Since Walpole [t] play'd the virtuoso's trade,
Bade sober truth revers'd for fiction pass,
And mus'd o'er Gothic toys through Gothic glass?
Since states, and words, and volumes, all are new,
Armies have *skeletons*, [v] and sermons [w] too;

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operation, there have not been above *five or six* of them which have, as it is pretended, *reproduced their heads*."

s Νοσμενα καθοξατα. St. Paul.

t The late ingenious Earl of Orford, Horace Walpole. The spirit of inquiry which he introduced was rather frivolous, though pleasing, and his Otranto Ghosts have propagated their species with unequalled fecundity. The spawn is in every novel shop.

v The language of the House of Commons. It should have been in other terms. "Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt." Sorrow is sacred, and should have the language of consolation even from the lips of a Statesman.

w See Claude's Essay on a Sermon with an Appendix, containing one hundred *Skeletons* of Sermons, &c. By Charles Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 1796.—This is as ludicrous and absurd in a Divine, as the term is offensive and unfeeling in parliament during the miseries of war.

So teach our Doctors warlike or divine,
Simeon by Cam, or Wyndham on the Rhine.
Where is *Invention?* is the modern store,
The same that old Chaldæa knew before;
All that the Gallic sage, with ill-starr'd wit,
Kens from his ancient [x] telescopic pit?

AUTHOR.

All is not lost: [y] the spirit shall revive:
Lowth yet instructs, and Blayney's [z] labours live;

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x See the "Origine des Decouvertes attribuées aux Modernes" 4to par Monsieur DUTENS. 1797. The work is rather entertaining, but by no means encouraging, if *the Frenchman* did not generally substitute *conjecture* for *proof*. He observes page 130, in his tenth chapter, "that "*the bottom of a pit*, from whence we may see the stars at noon-day, "may be *imagined* to be *the primitive telescope*." Mr. Dutens may sit in calm contemplation at *the bottom of his* ancient *pit*, and from that natural primitive telescope see whatever best pleases his fancy. For my own part I prefer the prospect from a cliff with the assistance of modern ingenuity, whether *invented* by Democritus or Dollond.

y I have in various parts of this poem spoken of those writers, who have done honour to Great Britain. It is not indeed possible for me *to name all* those who, even now, from that constellation of ability and talents, which has been or may yet be displayed; and which Plutarch might call, in language somewhat lofty, (I think in his Treatise de Placitis Philosophorum) the Πολλων και συνεχων Αστερων συμφωτιζομενων αλληλοις ΣΥΝΑΥΓΑΣΜΟΝ.

z The deeply learned Translator and Commentator on Jeremiah, &c. &c. B. Blaney, D. D. Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

With all who wander by the sacred fount,
(A chosen band!) encircling Sion's mount,
Fast by the fanes and oracles of God,
And mark, with King, [a] where waves his awful rod.

a As the French Revolution and its Consequences must occupy and alarm the thoughts of every man who reflects, and stands in awe of the misery and desolation which have been brought upon the earth, and of the judgments which may be yet impending over Europe, I think I may be excused by many persons for the note which I am now writing. But first I recommend to all those who either ignorantly, or inconsiderately, or impiously, or presumptuously deny, reject, or vilify the Scriptures, to pass it over entirely. To them it will be foolishness. They have neither part nor lot in such a discussion. But under this restriction, and under this impression, I am inclined to extend the subject a little, and would call the public attention with much earnestness to some few parts of a book printed in the beginning of the year 1788 in 4to, intitled "Morsels of "Criticism, tending to illustrate some passages in the holy scriptures upon "philosophical principles and an enlarged view of things: by EDWARD "KING, ESQ. F.R.A.S. printed for Robson and Robinson, 1788." The title of it is objectionable on every account, open to ignorant ridicule, and unadvised; but had a second edition of the work been called for, it might easily have been altered.

The author of it appears to me, *(I speak from his book)* to be a gentleman of extensive erudition and ingenuity, and of accurate biblical knowledge, perhaps a little too fond of theory, and sometimes a little whimsical in his application of natural philosophy; but never without a serious intention and a profound piety. He never forgets *the nature* of the subjects he is treating. He seems to approach the sacred writings with that prostration of mind, that distrust of his own powers, and that self-abasement, which are *required* of those who desire to look into the hidden things of God. I speak of the spirit by which he appears to me to be conducted, and (I repeat it) *I speak from the work alone.* I shall con-

The truth of evidence, the moral strain,

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tend for no interpretations given by Mr. King; but I propose them to public consideration. I never observed more caution and more wariness than in this writer.

We know, that it is declared, that "the book of Prophecy is sealed "*till the time of completion.*" But the events of the world, of the Christian world, are so awful and so alarming as to induce us to believe, that they happen not without the immediate providence and decree of THE SUPREME BEING against the superstition and corruptions of man, and for the fulfilling of *the preparation* for those times, when "the Kingdoms of "this world must *(in defiance of all human policy)* become the kingdoms "of God and of his Christ!"

The direct and circumstantial evidence for Christianity is indeed very extensive, and it is also so minute and clear in many parts of it, and so cogent, as to form the strictest argument, which a matter of fact can admit as a proof. But exclusive of its doctrines and specific precepts, there is one point in which this Revelation can never be sufficiently considered, and which without study never will be comprehended, or even imperfectly conceived. Without seriousness, it should never be approached. It is this: "*The general design of* SCRIPTURE, considered as *histori-* "*cal*, may be said to be, to give us an account of *the World* in this one "single view, *AS GOD'S WORLD!* by which it appears *essentially distin-* "*guished from all other books*, except such as are copied from it."* But on this idea it is not my province to enlarge; I mean only to present it as the grand, luminous, leading, and introductory idea on this awful subject. I would only conduct the reader into a safe and proper train of thinking, and leave him to pursue his own meditation. I have also read words, which are deemed *apocryphal*, but worthy of the highest power. "*All* "*these things were made* THROUGH ME ALONE, *and through none other:* "*BY ME ALSO SHALL THEY BE ENDED, AND BY NONE OTHER!!!*"† Such are the words.

I will therefore offer to persons so disposed some passages from this work, *written several years before the present events* had taken place in

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* Butler's Analogy, part 2, ch. 7. † Esdras, B. 2, ch. 6. v. 7.

Nor Hurd has preach'd, nor Paley taught in vain;

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Europe, or could be conceived to be possible. I am not speaking in this note of *any other parts or interpretations in this work* of Mr. King. I am as little disposed to superstition and enthusiasm as any man living; and I do not give them as additions to the idle prophecies and random conjectures which have appeared in such numbers. I have too much reverence for the reader and for myself on such a subject. Mr. King offers them only as his interpretations of Scripture, submitted to a calm discussion. But the circumstance which peculiarly strikes me is this; that they were written *without any specific reference* to any nation in Europe, but simply and in general, that SUCH times and SUCH events might be expected *in some part* of the Christian world.

The first passage I shall present, is a part of Mr. King's explanation of the 24th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, principally of the 29th verse.* In regard to which he says, "We may remark, if the words are to be understood, as spoken merely emblematically, then the images made use of are such as are well known *to predict* (consistently with their constant use in many other parts of prophecy) *a great destruction and almost annihilation of many of those lawful powers which rule on earth*, however beneficial any of them may be to the earth; *and A DREADFUL LESSENING OF THE DIGNITY AND SPLENDOUR OF ALL GREATNESS, AND A SUBVERSION OF ALL GOOD ORDER AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT.* Than which nothing can be expected more formidable. Dreadful indeed must be *A TIME, (if such an one is to come) WHEN men are let loose upon each other, possessed of all their present improvements and advantages, but unrestrained either by law and civil government, or by conscience and good principle;* scorning the admonition and authority of those who ought to maintain justice, *and assisted by the more rude and barbarous parts of the world*, whom they shall find *too ready to encrease THE UNIVERSAL UPROAR.*" Page 262-3.---At the conclusion of the Remarks on the Revelations, ch. 16, v. 13 and 14, he says: "*Here* while

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* Of course I refer the reader to the book itself for the tenor of *the whole* argument.

Socinus droops, and baffled Priestley flies,

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" we maintain *due reverential fear*, our interpretation must end. *Nothing* " *but the events themselves, when they come to pass*, can rightly explain " the rest. And they will certainly *speak* LOUDLY ENOUGH *for them-* " *selves* as those before have done. Only I must just remark, that *it* " *seems*, as if *persecution* and the horrid influences of *superstition*, and of " *ignorance*, and of *barbarism* were allowed to produce their dire effects, " during *the first* part of the period of the time described *under the Vials;* " and as if, IRRELIGION, VANITY, AND A TOTAL WANT OF ALL SERIOUS " PRINCIPLE, AND A MISAPPLICATION, OF THE REFINEMENTS OF CIVIL- " IZATION, *were to be* ALLOWED *to produce* THEIR MISCHIEF *also* at the " *latter* end of that period!" page 453. See also, p. 456 and 457, which I could wish to copy, the words are so important, and the style so dignified. In the conclusion of which Mr. King observes, *on the finishing of the mystery of God*, "that as there should be false Christs and false prophets, " so there should be also a dreadful subversion of all good government and " order, and that *men should be let loose upon each other, in defiance of all civil* " *power and just rule*, and of legal restraint." He subjoins some words too remarkable to be passed over.* " *It will be happy for those who shall* " *live some years hence*, if they can prove me guilty of a mistake in *this* " point. I speak and write *with cautious reverence and fear;* acknow- " ledging that I am liable to error, and *by no means pretending to prophecy:* " but still apprehending myself bound not to conceal *the truth*, where any " matter *appears to be revealed* in Holy Scripture; and especially when " the bringing *an impending denunciation* to light, *(if it be truth)* may be " an awful *warning and caution* to many, AND PREVENT THEIR BECOM- " ING ACCESSARY TO THE EVIL."†

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* Page 461.

† The following passage from the great Historian Josephus, on the inattention and ignorance of man in regard to the divine predictions, is remarkable. The words are these:

Ταυτα μεν, ικανως εμφανισαι δυναμενα την τε Θεε φυσιν τοις αγνοουσιν, ειρηκαμεν, ότι ποικιλη τ'εστι και πολυτροπος, και παντα καθ'ώραν απαντᾶ τεταγμενως, ἁ

And at the strength of Horsley [b] shrinks, and dies;

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I must own, I am so struck with these passages, that *without any knowledge of this most distinguished Layman but from his work*, I could almost address him in the sublime apostrophe of one of the most eloquent Fathers of the ancient Church; Ανθρωπε τε Θεε, πιστε θεραπον και οικονομε των τε Θεε μυστηριων, Ανερ επιθυμιων των τε πνευματος, καλω Σε στυλον και εδραιωμα της Εκκλησιας, λογου ζωης επεχοντα, και πιστεως ερεισμα, και πνευματος καταγωγιον."*

Thus †did this very learned and most pious man, in a strain of serious, temperate, and impressive eloquence, deliver his opinion and his interpretation. They will stand before us and our posterity, as the memorial of that lonely wisdom, that reverential application of the divine word, and of that silent dignity, which can only be attained by a retirement (at intervals) from the world which GOD hath made to HIM alone, and by that worship in spirit and in truth, which when joined to human erudition and to the sober cultivation of the understanding, will produce FRUIT UNTO LIFE. But I conclude; humbly acknowledging and deeply feeling myself wholly unequal, and altogether unworthy, to speak of the awful sublimity of such subjects. My office can be but ministerial; it is mine only to lead the aspirant to the door of the temple, and to retire.

b The Right Rev. Samuel Horsley, Bishop of Rochester. In my opinion, the controversy so ably maintained by this learned prelate against the Heresiarch Priestley, is his peculiar praise. Bishop Horsley

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τε δει γενεσθαι προλεγει· την τε των ανθρωπων ΑΓΝΟΙΑΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΠΙΣΤΙΑΝ, ὑφ' ἡς ᾐδει προϊδειν εἀθησαν των αποβησομενων, ΑΦΥΛΑΚΤΟΙ ΤΕ ΤΑΙΣ ΣΥΜΦΟΡΑΙΣ ΠΑΡΕΔΟΘΗΣΑΝ, ὡς αμηχανον αυτοις ειναι την εξ αυτων πειραν διαφυγειν!

Joseph. Antiq. Jud. Lib. 10. S. 3. p. 449. Ed. Hudson. Oxon.

* Gregor. Naz. Orat. 19. (Op. Edit. Prunæi. p. 286. Paris 1609.) It was pronounced before the great Basil, when seated upon the archiepiscopal throne of Cæsarea. (A. D. circ. 374.)

† In the beginning of the year 1788. Mr. K's book was probably written some years before it was offered to the public.

Nor second stand in theologic fame
Sagacious Hey,[c] and Rennell's[d] learned name,
And Douglas,[e] hail'd afar from earliest youth
Great victor in the well-fought field of truth.
To me, all heedless of proud fashion's sneer,
Maurice[t] is learned, and Wilberforce[v] sincere,

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reminds me of the celebrated Divine, Charles Leslie. He has often the same strength, the same acuteness, and sometimes the same coarseness of manner. But the argument is cogent, and the arms are irresistible. In theological controversy, Charles Leslie and Bishop Horsley always appear to me, "Æaeidæ similes, Vulcaniaque arma capessunt."

c The Rev. John Hey, D. D. late Norrisian professor in the University of Cambridge. The arrangement, the learning, the accuracy the extent of his researches in theology, are conspicuous in his laborious and important work, entitled "Lectures, &c." read as professor.

d The Rev. Thomas Rennell, D. D. Author of a very able, learned, and eloquent *Apology for the Church of England*, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, before the sons of the Clergy, May 10, 1796.

e The Right Rev. John Douglas, D. D. Bishop of Salisbury, a Prelate whose erudition, penetrating sagacity, and well-directed efforts have discovered and overthrown many strong holds of literary imposture. The names of Lauder and Bower are only remembered to their infamy. —The Bishop's Treatise on Miracles, called "The Criterion," should be reprinted. Why is it not again presented to the public? (Oct. 1797.)

t *The Reverend* Thomas Maurice, Author of "Indian Antiquities, "in 6 vols. 8vo." and of "the History of Hindostan, its Arts and its "Sciences, as connected with the History of the other great Empires of "Asia, during the most ancient periods of the world." Vol. 1. 4to. is only yet published. The public are well acquainted with their merits. But it is with the most serious concern, that I read what Mr. Maurice has declared in his dedication, that "*This History* commenced under the

(Though on his page some pause in sacred doubt)

" patronage of the Court of East India Directors, is dedicated to them, " *in humble hopes of their continued support of a work*, which MUST SINK " WITHOUT THAT * SUPPORT." Learning has felt a degradation from these words. I am not to be told, that researches like these of Mr. Maurice are liable to the caprice of erudition, and of uncertain application, and that his style, matter, and manner are frequently too luxuriant and diffuse. The foundation of a temple may be strong, though every ornament on the pillars may not be just.—(November, 1797.)

v See "A Practical View of the prevailing religious system of Pro- " fessed Christians in the higher and middle classes in this country, con- " trasted with real Christianity." By William Wilberforce, Esq. Member of Parliament for the county of York.—Some very serious persons have their doubts as to the theological principles of this work in their *full* extent, and I fear it is *too rigid and exclusive* in its doctrines. There is also too much of a *sectarian* language, which cannot be approved. But of the intention, virtue, learning, and patriotism of the eloquent and well informed Senator, I have the most honourable and decided opinion. His work is vehement, impassioned, urgent, fervid, instant; though sometimes copious to prolixity, and in a few parts even to tediousness. Perhaps it is the production of an orator rather than of a writer. I should think it had been *dictated*. Throughout the whole, there is a manly fortitude of thought, firm and unshrinking. But for my own part, for obvious reasons, I dislike the term, "*Real* Christianity," as exclusively applied to any *set* of propositions drawn from the Gospel. If I regard external circumstances, I would not indeed take theology from Athanasius or Bossuet, morality from Seneca, or politics from Lansdown or Sieyes. But I will own, that from a scrutiny into the public and private character of Mr. Wilberforce, I am *inclined* to think that his enemies would be *forced* into an acknowledgment, (as it is recorded in the words of a

* The East India Company subscribed for a certain number of copies. This is not patronage.

As Gisborne [b] serious, and as Pott [c] devout.
Nor yet ungrac'd may Sulivan [d] remain,
Serene in fancy, nor in science vain;
But still, though oft his various works I scan,
I quit the volume, when I find the man.

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prophet,) that "they can find no occasion against this man, except "they find it against him concerning the law of his GOD." A reader of his work must be good or bad *in the extreme*, who may not receive some advantage from such a composition. I am indeed unworthy to praise it, and I feel myself so. If I may descend from divinity to mere philosophy, I shall add that if Mr. Wilberforce proceeds and acts upon the sublimity of such principles, we may apply to him the expressions drawn from the fountain of Plato by his most enthusiastic votary, Plotinus. "Αφ' ἑαυτε μεταβαινει, ὡς εικων προς αρχετυπον, τελος "ἐχων της πορειας!" He will best comprehend the high and holy sentence which declares what is the life of such men; "Ουτω θεων και ανθρωπων "θειων και ευδαιμονων βιος, απαλλαγη των αλλων των τηδε, βιος ανηδονος των "τηδε, ΦΥΓΗ ΜΟΝΟΥ ΠΡΟΣ ΜΟΝΟΝ!" Plotini Ennead: 6. L. 9. c. xi.

b The Reverend Thomas Gisborne, M. A. Author of an Enquiry into the Duties of Men, &c. and of the Female Sex, &c. &c. eminently entitled to the public esteem and gratitude.

c The Reverend J. H. Pott, M. A. the learned and excellent Archdeacon of St. Alban's. In his writings instructive, laborious in his office, and exemplary in his life and in his profession.

d Richard Joseph Sulivan, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S. author of "Philoso-"phical Rhapsodies, &c." and of a work entitled "A View of Nature, in Let-"ters to a Traveller among the Alps, with Reflections on Atheistical Phi-"losophy now exemplified in France, in six vols. 8vo." A work of labour and of general utility, digested from original writers with judgment, and with an upright virtuous heart, in a pleasing and instructive manner. It

Herschell, [f] with ampler mind and magic glass,
Mid worlds and worlds revolving as they pass,
Pours the full cluster'd radiance from on high,
That fathomless abyss of Deity.
Who in the depth abstruse of intellect
A greater now than Waring [g] shall expect?

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appears to be intended merely *as an introduction* to works of deeper science; and I consider it in this light. I dwell with affection on such a character as Mr. Sulivan; and, if this were the place, and if India were the theme, I might make honourable mention of the works and excellence of his Brother, JOHN SULIVAN, Esq.

f Dr. Herschell's new doctrine concerning the Materia Solaris, has attracted much attention among the learned. I offer to their consideration a curious passage, which I met with when I was reading with a very different purpose. The Platonic PROCLUS, in the third book of the Commentaries on the Timæus of his great Master, mentions that Aristotle (whom, surely with justice, he calls ὁ θαυμαστος Αριστοτελης) hints, *that the Sun and the Stars are not absolutely bodies of fire*. The words are these: "Τον των Αστρων χορον, και αυτον τον μεγαν Ηλιον, ΟΥΚ ΟΝΤΑ ΕΚ "ΠΥΡΟΣ." Procli Comment. in Timæum Platonis, Edit. Basil. Gr. 1534. p. 131. There is another singular passage (not so explicit as this from Proclus) in the first book, de Cælo, of the Second Ennead of Plotinus the Platonicorum Coryphæus, as he has been called: he talks also, rather quaintly from Aristotle, of a "Πυρ τη των Αστρων προσφορον φυσει." Plotin. Ennead, 2 L. 1. p. 99, &c. Edit. Basil. cum Comment. Ficini.—— The reader is referred to Dr. Herschell's most curious paper "On the "Nature and Construction of the Sun and Fixed Stars." Phil. Trans. Part I. 1795.

g Edward Waring, M. D. Professor of the Mathematics in the University of Cambridge..

Lo, where philosophy extends her sway,
Guides future navies o'er the trackless way,
More voluble and firm; so, strong in thought,
The royal Synod Atwood [h] sate and taught.
Who may forget thee, [i] Beattie? rustic [k] Burns,
And all his artless wood-notes Scotland mourns.
With England's Bard, with Cowper, who shall vie?
Original in strength and dignity,
With more than painter's fancy blest, with lays
Holy, as saints to heav'n expiring raise. [l]

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h See a Paper in the Philos. Trans. 1796. Part I. entitled "The "Construction and Analysis of geometrical propositions determining the "positions assumed by homogeneal bodies which float freely and at rest, "on a fluid surface, also *determining the stability of ships* and other "floating bodies, by GEORGE ATWOOD, Esq. F. R. S." The R. S. presented Mr. Atwood with their medal on this occasion.—The names of Herschell, Atwood, Maskelyne, Cavendish, Woollaston, Milner, &c. dignify the Royal Society. We have yet some "Master Builders in the "Sciences," as Mr. Locke once expressed himself. (Preface to his Essay on the H. U.)

i James Beattie, L. L. D. Author of "The Minstrel, a Poem in two "books." It is forever to be regretted that this true Poet and most excellent man never finished his exquisite Poem. My mind dwells upon it, particularly on the First Part, even from my boyish days at school.

k Robert Burns. The Ayreshire Ploughman. An original Poet.

l William Cowper, Esq. Author of "The Task."—*Τοιη Μουσων ἱερη δοσις!* Such are the words of the divine Ascræan, in his Theogonia. Of these Muses seated on our own Parnassus, it may be said,

See, with the fire of youth how art combines,
When Milton's muse with Westall's [II] pencil joins!
For Athens Cumberland [III] seems born alone,
To bid her comic patriot be our own.

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" *There* did they sit, and do their holy deed,
" That pleas'd both heaven and earth."
Bishop Hall's Satires, B. 1. S. 2.

The conclusion of the Poet's work is so sacred, so dignified, so unequalled in simplicity and unaffected piety, that I hope none will read it without those sensations, and without that improvement, it seems designed to inspire.

" BUT ALL IS IN HIS HAND whose praise I seek;
" In vain the poet sings and the world hears,
" *If* HE *regard not*, though divine the theme.
" 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
" and idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
" To charm HIS ear, who looks upon the heart:
" Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
" Whose approbation—prosper even mine."

II The magnificent edition of Milton by Boydell and Nicol, with Westall's designs. MUSARUM DONA vocarem.

III RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. an author of various talents, and of very considerable learning. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate his compositions, in particular his dramatic works, which have received the sanction of public esteem. In my opinion he has done *very great* service to the cause of morality and of literature. He is author of a work called "The Observer," and from the translation, in that work, of the fragments of the Greek comic writers, I believe all learned readers will agree, that he is the only man in the kingdom (with whom we are *publicly* acquainted) equal to the translation of Aristophanes. I wish it were to be the amusement of his retired hours. I shall never think he has been "public too " long, but as he has quitted *the stage*, (as he has affirmed himself, though

High from the climes of Latium's happier day
The Muse on Roscoe [m] darts her noon-tide ray;
And with each soft, each reconciling pow'r,
Sheds gleams of peace on Melmoth's [n] closing hour:
Bright to the goal in their sublime career
Bryant and Burke [o] the torch triumphant bear;

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Poets sometimes will make *False Impressions,)* such a translation would be an easy, yet an adequate and honourable employment for a man of unquestionable genius, versatility of talents, and knowledge of the world, and *a consummate master* of the poetical language of our best ancient dramatic writers. Let us hope that Aristophanes may yet be our own. (July 1797.)

m William Roscoe, Esq. the historian of Lorenzo de Medici called the Magnificent. See the P. of L. Dialogue 3, at the conclusion.

n WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq. a most elegant and distinguished writer, "near half an age with every good man's praise." His translation of Cicero and Pliny will speak for him, while Roman and English eloquence can be united. Mr. Melmoth is a happy example of the mild influence of learning on a cultivated mind, I mean of that learning which is declared to be the aliment of youth, and the delight and consolation of declining years. Who would not envy this "FORTUNATE OLD MAN" his most finished translation and comment on Tully's *Cato?* or rather, who would not rejoice in the refined and mellowed pleasures of so accomplished a gentleman and so liberal a scholar?

o It is to be wished, that these TWO GREAT MEN may *now conclude* their political and literary labours. *Finem dignum et optimo viro et opere sanctissimo faciant?*" Quintil. Lib. 12. Cap. 11. (June 1797.)—Since writing the above, when I heard of the death of that UNEQUALLED man, the Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE,* I could only say to my friend,

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* July 1797.—See Mr. Burke's character, in "*The Imperial Epistle* "from Kien Long, Emperor of China, to George the Third, King of Great

While Granta hails (what need the Sage to name?)
Her lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam. [P] 600

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Η μαλα λυγρης
Πευσεαι αγγελιης, ἡ ϰε ωφελλε γενεσθαι·
Κειται ΠΗΛΕΙΔΗΣ!

Such was my veneration for THIS GREAT MAN, when living, such is the depth of my homage, and the secret affliction of my spirit at his departure. It appears to me expedient and grateful, that we should all remember and revere THE MAN to whose primal exertions (it cannot be repeated too frequently) we originally owe the public sense of the moral, political and religious danger of England from the grand crushing Cabal grounded and rooted in France, and branching out and overshadowing all Europe. I speak, as I think, in sincerity. We cannot indeed, without much reflection, understand the full nature and extent of the public obligation to Mr. Burke. I would not vindicate any man from the cradle to the grave; much less a politician and a statesman. The very region of Politics is baneful; it is too frequently "the soil the *Vices* like." Every statesman, in or out of power, knows his own meanness, the turbulence of his passions, the rattles of office, the irritation of opponents, the jealousy of rank, and the impatience of consorted power. All this is true. But still, when I have revolved the various labours of *Edmund Burke*, and *the cause he has maintained*, (as it generally regards government,

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"Britain," v. 117. page 19. Edit. 8vo. 1796. As far as depends upon me, the words of Pindar shall be verified on this great man:

Τον μεν ϰτε θανοντ' Αοιδαι
Ελιποντ'· αλλα ὁι
Παρα τε πυραν ταφον
Θ' Ελικωνιαι παρθενοι
Εϛαν, επι θρῆνον τε πολυφαμον εχευαν. Εδοξεν
Αρα δ' Αθανατοις
Εϛλον γε Φωτα ϰαι φθιμενον ὑμνοις Θεᾶν διδομεν·

Pind. Isth. O 8.

Whence is that groan? no more Britannia sleeps,
But o'er her lost Musæus [q] bends and weeps.

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religion, and society, not the details of the war and its conduct) I say, with this allowance for the feverous frailty of the passions, and the taint of morality in all our best actions, I would record in lasting characters, and in our holiest and most honourable temple, the departed Orator of England, the Statesman, and the Christian, *Edmund Burke!* "Remune-"ratio ejus *Cum Altissimo!*"

p I wish, (and every Etonian and every member of the University of Cambridge of good character will join me heart and hand) that this great disinterested, virtuous, and CONSUMMATE SCHOLAR AND PHYSICIAN, *now* by learning and religion conducted with dignity to the close of life, may be known by this affectionate verse to all posterity, "*The* "*lov'd* IAPIS *on the banks of Cam.*"

DIIS DILECTE SENEX, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim *nisi charus ab ortu*
*Diis superis* poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva viret lento sub store Senectus,
Nondum deciduos seruans TIBI frontis honores,
*Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.*
Ergo Ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi
MANSE PATER, JUBEO LONGUM SALVERE PER ÆVUM!

MILTON AD MANSUM.

I know not what should restrain me on this occasion. For the eternal honour of the University of Cambridge, in this our age, to the following names which I have selected with the severest judgement of which I am capable, GRAY, HURD, OGDEN, BALGUY, and BRYANT, I will add the name of her *Dilectus Iapis*,—ROBERT GLYNN!

*TANTO HOMINI FIDUS, TANTAE VIRTUTIS AMATOR!*

(Nov. 1797.)

q The Rev. William Mason, M. A. Author of Elfrida, Caractacus, Musæus, a Monody on Mr. Pope, The English Garden, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Lo, every Grecian, every British Muse
Scatters the recent flow'rs, and gracious dews,
Where *Mason* lies; he sure their influence felt,
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt,
That love and friendship know; each sister art,
With all that colours, and that sounds impart,
All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
All in the soul of *Mason* "*found their place!*"
Low sinks the laurell'd head; in Mona's land
I see them pass, 'tis Mador's drooping band,
To harps of woe in holiest obsequies,
"*In yonder grave*, they chaunt, OUR DRUID *lies!*
HE [r] too, whom Indus and the Ganges mourn,
The glory of their banks, from Isis torn,
In learning's strength is fled, in judgment's prime,
In science temp'rate, various, and sublime;
To him familiar every legal doom,
The courts of Athens, or the halls of Rome,
Or Hindoo Vedas taught; for him the muse
Distill'd from *every* flow'r Hyblæan dews;

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r SIR WILLIAM JONES. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Firm, when exalted, in demeanour grave,
Mercy and truth were his, he lov'd to save.
His mind collected; at opinion's shock
*Jones* stood unmov'd, and from the Christian rock,
Cœlestial brightness beaming on his breast,
He saw THE STAR, and worshipp'd in the East.
*Thou too* OCTAVIUS, that dread hour must feel,
Nor eloquence, nor wit, nor patriot zeal,
Nor piety sincere without the show,
Nor every grace Pierian pow'rs bestow
From Pure Ilyssus and the Latian shore,
What Swift, or great Erasmus felt before,
May save thee!—yet, yet long, so friendship calls,
May guardian angels hover round the walls,
Where love and virtue fix their blest abode,
Friend of thy country, servant of thy GOD? [s]

s In this political and depressing period, it is some comfort to divert the attention for a moment to such characters of literary and poetical excellence as The Rev. William Mason, and Sir William Jones; and to be able to add my own Octavius. OCTAVIUS OPTIMUS, are the legitimate words of Horace. With an allowance for the partiality of friendship, (and who that ever felt such an affection will refuse to grant it) and with sorrow that *now* he must *neither be understood nor named*, I assert with truth, that OCTAVIUS is formed to move among the highest and the foremost in the state, though contented and submitting to act in a station,

OCTAVIUS yes, it is, it shall be mine,
With praise appropriate [b] still to grace my line; 640

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certainly not without honour, yet inadequate to his faculties. "*Exornet ætatis nostræ gloriam!*"

b It is pleasing and satisfactory to think, that all books which are absolutely *required* to strengthen, exalt, purify, and inform the understanding, and consequently to correct and enlarge the affections and the heart, are of easy access and of easy price. With the luxury of learning and the modern elegance of types and paper, I have nothing to do, but *earnestly to deprecate all needless extravagance and brilliant folly in new publications*, if they are designed to be of service to the world, and to be purchased. The august and sublime monuments of religion and of genius may be adorned without blame, or rather with great commendation. When the Bible, Shakspeare, and Milton appear in all the splendour of typographic art, and the magnificence of decoration from the pencil, who does not feel a secret pride in the honour reflected on the discerning liberality of his country? Such books may be considered as typographical pictures of eminent artists. Pictures however are not necessary for the closet of a student; but they may adorn the museum of a nation or an university, and dignify the repositories of the opulent and patrician literati. Atticus is magnificent in such patronage, though Rutilus may incur some censure. This is a noble and laudable use of the superfluity of wealth. It is also political in the highest degree. In times like these, men of talents and genius, when unemployed and let loose upon the world, become too frequently the pests of society, and the canker worms of the community.—It is indeed high time to awake out of sleep, and to discern the peculiar use of every blessing. In all our actions, we should have a view to the stability of society and of well-regulated government. It becomes *us all* to observe and separate the essential and unvarying laws of order from the principles of confusion, and the dictates of sound sense from the wildness of ungoverned fancy, and of presumptuous intellect. The grand end and aim may at last be *thus* effected; and we may, by choice and conviction, turn from *lying vanities* to the spirit of truth and of life.

To mark where Genius soars, beyond control,
With Mantuan judgment and the Theban soul,
Correct, majestic, copious, full, and strong,
In arts, in arms, in eloquence, or song;
Still proud to vindicate unseen, unknown,
The State, the Laws, the Altar, and the Throne.

OCTAVIUS.

Here close the strain: and o'er your studious hour
May truth preside and virtue's holiest pow'r!
Still be your knowledge temp'rate and [e] discreet,
Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great;

e The advice of Octavius is good, but not applicable to a man so insignificant as his friend. But to men of knowledge and of ability in every department of life it is of deep importance. I lament and am indignant, when I think of such a scholar as Dr. Parr, and the waste of erudition and talents. Let him stand for a genus. "Knowledge alone "is not our proper happiness. Men of deep research and curious inquiry "should just be put in mind, *not to mistake what they are doing.*"

The want of discretion and prudence has ruined more men of learning and genius than the time would allow me to mention. Without this sobriety of intellect nothing is strong, nothing is great. Without this prudence, without this discernment of time and circumstance, and *the habit of regularity*, without an attention to the decencies of society and of common life, and of the principles by which all men, however gifted, must indiscriminately be conducted, all our attainments are nothing worth. They will never procure us esteem or respectability among

Prepar'd to prove [f] in Senate, or the Hall,

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men. The world will but smile at such scholars; and ministers, when called upon to promote them, will tell you, not without reason, "*they are* "*not producible.*"* Let me give two passages on this subject, one from Milton, the other from Dr. Johnson, variously applicable and of deepest consequence.

"He who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

P. R. b. 4. v. 322.

To men of genius (as at least they are called) Dr. Johnson gave this solemn admonition: "This relation (of the life of SAVAGE) will not "be wholly without its use, if those who, in confidence of superior capa- "cities or attainments, *disregard the common maxims of life*, shall "be reminded *that nothing will supply the want of prudence*, and that "negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make *knowledge use-* "*less*, *wit ridiculous*, *and genius contemptible.*" Dr. Johnson's Life of Savage, at the conclusion.

"Deign on the passing world to cast thine eyes,
"*And pause awhile from letters*, TO BE WISE."

f No factions ever proceeded *to attempt A REVOLUTION in any country*, but first under the pretence and through the Medium of *A REFORM*. We have been told with effrontery and with falsehood, that the Constitution of England exists only in the imagination; yet we may read the Bill

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* The words of the Duke of Newcastle on such an occasion, when he was Prime Minister in George the Second's reign. They were spoken of A MAN, whose genius, talents, eloquence, and erudition honoured and supported the Church of England. *And he was not promoted.*

That states by learning rise, by learning fall;

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of Rights. The fact is this. Modern framers of political constitutions will never be satisfied, till they are laid down like the elements of mathematics in the manner of Euclid. Definitions, Axioms, Postulates, primary propositions, and subsequent propositions, built upon and proved by the preceding, with corollaries and deductions. One strange writer, (perhaps it is the first time the reader ever heard of him) says, "*A CONSTITUTION* must be "produced *intire and at the same time;* it *must* be simple in its construc- "tion, and *PERFECT in all its parts.*" Malkin's Essays on Civilization, 8vo. (1795) p. 122. I had fondly thought that Lord Bacon had distinguished the works of nature from those of art, in that masterly and memorable sentence, "Natura omnium partium rudimenta *simul* parit et pro- "creat."* I suppose a political Constitution is the work of human art. Indeed if Mr. Malkin were describing a *perfect* poem, epic or tragic, he could not have expressed himself more critically. Yet thus it is, that *our* present theoretical writers sport with man and his passions. They certainly consider *us all* as passive machines, and *they apply their laws*, with as much cool indifference to their fellow-creatures, and with as little feeling, as they would *apply the axe*, or any mechanical instrument, to lop a tree or to raise a weight. Their systems uniformly proceed on this principle. They never vary. Mercy is not in all their thoughts; there is neither allowance for human frailty, nor revision of judgment. Man has offended: he *must* die the death. Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet *DURISSIMA REGNA*. We have all seen and felt, *what* the revolutionary principle *is*.

We must never for a moment forget, *that THE OBJECT OF FRANCE, from her first Revolution, has been and IS TO CHANGE THE GOVERNMENT IN EVERY STATE IN EUROPE, and in every other part of the world which she can pervade or influence.* Look in Germany, in Belgium, in Italy, in Switzerland, in Spain, in the isles of the Eastern or of the Western Archipelago; cast your view, broad and unrestrained, from the dominions of the Porte to the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi, not a state, not

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* De Augment. Scient.

Serene, not senseless, through the awful storm,

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a fortress, not a work, not a fragment of nature or of art, not a cliff, not a torrent, not a precipice, but has felt the shock and impulse of revolutionary terror. *Abyssus abyssum invocat!* One deep has called upon another, the winds have blown the signal of encounter, and the cataracts are roaring and conflicting; or in the resounding language of the poet of Panopolis,*

" Συνερχομενων νεφεων μυκητορι ῥομβῳ
" Βρονταιη βαρυδουπος εϊκοσεεν ορεσσιος ηχω!"

I must claim excuse and indulgence for my expressions, if it can be required at an hour like the present. My mind is either borne down or hurried away with the terrors of impending desolation, and the overthrow or confusion of fixed, regulated, established government. My sensations are solitary; but they are deep. Την ψυχην μου διερχεται Ρομφαια. I have indeed the consolation of affectionate and honourable friendship, and I am not without the approval of a few who are wise and good: but I cannot say that "in my life time I have had too much of noise and compli- "ment."† I have risen in silence: and in peace and privacy it is my desire to set and to depart. But can any of us see what we have seen, and not labour to avert it from our own country? If I could conceive a man of less political significance than myself, (not from my endeavours but from my situation,) I would call even on him for assistance. But I would also add still more fervently, that if all and each of us, who feel the time and the power of these days of darkness and of desolating tyranny, can be persuaded in the spirit of seriousness and of temperate national piety, "to offer up prayers and supplications with strong cries *unto* HIM, "*WHO IS YET ABLE TO SAVE US FROM DEATH;*" who knows but that "We may *YET* be heard, in that we have feared?"

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* Nonnus. Dionys. Lib. 41. v. 84. p. 1059. Edit. Hanov. 1610.

† An expression in the affecting Will of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke. What declaration, what testimony, what experience will *convince* us of the "Vera bona atque illis multum diversa, remotâ "erroris nebulâ?"

In principle sedate, to shun Reform;

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*The object, the undiverted object of France is* THE OVERTHROW OF ENGLAND! *Nos Nostraque, the form of our government, the fundamental laws, and the principles by which property is acknowledged and secured.* These have been attacked by assault, by storm, by breach, by sedition, by the arms of ribaldry, of obscenity, of blasphemy. At one time they open upon us the floodgates of treason and madness, at another they sap the foundation by a circuitous stream winding and working unperceived. We appeal to facts and actions, not to promises and declarations. *They know* that a Revolution can alone be effected *by a political Reform.* There is no other mode. I speak not of conquest by war. A state may prove bankrupt; but I would inculcate it with peculiar earnestness, *that,* A REVOLUTION IS NOT THE NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE OF BANKRUPTCY. I view with fear the finances of Great Britain, but not without a rational hope of final, though tardy restoration.* The proposal

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* In the year 1740, Lord Bolingbroke wrote to Sir W. Wyndham on the state of public affairs, during *the Secession* from Parliament.

" The British Constitution of Government is at A GREAT CRISIS, " *which must turn either to life or death.* The disease cannot be long " borne. God knows, whether *the remedies* can." Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole. Correspondence; Vol. 3, p. 351. Fifty-eight years have passed since this was written. The state of the National Debt at that period and the danger of *Jacobinism*, may be compared with the burthen of the present time, and the horrors of French *Jacobinism.* The present *seceders* from Parliament will do well to consider their predecessors in this ridiculous, or rather wicked, scheme. Bolingbroke, in a subsequent letter to Sir W. Wyndham, says; " The *Jacobite* party in Britain " is an *un-organized* lump of *inert* matter *without* a principle of *life or ac-* " *tion* in it, capable of *mobility* perhaps, but more capable of *divisibility*, " and utterly *void of spontaneous motion.*" (Coxe's Memoirs. Vol. 3. p. 555.) If it were possible to describe a party by its opposite qualities, how curious and fearful it is to contrast the modern *French* JACOBIN *Faction* in Great Britain. Whatever be its size, or dimensions, it is nothing but

To mark man's intellect, its strength and bound,

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of Reform is my specific apprehension. I would strenuously resist all the proposers of Reform; Mr. Pitt formerly, and Mr. Grey at present. I confess I never could understand the great Lord Chatham's celebrated expression of "infusing a portion of *new* health into the constitution to enable "it to bear its infirmities." Junius (in his very last letter) calls it "bril-"liant and full of intrinsic wisdom." For my own part, I think it but false glitter and full of intrinsic nonsense, when applied politically. It is mere rage of metaphor. It is to call the mind a sheet of white paper, till at last we are brought to think the resemblance to be the very thing signified. The use of metaphor is to illustrate, not to prove.

Government, take it in any of its complex forms, can be carried on but in three ways: by unsullied principle and undeviating virtue in the Governors, and perhaps in the people; by force and terror; or by mitigated law and influence. Who does not wish for the first? Who expects to see it? In states highly civilized, the mixed mode of law and influence on the minds of free agents appears to me the only mode in which tranquility, security, and general happiness can be tolerably preserved, with the allowance of human frailty. I detest corruption, open or secret, as much as any man. But when I see an assembly formed on any principles however sublime, or deep, or disinterested, I remember it is formed of men. Menander said long ago; Ανθρωπος! ἱκανη προφασις. It is man; his name explains the rest. I never will consent to think, that Government is a matter of perpetual experiment. I would graft new regulations upon the old principles by a very gradual removal of what is absurd, obsolete, useless, or an incumbrance. It was the boast of Citizen Lord Stanhope, that he would teach the Judges law, and the Bishops religion. I have no such ambition: but at present I would recommend to Charles Abbott, Esq.

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*organization, quick matter, life and action, immobility in principle, full of spontaneous motion, one and indivisible.*

Sic furiis Caci mens effera; nec quid inausum
Aut intractatum scelerisve dolive!

Nor deem stability on change to found;

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Member of Parliament, the new *Digester* of our Laws, not to be too subtle in the process. Mr. Abbott is a gentleman of learning, virtue, ability, and upright conduct; but in such a cause the best among us must be warned of the danger of experiment. Ὁ καιρος οξυς, ἡ πειρα σφαλερη, said the Father of Physic in the depth of his aphorismic wisdom. But caution is not timidity. It is not every political chemist who can throw off into his work the spirit of legislation, unmingled with grosser dregs and feculence of the mass.

Let us *now*, and at all times, be vigilant with determinate courage. We know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, *what* freedom, *what equality of power among the citizens*, what sameness, what fraternity, what comfort, what happiness, and what security France has offered, and *given* too, to all countries, who have either bowed voluntarily, or have been subjected, to her tyranny. Take Cicero's expressions. As to themselves; "Licet, quod videtur, publicum judicare: quod judicaverint, vendere." As to other nations, friend or foe; "Perspici non potest, utrum severitas "acerbior, an benignitas quæstuosior sit." Such are the words in that elaborate and consummate Oration on the Agrarian Law, which every man would do well to read and consider in the original, or in a translation. It is peculiarly pertinent to the present time. When Demosthenes raised his mighty voice against a decree proposed by Aristocrates, he bespoke the attention of his audience as to a private man, who had neither part in the administration of the state, nor influence from his connections. He bespoke their favour on *this* ground. He thought the interest of Athens was alone a sufficient plea. "Επειδαν εγχ των ενοχλουντων ὑμας, "ουδε των πεπολιτευμενων και πιστευομενων παρ' ὑμιν ων, πραγμα τηλικουτον "φημι δειξειν πεπραγμενον."* For my own part *without any other pretension*, political or literary, than the love I feel to my country, her laws, her religion, her ordinances, and her government, and the labour I have exerted to understand and to preserve them, I would earnestly and affectionately remind my Countrymen in this perilous and perssing hour, of

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* Κατα Αριστοκρατους. Demosth. Op. Gr. Benen. 1570. p. 403.

To feel with Mirabeau that "Words are Things,"[g]

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the eloquent words of Demonax, as they are recorded by Lucian; "*Con-* "*stitutions and doctrines like these you will never decree, till you have first* "*removed or overthrown* THE ALTAR OF MERCY!" The words of the original are full of dignity: "Μη προτερον ω Αθηναιοι, ψηφισεσθε, αν μη τις "ΕΛΕΟΥ τον Βωμον καθελητε."*.

g A celebrated saying of the famous Mirabeau, in the beginning of the French Revolution.—I would, in this concluding note, observe with great earnestness and affection to my Country, that in all the departments of society, government, religion, or literature, the French have at all times maintained ONE UNVARYING SYSTEM OF DECEPTION, when under the ancient monarchy, or *now* under the iron, unrelenting tyranny of their new republic. Their manner of reasoning is, and always has been, sophistical. We are in perpetual danger of being misled by the appearance of reason. We have always ground for distrust. Take a specimen from thousands and tens of thousands of instances. Many years ago, in a collection entitled "Lettres Historiques et Politiques," a *French* Statesman used these words to Mr. D'Alembert. "Je ne veux "point *admettre* dans les *arrêts* de Conseil *un vrai trivial*, un clartè *trop* "*familiare*. Je veux *un vrai de recherche*, une clartè elegante, une "naiveté fine, *toute brillante de termes pompeux*, relevés *inopinément* de "phrases arrondies, *de vocatifs intermediaires* et *d' adverbes indéfinis*."† Nothing can be more characteristic of French Statesmen. Be but sufficiently *unintelligible*, have but your *vocatifs intermediaires* et, your *adverbes indéfinis*, and the business is done. Language without meaning, phrases to blind the people, and ideas to delude. But when the scheme is accomplished, *and when they obtain the power*, their language is perfectly intelligible.

Next take an instance in Literature. Men of learning have always had a proper value for the Greek language, by reasons too obvious for me to state. In general the French are ignorant of it. Indeed Mr. Ca-

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* Lucian, Demonax, p. 555. Ed. Fol. Bourdelotii.

† Lett. Hist. et Polit. Vol. 4. p. 176.

While in Delusion's ear their magic rings,

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mus (the Deputy) some time ago published an edition of Aristotle,* Περι Ζωων, moderate enough as I thought from a slight inspection. But in general the French Philosophers, who by their works prepared the Revolution, are perpetually despising or ridiculing the Greek language. I only speak of their *manner* of effecting their purpose. One of the acutest, most dangerous, and most insidious of them all, Mr. D'Alembert, has these words, " *Ah, si vous saviez le Grec !*—Ceux qui sçavent, *ou croient* " *savoir*, l'Hebreu, *l'Arabe*, le *Syriaque*, le *Cophte ou* le *Copte* (as if he cared how it was pronounced) le *Persan*, ou le *Chinois*, pensent et parlent, *de même* et *par les memes raisons.*"* We see, that the *French* Phi-

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* I know not whether the French have been taught by the *Citizen* Commentator *Camus* to have recourse to the metaphysics of Aristotle, when he declares that " *Equality* is really *Sameness*," or as the Stagyrite himself expresses it, Ἡ Ισοτης, Ἑνοτης.† The French Commentators never vary in their sense. With his *Magna Moralia* they have nothing to do; but they seem marvellously to agree with him respecting *the dignity and priority* of the science and practice *of* (THEIR) *politics*, in every state of Europe. Ἡ Πολιτικη κυριωτατη και αρχιτεκτονικη. Τινας γαρ ειναι χρεων των επιστημην εν τωις Πολεσι, και ποιας ἑκαστης μανθανειν, και μεχρι τινος, ΑΥΤΗ ΔΙΑΤΑΣΣΕΙ! I am grieved to add the words which follow: Ὁρωμεν τας εντιμοτατας των Δυναμεσεω ΥΠΟ ΤΑΥΤΗΝ ΟΥΣΑΣ! ‡ I cannot also help observing, that *mutatis mutandis*, the letter of a modern *French* General to any State resembles one from a Grecian Courtezan in Alciphron's collection. The fraternal and meretricious demand are not much unlike. Philumena says to Crito, " Why do you trouble yourself to " write so often? I want *Fifty* (or fifty million) *PIECES OF GOLD;* I do " not want letters: *If you love me* GIVE ME MONEY! Farewell. (Health " and *Fraternity!*") The Greek is more emphatic: " Πεντηκοντα χρυσων " δει, και γραμματων ε δει. ΕΙ ΜΕ ΦΙΛΕΙΣ, ΔΟΣ." Alciphron. Lib. 1. Ep. 40. Edit. Bergleri 1791. p. 61.

* D'Alembert Melanges de Literature et de Philosophie, Vol. 5. p. 526.

† Arist. Metaphys. L. 10. C. 3. ‡ Arist. Ethic. Nichom. L. 1. C. 2.

Through states, or armies, in the camp, or street,

losopher by *confounding* the *Arabiac*, *Coptic*, *Syriac*, *and Chinese*, with the *Greek*, insinuates that there is an *equal use* in them all, that is, to the *generality* of scholars and to the world at large, *little or no use* at all. This does not merit any answer; but we see *the nature of a French Philosopher's proof*, *and the manner of his argument*. In short, he either knows every thing, or there is no manner of use at all in any thing that he does not know.

I think from continued observation, I understand the nature of these men. Their literature, their politics, their philosophy, all terminate in the same point. "*Croyez* MOI," are the words, whether they speak to an individual, or to the nations of the universe.

*Now*, since the Revolution, *from reasoning* they have betaken themselves *to single words*. Deception still. Mirabeau said true, "Words "are things." I cannot help observing that the Athenians (whose government was popular, and *consequently tyrannical*, and manured with the blood of her own *citizens*) had a custom of softening the appellation of things which naturally conveyed an idea of terror. This may be found in a most curious extract, preserved by the very learned Photius from the 4th book of the *Chrestomathia* of HELLADIUS BESANTINOUS; the words are these. "Το μη δυσφημα λεγειν πασι τοις Παλαιοις φροντις ην, "μαλιστα δε τοις Αθηναιοις· διο και το Δεσμωτηριον οικημα εκαλει, και τον "Δημιον Κοινον, τας δε Ερινυας σεμνας θεας· κτλ." Photii Bibliothec. Sec. 279. p. 1593. Ed. 1653. In the same manner the French apply the terms, *Equality*, *Liberty*, *Fraternity*, &c. for Tyranny, Desolation, Oppression and Plunder. This is well understood. It would be presumption to enlarge on this subject to a kingdom so enlightened, so dignified, and I may add, so PREPARED as Great Britain.

We have every thing to lose. We have under our own form of government, comfort, protection, honour, security, and happiness. The price of preserving them is indeed great, very great; but the price of anarchy, reform, and *inextricable* confusion, would be greater beyond all calculation. We have a foe powerful and perhaps unrelenting. But all states yield at last to circumstances; and policy may grant what affection

would refuse. The most ardent wish of my heart is *A SECURE PEACE*, after a war forever to be deplored, bloody, fatal, and expensive beyond all example; but which I always believed, and still believe, to have been *INEVITABLE*. We have *still* many and great resources; but the times never called with so loud and so commanding a voice for wisdom, discernment, and integrity, for temperate, timely, and *gradual* concession with dignity and security, and for an œconomy rigid and undeviating, *on the part of our governors*. The times call equally for obedience, systematic acquiescence under temporary pressure, alacrity in defence, and vigilance and loyalty, and *STEADINESS, in all the subjects of this land*. We have no need of the Roman *Armilustrium;* our arms are purified already. Our Soldiers are loyal and honourable, and without spot. They have been weighed in the balance, and found perfect. And I trust our naval flag will never again wave but in defiance *to our enemies*. We are not lost, if we continue firm.

I see the ancient marks of our country in every loyal countenance. I would give life to every one who thinks, and loves our great kingdom and its constitution. In times of national distress Poets have sometimes found means to invigorate the public mind, and to confirm its stability. I speak indeed of the days of old, "the image of our antique world." But now, when the Temple and the Citadel, the worship and the strength, and the constitution of our forefathers are to be venerated and *defended;* it is happy that we can trace and find these powers, each in their order.

We may be reminded of all that was depicted in the fabled palace where the deities once assembled in full consistory:

> Signa tamen, Divûmque tori, et quem quisque sacrârat
> Accubitu genioque, locus monstrantur!*

*But I fable not:* we have not the images, but the very things before us; and the words of poetry are set off by the superior force of truth.

We must remember that all the leagues of French Factions and their leaders, in England or in any country, never relent. They know not

* Statius Achill. L. 1.

Go, warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,

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the meaning of the term. There is as much mercy in them, to use the phrase of Shakspeare, *as there is milk in a male Tiger*. If they are called upon to retract, or to declare their full purpose, or to render their reasons to the country, they give us manefestos and *declarations* from their clubs. They tell us of corruption, and reform, and all the sophisms of anarchy and revolution. So thundered the Orator of Athens against such men: "Αντι, τᾳ ἀποδωναι, σοφισματα ἑυρισκουσι, και παραγραφας, και "προφασεις, πονηροτατοι ανθρωπων και αδικωτατοι."* But Justice has her balance, and the sword is not borne in vain. "*At home*, (I take the "words of Sir John Finch in the 4th of Charles I.) *at any rate* AUTHO-"RITY MUST BE VINDICATED *from contempt*, SINCE THE LIFE OF "GOVERNMENT IS REPUTATION." And we should remember, that "None are so bold as the factious in company, none so fearful apart." We may have good hope, for we have a good cause. When perhaps the greatest statesman and the greatest orator that ever headed an opposition, demands an audience of his Sovereign, I would willingly *suppose*, that the principle of his heart *is not democratic:* though I think his principles *in general*, are very dangerous at this time. I would hope we may be redeemed.

It was the boast of the Roman Emperor Augustus, that he found the city of brick, and left it of marble. I trust we shall not reverse this memorable saying. I trust that the public credit of the nation will revive, and that in this respect, when speaking of Mr. PITT, it will not be engraven with an iron pen and in the rock of England forever, "*Auream* invenit, "*chartaceam* reliquit." I think I can discern the firm establishment of lawful constitutional power in the plunges of meditated convulsion; and the return of day in the moment of greatest obscuration. I have loved

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* Demosthenes, Orat. Προς Λακριτᾳ παραγραφην—Dem. Ed. Gr. Benenati 1570. p. 546. Why will not our Statesmen *study* Demosthenes? Is he not allowed to be the very first *political* Orator? Mr. Fox virtually understands his *manner* better than any man in England. He does not exert it for the same good end.

my country from my earliest years, from a conviction of the excellence of the Constitution and of that balanced liberty it was formed to maintain. I am grateful for the protection and the blessings it has afforded, and is yet mighty to preserve.

I am *again*, (much against my will, and I sincerely apologize for repeating the subject,) finally called upon to declare with solemnity, and with that truth which I have ever revered and preserved, that this whole composition, verse and prose, is the work of *one* hand. In this assertion I have no mental reservation. I never wore the weeds of Dominick, or drank from the cup of Loyola. If this declaration will not suffice, I shall leave the sable birds of detraction to the hoarseness of their own clamours, and to the worms on which they feed. I shall soar upward to the source and fountain of light. It is also frequently insinuated and sometimes boldly asserted, to be written *in conjunction* with many learned and eloquent friends in the groves and retreats of our beloved *Academe*. It is true indeed, "By the waters of *Cam* I have sat down and wept, when "I remembered thee, O Sion! as for my harp, I have often hanged it "up among the trees that are therein." I wished to "sing one of the "songs of Sion." But, as it seems, it is an honourable *Conspiracy*, a *Conspiracy* to vindicate, to recommend, and to uphold the cause of government, of Christian religion, of learning, and of good manners. Would it were so! Such united talents might do their perfect work. I have only to lament the unworthiness of him who has presumed, without assistance or co-operation, to undertake that office ALONE;

"*To intermit no watch*
"AGAINST THE WAKEFUL FOE, and wide abroad,
"*Through all the coasts of dark destruction*, SEEK
"DELIVERANCE FOR US ALL!"

If indeed I had either personal hope, or personal fear, in the political or in the literary world, I think it will be allowed that I should not have published this work. He must reconcile contradictions who will dispute this assertion. Whom have I courted? to whom have I bowed? Arbi-

Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust,
Tiaras, fanes, and pontiffs, crown and bust,

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trary power in any shape is my abhorrence. I have walked in the school of Locke, and have passed through that of Sidney. But I have, in this hour of maturest reflection, approved and held fast the tempered doctrines which uphold government and prevent confusion.

In the political matters of *this* time, my suit and service is not rendered *personally* to Mr. Pitt. *Upon me* HE *can have no claim.* My service is to my Country, and my praise to the Minister of the Crown of Great Britain. My praise is to HIM, who by deliberate and undaunted firmness, with an unblenched dignity, by commanding powers in speech and argument, and by vigorous measures, though without that promptitude of decision which marked his great Father, has preserved and supported (long may he preserve and support them!) the principle and stability of the English government and constitution. *The main voice of England goes with me in this.* Such I esteem Mr. PITT: as such I honour him. *Am I his enemy?* I see his errors and his vices too, and I lay no flattering unction to them. I am alive to all his public virtues, and I would correct their aberrations, for they are many.

As to Mr. Fox; that he has not discerned the signs of these times, I will not assert; but *that* his imprudence, his unbridled licence of language, and his plunging desperate doctrines in times like these, in and out of Parliament, have alienated the mind of his country *from Him*, that I will maintain. If I were to give credence to all his speeches which I have either heard or read, I must declare them to be the doctrines of a man ripe and ready for any revolution. If he is honest in his opinion, I can neither think nor pronounce him honest to his country. He should not have thus exhibited himself in the House, or on the Hustings. *Non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit!* I pass over the primrose path of dalliance on St. Anne's Hill; though I would fain cast a withering look on the nocturnal orgies of dicing depredation and of patrician plunder before the walls of the palace, in the very face of a virtuous and insulted SOVEREIGN. I will separate the man from the reader of opposition. I

And last, as through the smould'ring flames you turn,
Snatch *the Palladium*, though the Temple burn. 666

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am ready to bow, and I do bow, to his genius, to his political eloquence without an equal, to his knowledge various, deep, and extensive. His pleasantry, his social friendly disposition, and the good temper of his private conversation are acknowledged. But if he is ever to direct the councils of this kingdom, he must tread back *almost all* his steps. If he turns to OUR government, *he must be born again.*

With opinions bold and candid as these I might obtain some respect and perhaps some attention from the public, but I could hardly please either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox. If I sought personal fame; my motive is still more visionary. No man can account for it. He who loved fame best, said of it, "Just what you hear, you have." I am wholly unknown. It is very proper that I should be so. Yet I would be understood even on this point. I have not the sacred fear of a coward, but the deliberate courage which is inspired by reflection, and the confidence which I am proud to repose in honourable friendship. Some literary enterprizes are indeed rather hazardous in their nature. Mine are of that number. Yet I love decorum and I would be guided by discretion; but it is not the form only of those virtues, refined through certain strainers, that I would preserve, it is the spirit. I would have gentleness without timidity, and decision without presumption. But I *must* feel the pressing nature of the time, the burdens, the terrors, the perils, and the necessity OF THE STATE. Whoever would do a public service, must forget himself. His remuneration is from within. As to myself, however unavailing my actions, my sentiments, my abilities, or my services, they are UNKNOWN, UNBOUGHT, UNSOLICITED, *and shall be* UNALTERED. In spirit, in principle, and in affection, my words and my thoughts are these:

*Non ante revellar,*
*Exanimem quam te complectar* ROMA, *tuumque*
*Nomen* LIBERTAS, *et inanem prosequar umbram!*

THE END OF THE POEM.

# A TRANSLATION, &c.

# A TRANSLATION

OF THE

GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH PASSAGES

QUOTED IN THE

# *PREFACES AND NOTES*

TO THE

## PRECEDING POEM.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

## *A PREFATORY EPISTLE,*

INTENDED AS

A GENERAL VINDICATION OF THE SAID POEM, FROM VARIOUS REMARKS WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE UPON IT.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Νοῆ—
—σαι καιρος αριστος.
Εγω ΙΔΙΟΣ ΕΝ ΚΟΙΝΩ σταλεις,
Μητιν τε γαρυων παλαιγονων,
Πολεμον τ' εν ἡρωϊαις αρετᾶισιν,
Ου ψευσομαι. *Pind. Olymp. O.* 13.

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1800.

# A PREFATORY EPISTLE

ON THE

## *PURSUITS OF LITERATURE*, &c. &c. &c.

ADDRESSED

## TO L. B....., ESQ.

Post resides annos, longo velut excita somno,
Romanis fruitur Musa (*Britanna*) choris :
Sed magis intento studium censore laborat
Quòd legitur medio conspiciturque foro.
Illi conciliat gratas impensius aures,
Vel meritum belli, vel *Stilichonis* amor.

# A PREFATORY EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED

## *TO L. B....., ESQ.*

Τῳ πανυ.

INTENDED AS A GENERAL VINDICATION OF "THE PURSUITS "OF LITERATURE, A POEM IN FOUR DIALOGUES, WITH "NOTES;" FROM VARIOUS REMARKS WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE UPON IT.

Δει μεν, μη τις πολλης των εξηγητων μεμεμενης, ξηρον και ελλιπη τον τοπον διαλειπειν· μηδε ὡσπερ ἑτερης, αμηχανον ὁσην απεραντολογιαν εισαγειν. Αλλα δει αυτο μονον το προκειμενον Συγγραμμα προστησαμενης, ὑπ' οψιν αγειν τοις σχολαζουσι την Προθεσιν, διερευνομενης, το ειδος, την ὑλην, τα δογματα συνηρημενως, την δι' ὁλε τε Συγγραμματος διηκουσαν των λογων ὑποθεσιν. Ὁυτω γαρ αν τοις ακουσι γενοιτο καταφανες το πᾶν ϛυλημα ΤΩΝ ΔΙΑΛΟΓΩΝ.

*Ex* PROCLI *Commentariis in* PLATONIS Πολιτειαν. Edit. Gr. *Basil*, 1534. p. 349.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been informed that repeated requests have beeen made to the publisher of "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE," for a Translation of the passages from various languages quoted in the Notes to that Poem. I wish the Author had translated them himself; but as that cannot be the case, I have, at your immediate desire, endeavoured to give you some idea of their force and full meaning. As you are of opinion, that my attempt will not be disagreeable or unsatisfactory to many persons, who are not peculiarly conversant in Greek and Latin, I have consented to print and publish them.

The Author of the work had perhaps too much respect for his readers to obtrude a translation upon them. But that circumstance is no reason why *a friend* to the Author, and to the general diffusion of the learning, principles, and illustration of the work, should decline it. They who are best acquainted with the difficulty, will most readily excuse the errors and mistakes. I have not thought it expedient to present you with a poetical version of the passages from the Greek and Roman bards, for various reasons. But independently of every other consideration, I conceive, that a translation in prose always gives a more adequate and precise idea of their strength and meaning, than the most finished attempt in verse, to those who are not acquainted with the original language.

The Author of the Pursuits of Literature seems to have produced them to enliven, to illustrate, and to enforce his doctrines and opinions. I think also, it was his purpose to recall and fix the attention of the public on those finished models of ancient learning, the great directors of taste and judgment, and to their best disciples and imitators in the modern ages. I wish so useful an intention may have its effect.

As to the various languages employed in the work, it may be observed, that a noble peer of this realm has lately followed his example. I know not with what propriety. The Earl of Abingdon has regaled an illustrious *Lady* of the house of Courtney, not only with his own English, and that of the Orator of the University of Oxford, the Reverend William Crowe, but with Greek, Latin, Italian, and French in the original languages, from Aristotle to Citizen Gourville. And he has actually performed all this in one short philosophical Letter to Lady Loughborough.(a) Who shall hereafter blame the Author of the P. of L. or my zeal to explain his quotations?

Since the publication of those ingenious and witty compositions by Tickell and Sheridan, "Anticipation, and The Critic;" there seems to be a species of pleasant ridicule on most translations of *detached* passages. I expect to be told by some persons that, like Colonel Barré, "I am

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a A letter to Lady Loughborough from the Earl of Abingdon, in consequence of her presentation of the colours to the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association, 1798.

" translating for the Country Gentlemen." By others it may be insinuated, that " Egad they think the interpreter is the hardest to be under-" stood of the two."(b) Especially as the Author of the Critic *now* deserves himself the same compliment with his own Mr. Dangle, upon his talents for criticism, and *his interest with* THE DIRECTORS *of the present* FRENCH THEATRE.

But if I have only to encounter the objections of real critics, like yourself, in the ancient languages, my sufferings, I think, will be light. I only hope you will receive it kindly, and still continue to think me, " a very civil gentleman-interpreter, trying to make myself under-" stood." (b)

I have as much curiosity as ever I had to discover the Author of the P. of L. and I have read most of the pamphlets and criticisms on the subject. Whoever he may be, he has at least been honoured with great attention by the public. As no man has ever yet owned the composition, and the author is declared to be still UNKNOWN, every supposition and conjecture has been examined with a minute diligence, and every mode of *proof* has been tried; but in vain.

It is the advice of Cicero, in his first book on the Duties of Life, " Ne incognita pro cognitis habeamus." It is also generally allowed, that conjectures are at best too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. But notwithstanding so obvious a truth, some pronounce with a random boldness, others give signs instead of names, and then plume themselves on their discoveries.

" In so many words, in so many syllables, or in so many letters," is the old and approved argument of the SHOULDER KNOT, and has admirable use in the present case. The actual concealment however remains the same. In point of proof, and rational, well-supported conjecture, it is agreed by most persons of sagacity, and fairness of character and understanding,

" That putting all their *proofs* together,
" 'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder."

Various have been the attempts to discredit the work. Criticism, in the true sense, has never yet been exerted; (c) but intemperate, angry,

b Sheridan's Critic, act 1, sc. 2.

and smarting scribblers, in prose and verse, have issued forth in little swarms. But it has been well observed, that exceeding fierceness with perfect inability and impotence, makes the highest ridicule.

From among these angry and smarting scribblers, I shall select the Author of " The Progress of Satire, an Essay in verse, &c. the second " edition;" not for any merit whatsoever in his composition (for it is remarkably dull) but merely for the singularly petulant malignancy, and imposing air which pervade the whole. The infamy of such misrepresentation is in its own nature perishable, and the folly transitory; but, for the sake of the *example*, if I have the ability, I will make them immortal. This Author I shall hereafter call for shortness, or for want of a better name THE PROGRESSIONIST. Whether he and his co-adjutors scribble in verse or prose, they prove themselves to be either of that fabulous race of " men, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," or of the number of those unfortunate persons, " whose brain is shaken out of its natural " position."

They are perpetually mistaking one thing for another. With the nature and signification of words they are wholly unacquainted. It would be a process in infinitum to define the words which they use, as Mr. Locke has well observed on the names of *simple* ideas. In their vocabulary, satire means encomium, and severity, good-nature. They might as well stile the law of a country ill-natured, because offenders are punished by it. With regard to anonymous writing, satirical or political, opinions are various. But I think it was said wisely and justly by Junius* to Sir William Draper; " After voluntarily attacking me under the name of " Junius, what possible right have you to know me under any other?"

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c I am rather inclined to except " The Remarks on the Pursuits of " Literature, in a Letter to the Author. Printed at Cambridge." It is the production of a polite and accomplished scholar, written with urbanity, but not with any great force of argument. I have just seen a full answer to it, and therefore I have nothing to observe. The Answer is stiled, " A Letter to the Author of that Pamphlet, by a Country Gentle- " man, formerly of the University of Cambridge."

* Letter 25.

The Author of the P. of L. has not indeed given even the shadow of a name to himself; but as THE PROGRESSIONIST has been contented also to attack him under the title of the Author of the P. of L. it may be as fairly and as justly demanded, " what possible right can the Progressionist " have to know him under any other?" But for one anonymous writer to call so vehemently upon another to give his name to the world, must be added to that number of absurdities which he has bound in sheaves, and stacked so plenteously in Mr. Bell's shop.

The Progressionist seems to be in one continued raving dream upon a bed of torture, under the influence of irritation and malevolence. I believe he sees double suns, and double booksellers shops. He is something between Pentheus and Orestes, yet perfectly harmless. What his literary sins are, I know not; but at least he seems to suffer for other people's transgressions. He rants and foams, that other folks follow his own example, and still keep their names to themselves. He has not even the sense of Mr. Dabble, the Dentist, in the exquisite farce of the Humourist, and never puts a plain question to himself, " What have I to do with the violence of *Sir Antony's* temper?" He has indeed a strong passion for the *grinders;* yet like Mrs. Matador, in the same farce, (as will be seen hereafter) one would think, " he *glories* in having *his teeth drawn.*" But he has a higher original.

Like the great Knight of La Mancha, he comes forth as Redresser General of literary wrongs, and has an unlimited Commission to act in the same manner, and nearly to the same effect. He is said to have received the Order of his calling in a regular manner. He passed through every ceremony of literary knighthood, having kept watch in complete armour from head to foot, according to the rites of chivalry, during one whole night over a pile of books, ranged in order on the counter in Mr. Bell's shop, in Oxford street. For at present booksellers have no chapels in their castles for the purpose. But it was observed, that no person attempted to meddle with the books, which might easily be accounted for, if I were to mention their names. The age of *literary* chivalry is not yet gone.

The Progressionist was then let loose upon the world, and sallied forth mounted on a *Provisional* charger, though a Knight without a name. Yet he threatened much; and in his first *Essay* had nearly the same suc-

cess with his great original. You remember the adventure of the countryman and his poor boy Andrew, who suffered more severely from the interference of the Knight in his behalf. "The boy departed weeping, and the master remained behind laughing. And *in this manner*, says "Cervantes, the valorous Don Quixote redressed that wrong." I refer you to the volume itself, in which is recounted the pleasant manner observed in the knighting Don Quixote. The speech of self-congratulation on that occasion, the Progressionist is said to have spoken, and applied to himself with a *very few alterations;* after he had first recommended himself to his patroness, or literary Dulcinea, and then published to the world his "Progress of Satire," and completed the destruction of the Author of the Pursuits of Literature. The passage is this: "Glad above "measure for his success, *accounting himself to have given a most noble* "*beginning to his feats of arms*, Don Quixote did travel towards his village "*with very great satisfaction of himself*, and said in a low tone of voice; "Well mayst thou call thyself happy above all other women of the earth; "O! above all beauties, beautiful Dulcinea of Toboso, since thy good "fortune was such, to hold subject and prostrate to thy will and desire so "valiant and renowned a Knight as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote of "the Mancha; who, as all the world knows, received the order of knight-"hood *but yesterday*, and has destroyed *to day the greatest outrage and* "*wrong*, *which want of reason could form*, *or cruelty commit*. To day "*did he take away the whip out of the hand of* THAT PITILESS ENEMY, "who did *so cruelly scourge*, without occasion, THOSE DELICATE IN-"FANTS." (a) I am told The Progressionist wished to have the Reverend Dr. Parr behind him as his Squire, and offered to find the Doctor a very good Ass for the purpose; but that delicate infant resisted all the proposed honours of Barataria, and would not quit his village.

On Dr. Parr's refusal to act the part of Sancho, and the impossibility of procuring a proper Squire, The Progressionist quitted the plains of *La-Mancha*, and appeared as the successor and rival of other Knights Errant in fields nearer home.

It is curious to observe, how THE PROGRESSIONIST strives not only to imitate, but to prove himself the legitimate descendant of various

a *Shelton's* translation of Don Quixote, b. 1. ch. 4.

heroes of the Dunciad. He has revived all the trash which was vented against Mr. Pope, as will appear by a short coomparison. The prophecy of the bard of Twitnam has been verified:

" See the dull stars roll round, and *re-appear!*"

The leaden power of Saturn has prevailed over Mars and Jove. Jerningham and the Progressionist have risen in the opposite quarter of the heaven, and Gifford and the Author of the P. of L. have looked up, and read their lot *united* in those cœlestial signs.

Perhaps it is but doing justice to their Authors, if I mention a nameless pamphlet or two, which probably might never have escaped from the lumber-room, or shop of the Bookseller, if my obscure diligence had not extracted and preserved them. The Authors think themselves very laudable in their intentions. All of them, and the Progressionist in particular, have verified the Arabian observation, that whenever learning is introduced into a brain, whose texture is not adapted to receive it, a fermentation ensues, till the whole is exhausted. Though perhaps the writer of the P. of L. never read them himself, I could have assured him, that they are but a second edition of Mr. John Dennis, Mr. Oldmixon, and the soft-flowing Welsted! If you turn to the Prolegomena of the Dunciad, the testimonies *in favour* of Mr. Pope, are nearly the same as the more modern compliments of these poetaster-critics.

All black, *Tartareous*, cold, infernal *dregs*,
Adverse to life!

Mr. John Dennis thus begins of Mr. Alexander Pope. " His precepts are false and trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; " his expressions absurd; *his numbers harsh and unmusical;* his rhymes " trivial and common; instead of majesty, something that is very boyish; " and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have too often obscurity " and confusion." Hear another description of him by this most ancient of Critics. " He (Mr. Alexander Pope) is a little affected hypocrite, who " has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, " humanity, and magnanimity. He is a great lover of falsehood," &c. Once more attend to the furious Dennis. " He (Mr. Pope) is a creature " that reconciles all contradictions; *he is a beast and a man;* a Whig and " a Tory; an assertor of liberty, and the dispensing power of Kings; a

" *Jesuitical* professor of truth, a base and foul pretender to candour." As I intend only to give you a specimen, I shall not proceed.

How beautifully has *The Progressionist*,* dilated and expanded his predecessor's ideas! With what reverence, I will not say servility, but homage, does he tread in his very footsteps! It is the love of Lucretius for Epicurus! Not the desire of contention, but of honest, affectionate imitation. Scarce one idea of his own if you change the names of the works.

It is the very spirit and essence of Mr. John Dennis, and the soft-flowing Welsted, with now and then some of Curl's *better* part, and a palpable *imitation* of some of the most finished strokes in a late modest and simple-minded Translator of Horace. But now attend to *The Progressionist*.

" It (i. e. the Poem on the P. of L.) is scarcely ever elegant, but some-
" times it has a degree of poetical spirit; at other times it is not only
" prosaic, but vulgar. Sometimes his declamations in the notes *appear*
" eloquent, at others frothy and puerile; on some occasions his sarcasms
" are pointed and just; on others wretchedly trifling, or deliberately
" ill-natured. In his most laboured effort at sublimity he is *in part* suc-
" cessful, but in *some parts* inflated and obscure. To cite the feeble
" and prosaic passages in the Pursuits of Literature, would be *to repeat*
" almost half the book. The purity and propriety of the English lan-
" guage are often grossly violated. Some of these improprieties he has
" lately corrected. I call his muse shapeless, because nec pes nec caput
" uni reddatur formæ. Indeed the whole passage in Horace describes a
" work similar to the P. of L. Many of his vulgarities are noticed in

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* See " The Progress of Satire, an Essay in *Verse;* with notes, con-
" taining remarks on ' The Pursuits of Literature;" *second* edition; with this modest and *complimentary* motto to the English Nation:

" What if *an addle-headed Public* praise
" The proud conceited Pedant's rumbling lays,
" Shall *we* not weigh his insolent pretence
" In *juster* scales—the scales of *Truth and Sense?*"

" *a very sensible Essay** called, Impartial Strictures on the P. of L. He " has been well denominated a Jesuit, &c. &c. This is but a specimen.

Considering that the Progressionist is so strong an advocate for decorum *(and that he has not given his own name to the public)* the terms of reproach are scattered with a very liberal hand, or rather heaped up, on a person whom he is pleased to call " *his adversary.*" Now here I would observe, that it does not appear that the author of " The Progress of " Satire" ever published any other work whatsoever but that *celebrated* Essay; and I do not find the remotest allusion to the " Progress of Sa- " tire," in any part of the P. of L. It must therefore of necessity require much ingenuity, or perversion of mind, to prove that one man can be an adversary to another, who is equally ignorant of his person and his pamphlet. I am confident that the author of the P. of L. never knew him, or thought of him. If that author had ever condescended to stile any man *his adversary*, he would have looked in another quarter.

A writer like the Progressionist, has all the follies of poetical childhood with the vices of satirical puberty. I have already honoured him too much by extracting some prose parts of his pamphlet; but I absolutely refuse to paralyze my page with a line of his versification. The touch of the Torpedo could not be so fatal to it. I subject myself indeed to ridicule, when I think for a moment of such men as Warburton and Lowth, when I am toiling over " The Progress of Satire." Yet the Babylonish, or rather French captivity into which true learning and good poetry are fallen, suggest the words of Lowth. " I do call (says " that illustrious scholar) the age itself semi-barbarous, if you please; " but I do not call EZRA *a semi-barbarous Poet*, for I maintain that " *Ezra is no Poet at all.*†" When we turn from Warburton, Lowth and Pope, to the Progressionist, I feel we reverse the journeying of the Hebrews. From the Land of Promise, we are passing to the desert.

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* Great writers always quote one another; and in return, his *impartial* Brother sends us back again to that *very sensible Essay*, the Progress of Satire. See Impartial Strictures, p. 25. Par nobile!

† Lowth's Letter to Warburton, p. 77.

Surely the Author of the P. of L. acted wisely in declining the puny contest. Had he ever begged an interview, or made overtures for a timid negociation, I hope even the Progressionist would have had the spirit to have treated him with contempt. But that author knew too well the ground on which he stood. He felt, that the arms, as well as the supplies, were in his own hand and disposal. I know not whether he would have adopted the expressions of Warburton; but I am sure some of his friends would be ready to do so for him. Warburton said: "Of "all the Bœotian phalanx who have written scurrilously against me, "there is not one, whom a writer of reputation would not wish to have "his enemy. To my Authorship they are heartily welcome. Rome "permitted *her slaves* to calumniate HER BEST CITIZENS *in the day of* "*triumph.*"*

The Progressionist in the very out-set of his march halts a little. He pants even in the Preface, and lashes himself (by no means like the British lion) with his own *tail;* for the Preface and the Postscript are both equally candidates for this appellation. The middle or body of his *work* (I mean *his whole Essay* in verse, with all its appendages) is quite innoxious. He has indeed a great mind to hurt and bite, and annoy; but having more mind than ability, the effort dies, where it might be expected, in the very beginning.

It would have been happy for himself, had he rested in his prime question. He would have saved his friends and himself from much additional contempt. He says, with some *Christian* self-complacency to the Author of the P. of L. "Have you, (*I will take* THE WHOLE CAUSE "upon *this* issue) invariably done unto others, as you would wish that "others should do unto you?" Whoever feels the nature of human infirmity, has already answered the question, and borne testimony to the folly of the man who could be weak enough to propose it. But the *intention* of the question, and the region to which he would fain consign the Author of the Pursuits, are easy to conjecture. He reminds me of "The Night-"walker, or Little Thief" in the Comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher; and has his nurse, servants, bell-ringers, and sexton all ready for his inter-

* Preface to Pope's Works.

ment. Nay he seems willing to follow him to the world unknown, and even to anticipate his sentence.

Still there is always something unfortunate in the imitations of inferior writers. Indeed they seldom discover the proper object of imitation. Sir William Draper was an ingenious man, and a good scholar, but imprudent in his conduct. He had zeal without knowledge, and boldness without discretion. He voluntarily attacked *Junius*, "whose shoes' latchet," the Progressionist declares, "the Author of the P. of L. is not worthy "to unloose." The wanton and impious levity of the allusion I leave him to reconcile with decorum. The Progressionist is here an unhappy rival to Sir William, in putting questions from the Scriptures. If I had been the Author of the Pursuits, I would have said with Junius, "Such a "question, Sir, may perhaps discompose the gravity of my muscles; but I "believe it will little affect the tranquility of my conscience."

The only question is this; whether an Author, of whatsoever description he may be, deserves satirical censure. If he does deserve it, the point is settled; if that is denied, the parties are at issue. The Satirist writes for the public; and the precepts of Christianity can never be violated, when strict public justice is inflicted in any manner. I should feel myself clear on this charge, if I had been the Author, without the assistance of a Casuistical Professor of Divinity. I should pass over this, and most other of his objections, from the debility of the argument; but a respect for the English Nation, which has honoured the work on the P. of L., inclines me to repel the malignity of the accuser, and the irrelevancy of the charge.

I know what every Author must expect, who submits his labours to the public. If he will write, criticism and her sister, Satire, will seldom be far off. He knows the conditions; nor can I see how *Christian* precepts are violated by their application. No man ever seriously objected to the monthly severity, or lunar caustic, of our Reviews. If the character of any Author is implicated with his book or his conduct; his character, book, and conduct must often be examined and fall together.

The pleasantry of Dr. Johnson, (than whom no Author was ever attacked in his character and writings with more spleen and injustice) may be certainly heard in this respect. He tells us, that "the diversion "of baiting an *author* has the sanction of all ages and nations, and is more

" lawful than the sport of teazing other animals because for the most part " he comes *voluntary* to the stake." * But *now* if a ci-devant Lawyer translates Horace; or a Dilettante writes heavy verses on *the Progress* of Society (the very name of *Progress* we see is infectious); or a Doctor in divinity re-publishes obscene poems; or commentators make indecent notes on Shakspeare; or men in their old age turn school-boys, and publish their Greek exercises; and they happen to be censured; what are we to hear? An appeal to the Decalogue, and the Sermon on the mount.

I allow much for the impotence of irritation, when a patient, like the Progressionist, becomes feverous and shakes. I expect not to find legitimate argument; nor am I surprised when I look in vain for truth and logic. If I have carefully perused the Pursuits of Literature, I perceive much playfulness and humour, which can hardly be resolved into ill-nature or insolence. I do not wonder that the Progressionist has confounded them. It is perfectly consistent with the nature of his understanding, and perhaps of his education. Dr. Cornelius seems to have been concerned for his second son. " When ideas (of the same species) " copulate, they engender *conclusions*, said philosopher Crambe; but when " those of different species copulate, they bring forth *absurdities*." But the Progressionist seems to have forgotten, throughout his whole pamphlet, the ninth proposition of that celebrated philosopher on syllogisms, namely, that " an hypothetical proposition is only a contract or promise of marriage, and that from such THEREFORE there can spring *no real issue*. †

It appears that the instance of *playfulness* and humour in the P. of L. are *exactly eight* ‡, in the estimation of the Progressionist. He seems at least to remember his Accidence, and can tell how many parts of speech there are. He says with great self-complacency, " Is this *playfulness* &c.? —Is this, &c.?—Is this, &c.? It might be replied, Certainly not. So curiously happy he is in these selections, that scarce one of *the eight* appear to have been intended as playful or humorous. All of them seem to me

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* Rambler, No. 170.

† Memoirs of Scriblerus, chap. 7.

‡ Progress of Satire, 2d edit. Preface.

severe, serious, or monitory. But the Author has himself given so full and complete an answer to this part, in his "Introductory Letter," that more is unnecessary.

It is rather surprising, that so much should be required of the Author of the P. of L. It appears as if a kind of perfection had been expected in his work. Are there no blemishes in Horace and Juvenal? no personal reflections, which were well understood in their time? Was there ever any Satire, addressed to a Nation at large, which was not in some measure *personal*, at the time in which it was written? Are there no observations rather flippant, and sometimes imprudent, in the finished satires of Boileau and Pope? I believe no satirical Poet was ever wholly exempt from such *blemishes*. I would not defend the faults or defects of one writer, by those of another. But I would ask with great temper, whether in any Satirical Poem of the same extent, and variety of subjects, *so few* instances of imprudence, or impropriety, or inattention can be produced, as in the Pursuits of Literature. I very candily declare, I think it impossible. If it were of sufficient importance, I am of opinion, that each instance might admit of a vindication, if it were adviseable to produce the ground, the authority, and the reasons for which, as I conceive, they were introduced. In a revolutionary age, a Satirist has to contend with dangerous tenets publicly professed, or privately favoured; with novelty, prejudice, folly, impudence personified, false learning, insolence, the rage of system, erudition misapplied, frivolous conduct, unthinking levity, open wickedness, and secret designs. Men, therefore, as well as their measures, and their doctrines, must be marked, and held forth to the public observation. They who have made such objections, are wholly ignorant of the nature of the time. But if such objections are indeed just, "Down, down, proud "Satire! though a realm be spoiled."

I always thought that some little reprehension was due to the Author of the P. of L. in a few instances. I will meet The Progressionist, but not half way. I cannot encounter such a Major Sturgeon in poetry, in all his marchings and counter-marchings, and particularly in this last expedition.

I think it was improper in the Author of the Pursuits to speak slightingly of Mr. Abbot, a member of parliament, a gentleman of learning and great respectability of character, for his intended Digest of the Laws.

But the Author of the P. of L. seems to have withdrawn his censure very readily, and upon an early conviction of its impropriety. It appeared but in *one* edition of the Fourth Dialogue published *separately*. Yet I still maintain, that a public caution to the ablest man in the kingdom, is not unuseful at such a time as this; nor can the Progressionist be acquainted with the motive which might have given rise to it. But with such a writer repentance and amendment are but evidences of increased guilt. *Gaudet monstris, mentisque tumultu.*

As to the subject of the Roman Catholic religion, and the various discussions on the French emigrants, and particularly the priests, the Author of the Pursuits stands in need of no additional vindication. In all his notes, and in his introductory letter, he has given a full, perfect, and complete explanation of his public sentiments. I think it satisfactory. In my solemn opinion, his motives were honest; his caution justifiable; his reasons forcible and convincing; and the measures he recommended, appear to have been dictated by sound policy and charity, and the true humanity of a Protestant statesman. The late proceedings in Ireland are the best (and as I am persuaded, an *unanswerable*) commentary on his text. I refer you to his own words and arguments; for I will not discuss the matter again needlessly. The moral babble of the Progressionist on this occasion might be natural enough in the mouth of Mr. Jerningham.

In my full and unequivocal belief, the Author of the P. of L. never intended any ridicule whatsoever on "*The Literary Fund.*" Nothing but malice or stupidity could misrepresent him in this instance, and the *playful* allusion to the *Sportula*. He was speaking of Mr. Boscawen's Horace, which he did not admire; and that gentleman being a Commissioner in the *Victualling* Office, appears to have suggested the allusion, which gave offence, when tortured into a hidden meaning. And very probably when the Author found it so unaccountably misunderstood, he omitted it. I am convinced that a man of his disposition never could have cast a reflection either on that, or on any other useful institution whatsoever. If Mr. Boscawen published his translation of Horace, I suppose there is no statute of pains and penalties for those who are so unhappy as to disapprove of it. I join with the Author of the P. of L. in his opinion of the translation. I speak impartially; for I have not

the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Boscawen : I know not even his person.

If *such* is the scheme of interpretation and allegory, which is to be introduced into this country by the Progressionist, I shall soon expect to see him *prove* that the *Art of Cookery*, by that excellent and useful citizen, Mr. John Farley, is one concealed *Satire*, from beginning to end, upon the *literature* and government of this country, under the form of *receipts* and made dishes. There is one of them which, I am sure, the Progressionist will assert and *prove* to be directed against him and his *pamphlet*. The reader of taste will perhaps be of the same opinion. It is called, " THE CALF'S HEAD *Surprized*," The metaphorical culinary citizen informs us, in page 116 of his * valuable work, that " THE " CALF'S HEAD *Surprized*" is an elegant *top*-dish, not very expensive.† He recommends us to *prepare* it, " by raising off the skin with a *sharp-* " *pointed* knife, and as much meat from the bone *as you can possibly get ;* " so that it may appear like a *whole* head when *stuffed ;* but be careful not " to cut holes *in the skin*." He then recommends a mixture of pepper, the best *(Attic)* salt, and other *pungent* ingredients ; and he says, " pour a " little of it into the ears, and the rest *into the head*." This severe style, and the clear allusion to the Progress of Satire, is too evident to admit of a doubt. Hercules is not better known by his foot, than the Progressionist's pamphlet from Mr. Farley's receipt. If such is the tendency of the book, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas will do well to look with caution, in their visits to the London Tavern, on the designs of *Citizen* John Farley and his dangerous compositions. From *these* interpretations I shrewdly suspect that the state apprehends as much danger from Mr. Farley, as the Literary Fund does from the Author of the Pursuits of Literature.

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* Progress of Satire, *price* 2s.

† Art of Cookery made plain and easy to *every* understanding in the kingdom, by John Farley, Cook to the London Tavern, 8th Edit. N. B. It is said to be among the tracts recommended by the Hon. the Commissioners of H. M. *Victualling* Office, for promoting good living, &c. &c.

As to the charge against the Author of the P. of L. of having admitted any expressions of an *indecent* nature, I think it perfectly ridiculous. The passages which are brought to support the opinion, may be again submitted to the reader. The following is termed by the Progressionist "grossly indecent." It should be first recollected, that the passage itself is declared by its Author, "to record the political conversion of Lord Loughborough to Mr. Pitt's party." This is done under the imagery taken from the serenata of Acis and Galatea. The lines are these:

"Nay Thurlow once, 'tis said, could sing or swear,
"Like Polypheme, I cannot, cannot bear;
"For, ah! presumptuous Acis wrests the prize,
"*And ravishes the nymph before his eyes;*
"Such feats his honour little Pepper saw,
"In all the pride of music and of law."*

When the meaning of the passage is declared, and the allusion to a well-known story so fully understood, it exceeds all power of face to be grave at such a charge.

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary says, to *ravish* is to *take away by violence*, and he quotes Shakspeare for the illustration:

"Their vow is made
"To ransac Troy, within whose strong immures
"The *ravish'd* Helen sleeps."

I make no doubt, that THE OPPOSITION, and that good man, Mr. Fox, thought this *ravishing* of so able an assistant, or rather leader of the party, a direct and most *indecent* felony on the part of the minister. In my opinion, the Poet supposes a little more than the truth, and succeeds in fiction. I conceive *the Nymph* was willing to be won, yet not wholly unsought. I know nothing of that reluctant amorous delay, with which Lord Loughborough resigned his *legal* charms to Mr. Pitt. The minister well knew by whom the armour of that political virgin had been often tried. Blood and war were to be her dowry. Her bridal gown was soon

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* P. of L. Dial. 2. v. 35. read also the note.

changed into the sagum of a siege-directing Chancellor. If this be *indecent*, I shall leave it to the cabinet at St. James's to justify the assault. If I had been the Author of the P. of L. I should be in no pain for the Panel.

The Progressionist affirms, that "Sir James Bland Burgess, Baronet, "is ridiculed for not having made his Poem lascivious and indecent." The passage itself is the best answer. The Poet speaking in the Second Dialogue, that he *could* do, such and such things; among them he says,

"Or to Cythæron from the Treasury, move,
"And like Sir James Bland Burgess, murmur love."*

I refer you to the whole of the note upon these lines, of which the following is a part. "Sir James says of Cupid, 'That boy and that boy's deeds 'shall not pollute my measure." The Author of the P. of L. says; "Now when I consider what Virgil and Tasso have said and sung of 'that "boy and that boy's deeds,' it is a *little prudish* in Sir James Bland Burgess, "Baronet, and Poet, on such a subject to have such fears. A poet may "be a little playful." I believe there is not a Court in the whole world, not even a Jury of the Muses and the Graces in the island of Love, who would not acquit the Author of any charge, but that of pleasantry. I think the Progressionist has not quite forgot his *former* character in La Mancha, and has yet some secret Dulcinea of Toboso, whose charms he has sworn to defend and maintain against the whole universe. I shall not be surprised to hear of some new freaks in the Brown Mountains.

The Progressionist next informs us of some "infamous allusions re-"specting *Mr. George Steevens*." For my own part, I am totally ignorant of any "infamous allusions," whatsoever to that most accomplished Editor of Shakspeare. I have examined the P. of L. again and again, and can only find, that Mr. Steevens is called the Whipper-In of the Shakspeare Pack of Commentators. He is complimented for his learning and abilities; and reprehended for the indecency of some of his illustrations of Shakspeare. His very early visits to London from Hampstead, to correct his edition of the poet in 1793, gave the Author of the Pursuits some sportive apprehensions for his classic purity. And why?

* P. of L. Dial. 2. v. 63, and the notes.

Because Aurora might have mistaken *Mr. Steevens* at so early an hour for her own *Cephalus*, Risum teneatis?

The Author of the P. of L. has not attempted to penetrate Mr. Steevens's retirement on the Heath of Hampstead, or to pry into the mysteries of his closet. The retreats of virtue and erudition were ever sacred. The consolations of solitary reflection are reserved for men of uncorrupted integrity: they need not to fly from their enemies, or from themselves. They have a claim to private affection, seconded and confirmed by the public esteem. In all the busy agitations of literature and philosophy, they remember those honourable principles which have uniformly directed their conduct; they remember them, and are at peace. As I cannot discover what *allusions* the Progressionist insinuates, I am under the necessity of dismissing the charge. If he should think proper to specify them, time might be found for the discussion. Till then, I am silent through ignorance. The Editor of Shakspeare has no need of such a pen as the Progressionist's in his defence. If Mr. Steevens himself should be inclined to present the world with *a History of his own life and writings*, he could not leave a more instructive lesson to posterity.

The indignation of the Progressionist next rises to a more than ordinary height, when he thinks of that ornament of the Court of King's Bench, Mr. *Barrister* Erskine. For my own part, I think no one appears to have wished health and spirits to Mr. Erskine more than the Author o the P. of L.

" And while the busy *Hall*
" Attracts him still to toil for power or gold,
" Sweetly may He his vacant hours possess
" *In Hampstead*, courted by the western wind."*

But it seems the Progressionist is very angry at the mention of Mr. Erskine's Materia Medica. If indeed the poppy were described on the brow of a *poet*, he would understand the propriety of it: but if the opium is said to sink into the skull of a *Lawyer*, we are told, that all shame is lost. The Progressionist, in the fury of his zeal to prove that he himself is sleepless, appears in an attitude copied from Bedlam, or Parnassus:

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* Armstrong's Art of Health, B. 1.

Fire in his eye, and papers in his hand,
He raves, *recites*, and maddens round the land.

If Mr. Erskine has read his defence by this real enemy to his reputation, I well know what he would think and say, when such stupidity is offered for wit, and any narcotics (but his own) for restoratives.

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?

But, after all, what are these sarcastic and contemptuous terms on Mr. Erskine? What is this note so "unworthy of a gentleman or a scho-"lar?" If I had been the author, I should not offer any other apology, than *the words upon the record*, produced and read in court. The Clerk may now read them, if he pleases.

"In state affairs all Barristers are dull;
"And Erskine nods, the opium in his skull."*

If I had written them, I should be most in pain for the first line. Consider, how discouraging, how unkind to the Professional Gentleman in the House of Commons. It is delivered as a self-evident proposition. There are indeed many exceptions to it; and the question is *now* rather nice, and perhaps dangerous. Erect your ears! From Lincolns Inn to Bloomsbury, "The hum of *either army* stilly sounds!" The Author of the P. of L. must surely have forgotten himself.

We all remember, when THURLOW and WEDDERBURNE were called into Parliament, how soon they proved what manner of men they were. They separated the lawyer from the statesman. It was a proud day for the Bar at that period. Never before were such irresistible, overbearing powers and talents displayed by the official defenders of a Minister.

Hos mirabantur Athenæ
Torrentes, pleni et moderantes frænа theatri.

Lord North indeed, when he appointed Thurlow and Wedderburne his Attorney and Solicitor General, meant no more than to give spirit, eloquence, and argument to his measures; but in effect he hung a millstone on the necks of all their successors. This by the way.

I proceed to the second verse and the comment upon it.

"And Erskine nods, the opium in his skull."

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* P. of L. Dial. 4. v. 337.

The note begins thus. "*Mr. Barrister Erskine* is *famous* for taking "opium in great quantities; (I have often heard him speak in praise of "it) and if he proceeds in this manner, it is apprehended that his *political* "faculties will die of too large a dose, of which there are some symp- "toms already." Here is the assertion. A plain matter of fact, acknowledged and approved by Mr. Erskine himself, and the Author of the Pursuits only expresses a kind apprehension, and solicitude for the consequences. The words "Mr. Barrister Erskine" seem to be repeated, merely that Mr. Erskine might always remember the public opinion, and never consider himself as a statesman, but by way of eminence, *The Barrister*.

I can see neither contempt nor sarcasm in the observation. I think it indeed rather adulatory at the expense of his brethren. They are all declared to be dull in state affairs; but some powerful cause seems necessary to produce dulness in Mr. Erskine. There may be also a gentle admonition or some allusion, more than meets the ear. We are told, that the highest Rulers in that Nation, which is most celebrated for an attachment to Opium, are seldom inclined to bear any brothers near the throne. And this is an allegory.

But the Progressionist, who generally draws his logic from Dr. Cornelius, seems strangely to have forgotten a grand rule of Philosopher Crambe, "That there can be no more in the conclusion than there was in "the premises." But in argument he redoubles his veneration for him, by strictly adhering to another dictum of his great Instructor, namely "that the conclusion always follows the *weaker* part."* The understanding of the Progressionist seems indeed to be in such a state, that I do not think it expedient to awaken or even to disturb it. Sleep is the best restorative; but there is a sleep, which is unto death.

It is allowed that Mr. Erskine is a man of talents and great eloquence; and has made more extensive conquests in his profession than any of his predecessors. Be it so. *Expende Annibalem!* Every honour is paid to his genius, and professional rank and distinction; but his *political* eminence and ability are absolutely denied. In the hall of Æolus he is

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* Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap. 7.

declared supreme; but the command of the trident, which he had vainly and so unaccountably assumed, is wrested from him.

When THE STORMS are once set at liberty, Mr. Erskine knows, that wisdom and power are often inefficient for their control. They are represented, by the Poet, as in one perpetual struggle against *authority*, reluctant and terrible. It is a cavern vast and spacious, a prison house, where they are chained down in confinement. But when the spear is thrust into the side of the mountain to unloose them, and they are unloosed; the day and the sky disappear; darkness is interrupted by the lightning alone, and general destruction and desolation seem to be inevitable. In France, and in every country which France has invaded, deceived, revolutionized, and plundered, this picture of political storms has been realized.

But Mr. Erskine, *though he knew all this*, did not feel his heart humbled. His voice, his talents, and his doctrines have been all exerted in strange union against the best political interests of Great Britain. I agree with the Author of the P. of L. that his pamphlet on the French war is flimsy and puerile. I am still more inclined to think it reprehensible and dangerous; it is full of misrepresentations. There is not one mark of a Statesman's mind impressed on any page. Mr. Burke first read the writing on the great wall of France, and made known to Europe the interpretation thereof.

Mr. Erskine forgets, that the French themselves require something more than the talents of a *Barrister*, however brilliant, to *direct* their councils. An honourable and useful profession in a free country, is Mr. Erskine's undoubted right. Let him remain there with credit to himself, and advantage to others. I hope never again to hear that eloquence, so successful in defending the religion of his country in her courts of law, employed against her safety and her government. His vanity may deceive him; and it is indeed deceived, if he thinks that Barras or Talleyrand, by any future order of a Directory, would "clothe him *in scarlet*, "and put a chain of gold about his neck, and make a proclamation con- "cerning *him*, that he should be the third ruler in" the new Republic. No. They would soon forget the tinsel of his eloquence in the sterling weight of his property. There is no security against the Goth or the Gaul. The mystery of their morality and of their politics is penetrated and revealed in open day to every inhabitant of the civilized world.

Periere latebræ

*Tot scelerum; POPULO VENIA EST EREPTA NOCENTI; AGNOVERE SUOS!**

There is a fatality which attends the Progressionist, whether he marches through Westminster Hall, or loiters in the Treasury Chambers; whether he appears as a Nuncio from the ancient Vatican, or in the weeds of Dominick from the Castle at Winchester. His judgment and understanding keep pace with his natural politeness. He provokes a discusison which might have ceased; and revives a controversy which, but for his imprudence, might have rested. Yet, as he says, that he intends " to shew the *artifice and malignity* of the Author of the Pursuits " of Literature in their *true* light;" the friends of that work will be pleased when the charge is repelled. The respect due to the English Nation who have honoured it, and whom the Progressionist, with his usual courteousness, styles " *the addle-headed public*,†" may require some justification. The hand of friendship and affection for the truth and importance of the work will, I trust, be able to effect it.

The conduct of the Progressionist frequently resembles that of Sir William Draper, though without one trait of the learning and ability of that undaunted Knight. The defence of Lord Granby by Sir William, and the zeal of Major Scott for Mr. Hastings are almost proverbial for their consequences. I am also of opinion, that if the Reverend Dr. Warton had been abandoned by the Progressionist, it would have been esteemed as no breach of friendship by the learned Editor of Pope's Works.

I have just re-perused the whole of the objections made by the Author of the P. of L. to Dr. Warton's edition of Pope, and the comments on those objections by the Progressionist, and his *Impartial* Brother. Sancho and Quixotte were not more faithful to each other. The Castilian gravity is happily tempered with a sententious proverbial buffoonery. They seem equally zealous for the helmet of Mambrino, and the doctorial robe of Joseph Warton. They find a few spots upon the divine ermine and academical scarlet, and by an aukward attempt to remove them, the marks

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* Lucan. lib. 4. v. 192.

† *Motto* to the Title Page of the Progress of Satire.

become indelible, and sink into the very grain. They exert all the sinews of the body, but fury and violence, as usual, relax those of the mind. The terms, "insolence, brutality, cowardice" and some others, are so familiar in their mouths, that the colour of their forehead is not more conspicuous than the ground of their hearts.

Let me ask them: have they ever weighed seriously the period in which we live? Have they felt the *necessity* of guarding with greater and still increasing vigilance, every *avenue* to moral corruption? We are reminded now more than ever of the *conceit* of the fabulist, not inelegantly applied by the orator of Byzantium.* "Sorrow is made more permanent. The "clay, of which man was formed, was not tempered with water, but with "tears." The miseries of all civilized states are multiplying in every form, and springing up from sources never yet conceived. New fountains are opening under our feet, and they cast forth waters of bitterness. Channels must be prepared to carry them off the land in *every* direction. Time and the hour have not yet run through the roughest day, which Great Britain and Ireland ever experienced. Among the causes of many present calamities, I fear we must number the intemperance of Literature in one kingdom, and the neglect of culture in the other. I think it was very wisely observed by Mr. Pitt, in the House of Commons, that ignorance and want of instruction dispose the mind to revolution and rebellion. It is equally true, that the dreams of a heated brain, the meteors of modern philosophy, and the beatific visions of experimental statesmen and *accredited* scholars, have produced the same fatal tendency. We have lived to see no mimic desolation. Palaces have been unpeopled, battlements have been shaken, fortresses laid prostrate, and every polished edifice defaced and mutilated.

The mine was laid and sprung originally by *Literature*, falsely so called. And when the strict and unbending principles of morality are relaxed or discountenanced, and the passions let loose and inflamed by licentious language and luscious imagery, the ruin is soon completed.

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* Λυπην εμμονωτεραν. Τουτο ὁ Αισωπος λεγει· των γαρ πηλον, αυτω ὁ Προμηθευς, αφ' ὁυ τον Ανθρωπον διεπλασατο, ουκ εφυρασεν ὑδατι, αλλα δακρυοις. Themistii. Orat. 32. p. 359. Ed. Harduini, 1684.

The horrors are realized, and fiction is no more. At such a period as this, are we to rise and watch, or to be forever fallen?

If I had not a greater regard for Dr. Warton than the Progressionist has, I should copy the whole note on his edition of Pope's works, from the Pursuits of Literature. I think *every* charge in that note may be substantiated. In particular, the charge of having published the scandalous Imitation of the *Second Satire** of Horace, against the last injunctions and directions of Mr. Pope himself, admits of no defence whatsoever. There is a shamelessness, as well as folly, in some parts of the Progressionist's defence, which I could not have expected.

The Author of the P. of L. well knew the humanity and characteristic of an Englishman; and the respect due to age and learned repose. I am convinced he felt a veneration for the hoary head, and the laurels of a veteran. He seemed to regret that all scholars have not preserved the same consistency and propriety with Mr. Bryant and Mr. Melmoth; but he most certainly expressed himself with that warmth, severity, and earnestness, which the interest of his country seemed to demand. De Republicâ graviter querens, de *Homine* nihil dixit.

The Author of the P. of L. put this plain question: "Am I to "spare public criticism (of an *edition* of Pope's works) because of Dr. "Warton's age?" And he asks, "Is it in the title page of the edition?" or he might have added, "Is there any allusion to it in any part of the "work?" If the edition is not designed to supersede, by its excellence, the use of Dr. Warburton's, or any other, the argument might be changed in some measure. But there is no compromise, no qualifying circumstance whatsoever.

The Author of the Pursuits expostulated with Dr. Warton on the impropriety of seeming to laugh at, or to decry, the use of moral satire, and endeavours after a reformation of manners. He also strongly condemned the Doctor for the *tendency* of many of his notes, to favour

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* The *Impartial* Brother of The Progressionist says, that "Dr. War- "ton is reprehended for publishing the *Satires* of Pope." Strictures, page 27.—I only notice it for the wilful misrepresentation of the *plural* for the *singular*.

those fatal opinions, by which Europe has been overthrown. The Missionaries of the French Propaganda are in every country. Troy was not in greater danger from the arts of Sinon, than Prussia at this moment from the Abbé Sièyes.

The Author of the P. of L. said also, that Dr. Warton praised VOLTAIRE too much. Surely whoever is fully acquainted with the desolation and misery which Voltaire's writings and principles have effected, will be surprised at the mildness of the term, by which they are characterized. " I have always been as ready (says Dr. Warton) to censure " his *inconsistencies*, as to praise his talents."* Any person who has read Baruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism, will be astonished to hear of the *inconsistency* of a man, whose actions, writings, and principles formed one regular, *consistent*, and undeviating plan for the destruction of all religion and established government. I should have expected another tone and other language from a Doctor in Divinity.

I remember that Dr. Moore, in his View of the French Revolution,† tells us, it was Voltaire's misfortune not to be a believer in Christianity. He told us well. He says also, that his attempts to overturn the established religion of his country, cannot be excused. Why, well too. But he and Dr. Warton both concur in a strange observation, on the respect with which Voltaire treats Christianity in all its *Dramas*.‡ Dr. Moore calls it a *peculiarity*. But what does that prove? Dramatic characters surely must be drawn consistently. A writer of plays must not openly outrage the government or religion of his country; more especially in a Roman Catholic kingdom. Neither the police, nor the audience, would suffer such characters and such representations on a public theatre. Besides, an open, apparent respect and recommendation of Christianity was an essential part of Voltaire's plan to overthrow it. He was an actor himself in every thing. *Cujus libet rei simulator et*

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* Warton's Pope, vol. 1. Life of the Author, p. xxxviii. note.

† Vol. 1. p. 24.

‡ Dr. Warton's Edition of Pope, vol. 1. Life of Pope, page 38. " Voltaire was an *Unbeliever*; which however *never appears in his tragedies*."

*dissimulator*. The people knew nothing of the amulet, or horrid formulary, which he wore under his cap, and signed in every letter to his private friends. The "*Ecrasez l'Infame*," had not then been made public. What could they know of his interior? On his knees before the Romish mass in a public church; with a Confessor openly maintained in his house; with a chapel in that house, and regular daily service in that chapel; with every exterior reverence and obedience to the national religion and catholic superstition; the kiss of Judas was fidelity, when compared with the calm, deliberate, secret, exterminating hypocrisy of this arch Theomachist.

The first Traitor lived to repent, that he had "betrayed the innocent "blood." The Sanhedrim of the day told him, "What is that to "us, see *thou* to that." He cast down the money before the priests, and elders in the temple, departed, and perished by his own hand. The Sanhedrim of France, when they met, had indeed nothing left but the ashes of *their* Founder to canonize. What they could do they did. They acknowledged *his* work, and *his* services, being so done and so allowed. If they had been inclined to take *his* pieces of silver and gold, it would have been very *lawful* for them to have put them into the national treasury, for it was THE PRICE OF BLOOD. They might have been still more consistent. They might at least have taken Ferney from his heirs for the use of the martyrs of the Revolution, and called it "The "field of blood," unto this day. Upon my word, Sir, we are insulted with mere words on these subjects; when one Doctor calls them *peculiarities*; and a Divine of the Church of England terms them *inconsistencies*. I understand not these prudent submissions, these polite fears of giving offence to any literary cabals in this, or any other kingdom. I would court no favour, no patronage, no applause from those persons, whom upon what Dr. Moore terms the "*Elite des Philosophes*,"* the chosen elect of the modern philosophy.

If the name of Dr. Warton, and his age, and his merits are registered in every country, and in every climate, where the voice of English poetry is heard, and the name of Pope and his works venerated, the Progression-

* Dr. Moore's View of the French Revolution, vol. 1. p. 23.

ist might indulge his vein for panegyric. He comes forth with such determined fierceness and prowess; he claims for Dr. Warton whatever does or does not belong to him in all the territories of literature, with so sturdy an earnestness, that you would think neither a field, nor a blade of grass, nor an ear of corn belonged to any other person. He has all the boldness of a celebrated *advocate*, whose speech is recorded by a *female historian:* "Good people, if you do not declare and confess, that ALL "these lands and fields of corn belong to *my Lord Marquis of Carrabas*, "you shall all be cut as small as minced meat."* I imagine we are all as terrified, as the peasants were, with the threats of *this Cat in Boots.*

Yet perhaps in this little island there *may* be found readers of Pope, who, in the fine language of The Progressionist, are ignorant, that "Dr. "Warton has been for nearly half a century one of the brightest orna- "ments to the classical literature of his country." I am persuaded that many men, many women, and many children, are certainly ignorant of this truth (which the Author of the P. of L. never denied to a certain point) and yet they read Pope. If The Progressionist had plain sense, he would have changed his interrogatories, which admit of so easy an answer. He would have found that the praise of classical erudition was granted liberally to Dr. Warton; and the defects of the critic rarely attracted any censure. If the Progressionist had thought, as well as written, he must have seen, that it was not the age of *Pope's Editor*, but the *Divine* who forgot his age, and the obligation of his profession, that was the object of his censure. In a vigorous, cheerful, and respected old age, like Dr. Warton's, I discover no excuse for his conduct; and he who had so usefully and so honourably presided over the morals and learning of youth, could not have been ignorant of the tendency of so inflammatory and shameless a composition, as the Imitation of the Second Satire of Horace.

The question indeed is not, whether Dr. Warton is a man of learning and ability (which the Author of the P. of L. has not denied); but whether by unpardonable inattention, or by carelessness, or by design, he has not forfeited the public esteem as *Editor of Pope's works.* He has suffered

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* Mother Goose's Tales of the Master Cat, or Puss in Boots.

them to be degraded and contaminated by the insertion of some writings, which no readers called for, many had forgotten, and the greater part never knew. Some abler defence, than the Progressionist can make is required. The evidence of the book is before us; the Doctor is taken *in flagrante delicto;* the protest of Mr. Pope is upon record; the decency and dignity of an Editor demanded a compliance with that protest; the character of the English Nation was violated, when the licentious were gratified, the virtuous disgusted, and the unsuspecting perhaps corrupted. Upon every principle the action was wrong; and it constituted a criminal offence in a moral and literary court. The Author of the P. of L. addressed himself not so much to Dr. Warton as to the public. I think he was, and is, right. The offence, (if I may use, by analogy the terms of law,) was not bailable; no defence was set up by the person accused, or by any man acting by his directions; and I maintain, that the Author of the Pursuits acted wisely and justifiably in following it up, and prosecuting the Doctor to conviction. The Reverend Doctor's office was to support morality, and to discountenance whatever *tended* to destroy, weaken, or discredit it. The maxim of the law is wise, true, and solid: "*Quando ali* "*quid prohibetur, prohibetur et omne, per quod devenitur ad illud.*" The Doctor and The Progressionist may answer this at their leisure.

The author of the Pursuits is speaking of all the readers of Pope in every part of the world, where the English language is either spoken or understood. Whatever poet may be neglected, his works are studied. On the banks of the Ohio and the Ganges, his numbers are heard with delight; and to the inhabitants of those distant shores that author would vindicate the fame and consistency of the poet. In my opinion, The Progressionist has hazarded something more than the character of his understanding. I would also suggest to him, that "in justice to his "friends his future labours should be confined to the care of his own repu- "tation." *

When Virgil had consigned his immortal work to destruction by his last injunction, Augustus interposed in behalf of the poet, and of all posterity. The gratitude of Italy has been, and will be, re-echoed by every

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* unius, letter 5.

civilized nation, till time shall be no more. But the request of dying men, and in particular of the virtuous and the eminent, should meet with sacred attention. By that declaration, Mr. Pope left his works to the world (I use his own words) "*as Mr. Warburton* * *shall publish them*, "WITHOUT FUTURE ALTERATIONS." He certainly provided for his own reputation, and the consistency of it, by this direction; and he departed in tranquility. I think Mr. Pope has found an avenger of the wrongs his memory has suffered; and it remains for the Progressionist and Dr. Warton to reply:

"Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos?"

For my own part, I am not so schooled in ancient or in modern classics. In the very winding sheet of the poet there is verge enough to trace the characters of his virtue, and of repentance for his errors.

Lighter charges require fewer words. The Author of the Pursuits reprobated Dr. Warton, and in my opinion justly, for having exhibited a contemptible, smuggled likeness of Mr. Pope. As to the propriety and kindness of this conduct, I refer to Dr. Warton's own words. "The "portrait was drawn *without his knowledge*, when he was deeply engaged "in conversation with Mr. Allen in the gallery at Prior Park, by Mr. "Hoare, who sat at the other end of the gallery. *Pope would never* "*have forgiven the painter had he known it. He was too sensible of the* "*deformity* of his person, *to allow the whole of it* to be represented. This "drawing is THEREFORE *exceedingly valuable*.†" And THEREFORE the kindness and moral delicacy of Dr. Warton are exceedingly remarkable and conspicuous. In kindness to Dr. Warton, I sincerely hope that no critic will hereafter give the Progressionist fresh materials for writing in his *defence*.

The Progressionist is unwilling that any figures on the literary canvass of "*his adversary*" should be unnoticed or untouched. He wishes to re-animate them all. He has a dexterity bordering on the *Androïdes*, and Automata of the day, and pretty much after the same manner. He pulls the strings, and the puppets dance, and sometimes continue longer

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* Mr. Pope's last Will and Testament.

† Warton's Pope, vol. 1. p. ix.

on the scene than could be wished. The Author of the P. of L. contented himself with drawing a picture of life, as it is. The Progressionist would fain exhibit the figures distorted; and as he has often obtained for himself "the Praise of Folly; has no objection to the caricatures of Holbein *.

He appears to great advantage in the character of *A* CONJUROR, *or* RAREE-SHOW MAN. His glass magnifies or diminishes at pleasure, but the objects are very clear. When he has prepared his little machinery, the company are admitted, and he begins.

*First*, he presents to your view at full length, the figure of *a Bishop*, drawn from the plains of Salisbury, with the happy genius of Stukely himself. He puts a wine-glass in his hand; by magic turns his port into *circulating* claret; next gives him a twist round before the spectators, writes his name on his back, and dismisses him.

Then, *presto*, *A* BARRISTER, from the fatigues of a long state-trial, and "incessant exertions" for Horne Tooke, Citizen Hardy, Thomas Holcroft, John Thelwall, and the whole crew. A bell rings, and up comes an apothecary with *opium* for Mr. Erskine, and the dregs for his clerk. A chariot next appears; the door opens, and Mr. Erskine, in a kind of convulsive lassitude, falls back into his seat. A little mob of figures rises, takes off the horses, and drags *the Barrister* fast asleep into Serjeant's Inn, where he wakes just time enough to make the citizens and citizettes a speech; he gives a yawn, and reposes again. He then wakes, and chaunts first a kind of *Granuale*, composed for the chapel of an intended republican *Conservatorio*, but without much *counterpoint*. Last, with a *voce di petto*, accompanied by one of his *virtuosi da camera*, the Barrister sings out various *stanzas* from his pamphlet on the French War, selected for the purpose; but perceiving how little effect they have, and finding his *portamento* drowned by an increasing chorus of "God save "the King," louder and louder throughout *all the Inns of Court;* he drops his voice and his pamphlet together, and is carried off fast asleep, as before.

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* See "Erasmi Moriæ Encomium figuris Holbenii."

The scene shifts; and lo! an Under-Secretary of State, with a *Microcosm* before him. A distant view of *Eton* college, a transparency in the manner of Loutherbourgh. He tells the audience, that the Under-Secretary wrote and thought when he was a boy, and spoke when he became a man; and makes the spectators observe how very trifling the difference is between the little, and the great world, and the moral of the piece.

The Progressionist, or Raree-show man, next presents us with an auction room, with booksellers and their shop-men, and various other scholars round the table, who generally plead ignorance as to the value of the books, till a Doctor in divinity explains and nods; and he particularly takes care that the spectators shall know who the Doctor is. It was observable, that in the title page of one of the *old* black letter books, there was a figure of Prodigality, contented at last to feed *on husks* in a foreign country; but the company in general were so struck, or offended at the print, that only one gentleman would bid for the book.

The next change of scene is to a hall, or committee-room. A phantom rises with *scales* in his hand, inscribed "*Truth and Sense.*"* He puts into one the Baviad and Mæviad, the Pursuits of Literature, and some of the Anti-Jacobin newspapers; in the other the second edition of the Progress of Satire, the Impartial Strictures, some leaves from the Reviews and the True Briton, and Jerningham's poems for a make-weight, but all in vain; the art of the conjuror cannot prevent the air of the room from dispersing them by their own lightness.

We are next presented with the private study of a Doctor in Divinity, in which the sixth volume of Dr. Warton's edition of Pope's works is lettered *Rochester* instead of *Pope*. He strives hard, in laboured terms, to persuade the spectators that the scene-painter only is in fault; but the letters are too plain to be mistaken.

The scene then changes to a view of the coasts of Brittany and Normandy, with the images of Pantagruel and Panurge† in the ship, when they met nine sail *spooming* before the wind, full of Dominicans, Jesuits,

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* See the motto to the Progress of Satire; concerning "*the addle-*" *headed public*," or the English Nation; and HIS OWN "*Scales of Truth* " *and Sense.*"

† Rabelais, b. 4. chap. 18, &c.

Capuchins, Austins, Bernardins, Cordeliers, Carmelites, and the d-v-l and all of holy monks and friars who were going *to council* at the castle of W——. He shews you how Panurge played the good fellow *after the storm was over*, and would fain have sung with Friar *John** the *Contra Hostium Insidias*, as matter of breviary. The Progressionist then comes forward himself, and gives you to understand that *his own* name is *William* Dreadnought, and swears, "by the pavilion of Mars, that he "fears nothing but danger."

One of the last scenes exhibits Samuel Johnson in a *desert* island, and Junius (from the neighbourhood of *Stow*) in a mask; and between the two, uprises "*Jack the Giant-killer* in a coat of darkness." In the background a figure of St. John in the wilderness, in chiaro oscuro, with an inscription from the Bible.†

The Progressionist having thus for some time recalled the public attention to the objects of his panegyric, by such a judicious exhibition, suddenly quits his character of Raree-show man, and the language of the Fantocini. He next commences *verse-maker*, and having snuffed up a sufficient quantity of the fatal blossoms on the celebrated tree near Helicon,‡ *whose scent alone is death*, he rhymes lustily and furiously, and not without great danger to himself. He tells us *how* Satire was born and bred, and *how* she grew up, married and had children, and what were the names of the children, and who were their nurses.‖ But in spite of all his lusty efforts, the language is still that of lullaby, and it is well, if we can recollect even the matters of fact. But as he himself recollects, that *the zeal* of a certain description of persons must always offend, but most of all in rhyme, he not unwisely divides his labours.

"Verse-man or prose-man, term him which you will,
"His head and heart come flowing through his quill;

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* Q. Whether an ancestor of *John* Milner, of Winchester.

† See the end of The Progressionist's Preface, 2d edit.

‡ Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare. *Lucret.* l. 6. v. 786.

‖ See "The Progress of Satire," from p. 1. to p. 28; that is, "*the* "*whole of the verses.*"

" His *foes* will wish his life a longer date ;
" But scarcely will *his friends* lament his fate."

The Progressionist then suddenly drives to Westminster-hall, and casts a longing lingering look upon the benches in the different courts, particularly in the King's Bench. Gowns, briefs, demurrers, replications, issues, and libels dance before his eyes in legal confusion; and his language is the unnatural mixture of law, nonsense, verse, and absurdity. It is in short any thing but the common *parlance* of Parnassus, and the courts above. He should take a little instruction from " *The Pleader's* " *Guide;*" which the friends of wit and good sense have long wished to see completed. He toils and groans, and would fain give Mr. Barrister Erskine a retaining fee against the Author of the P. of L. " who, (as he " declares) holds barristers in such supreme contempt." It would, however, be difficult to prove this. He speaks indeed of the dulness of lawyers in state-affairs; but as to their dignity, brightness, integrity, and intelligence in their own department he does not so much as hint at them. But, I hear, general dulness is implied in the charge. I make no doubt if some literary Charles Surface were to ask the Progressionist, like *Moses* in the play, if it were not so ; he would say with the little Israelite, " O " *yesh*, I *vill* take my oath of that." Really from the specimen he has given, you might also take him for Moses in another point, when Sir Oliver enquires after the family library. " I don't think, says Charles, " that *Moses can direct you there.*"---No, no, he replies, " *I naiver med-* " *dlesh vith books.*" Now The Progressionist certainly does *meddle* with books; but as to understanding their contents, or the plain sense of a single argument in law, prose, or verse, " *dat ish quaite out of hish* way."

Whether logic originally begat law, or law engendered logic, I know not; but there is often some pleasant confusion between them. Yet I would advise the Progressionist to speak with more respect of Duncan's Elements than he does of Blackstone. It is plain, that he has been formerly engaged in an *academic* hunt after truth, and has endeavoured, with very great diligence, to distinguish a curve from a strait line : but all his industry has been in vain. If Eton and Oxford united their great masters in philology and philosophy, in the cultivation of the Progressionist's understanding ; I will say with Cicero, " Invideo sane

" Magistris, qui illum, tantâ mercede, nihil sapere docuerunt." I am sure he will never make an honest livelihood by his logic, his law, or his verse. He gravely tells us, that the irrefragable argument of whips and bludgeons is against the King's peace ; but that *an action for damages* lies against the Author of the P. of L. Poor man ! I am sure none but his own bookseller will ever sue the Progressionist for damages. I believe he is like Ebenezer Broadbrim, in Foote's Devil on Two Sticks, and would willingly " send for *a sinful man in the flesh*, called an Attorney, to prepare a parchment, and carry the Author of the Pursuits to judgment before the *men clothed in lamb-skin* at Westminster." I think however the cause of the P. of L. might be safely entrusted to Lord Kenyon. His Lordship exercises the talent of classical quotation with too curious a felicity, to be very angry at the application of Horace, *except in a translation*. You remember the discourse between Trebatius and the poet too well, to trouble you with the passage. In my opinion, in these times, the Plaintiff against the Pursuits (like the Progressionist by the public) would be hissed in Court, my Lords the Judges would laugh, and the Defendant be dismissed.

The Progressionist tells us, with great effect, of the approbation which has been given to his *Essay* by many of the best judges, and *by the public in general*. He says " he scorns to quote the private conversations " of any man in favour of *his work*." It is most certainly true, that Mr. Bryant, Sir George Baker, Mr. Gifford, and Mr. Antony Storer, have expressed very favourable opinions of " the Pursuits of Literature." *Two* of these *four* gentlemen the Progressionist could also name, as his panegyrists. Prudence and gratitude however induce him to decline it. It seems he has some regard for the character of *the two*. But he cannot stir a step without shewing his literary lineage, and hereditary right to the broad honours of the Dunciad. He is not indeed witty himself, but he has half Falstaff's merit ; he is, and will continue to be, the cause of wit and pleasantry in other men. There is an amiable modesty in withholding the names of the *two* panegyrists, while the names of above *two* hundred and twenty-*two* thousand, or more, are alluded to, namely *the Public in general*, who have applauded the Progressionist's little pamphlet. I will supply him with a sentence for the next edition, very much to his purpose. It is conceived in the following words.

" I, THE PROGRESSIONIST, do here return my most humble thanks, *to the utmost of my poor capacity*, and with extreme gratitude, to his Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament, to the Lords of the King's Most Honourable Privy Council, to the Reverend the Judges English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish ; to the Clergy, Gentry, and Yeomanry, the Provissional Cavalry, Fencibles, and Volunteers ; and in particular, to my worthy friends in Westminster-hall, the Inns of Court, Moorfields, and all other halls and fields; *for their generous and universal acceptance of* THIS MY DIVINE TREATISE."*

I am indeed willing to believe, that not an Empyric in the country has his study filled with so many attestations to his extraordinary merit. He need only take his *patients* before my Lord Mayor, to swear to the truth, and then seal every copy of his Essay with his own name and seal, with directions *how* to use it. But, like other quacks, he records only the cures.

In the last page of his *Postscript*, he assumes a more awful appearance. The Bird, to whose quill he is so much indebted, believes that he frightens passengers by lifting up his bill, and hissing. This is quite in character. He absolutely threatens the Author of the Pursuits " *with a con-* " *tinued Commentary*" on his work. " Such a Commentary, says he, I " had sketched, and had *some thoughts* of publishing." He reminds his reader of Colly Cibber, and the furious Mr. John Dennis; and if he should go on in this manner, it may perhaps be necessary to give some new account of " The strange and deplorable phrenzy of the Progressionist." Nay, should the two well-known lines be produced,

" Some have at first for wits, then poets past;
" Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last:"

There is great reason to think, he would fling down the book, like Mr. John Dennis, in a terrible rage, and cry out, " By G...., he means me."

But it seems, his Commentary is reserved. I make no doubt it will be penned by the light of Mr. Chalmers's *critical* lamp; or of the modern invention, which consumes its own smoke. I believe Pope might as soon have dreaded a commentary (for he too was threatened with a Commen-

* Tale of a Tub, sect. 10.

tary) from the pen of Matthew Concanen, *who was bred to the law*, or have been affected by the scurrilities of such men in the British and London Journals of his time.

But the Progressionist tells the Public, *who have applauded* HIS WORK, that he has actually begun to sketch the Commentary. Here again is another palpable imitation of one of his predecessors. He reminds me of Mr. Giles Jacob, *who was bred to the law*, like Mr. Matthew Concanen. He also *told the Public*, that he diverted himself with poetry, between the intervals of his more laborious studies. He again *told the Public*, that " *He* (Mr. Giles Jacob) has by him a poem of his own wri- " ting, *not yet finished*, which begins thus, &c." The plagiarism of Dunces is natural. But the imitation of the Progressionist is defective in one point; he has not told the Public *how* his Commentary begins. If " The Progress of Satire" may be considered only as the beginning, I would advise him, not even to advance so far as the celebrated Canto of the Bear and Fiddle, but to break off at an earlier period.

But you must now prepare yourself. I am to announce the fatal catastrophe; *the death and demise* of the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, declared by the Progressionist. Hear his words. " I perceive " *my Adversary* sinking without a blow. We now scarcely ever hear " of the Pursuits of Literature. The Author HAS HAD HIS DAY! and " will be more *remembered* hereafter (if he is remembered) IN THE " WORKS of *his Antagonists*, than by his own ! ! !"

So sunk the stone of David into the front of the Philistine: so falls the Author of the Pursuits of Literature by the hand of the Progressionist! MORTALITATEM EXPLEVIT!

As his friend I must lament him. I will report him and his cause to the unsatisfied. I know he loved his country, and would fain have done her some service. I heard him say, " She has my dying voice."

As the election lights on me, as his Apologist, I must rise from this scene of death, and say a few words. Since the Author of the P. of L. " *HAS HAD HIS DAY*," *and is no more;* I will request a few minutes in his behalf. The Progressionist yet lives, and posterity will wonder at his labours, in proportion to the admiration of the present age.

Many are the sayings of the wise and eminent, concerning the love of fame, and of honourable estimation. Tacitus and Milton have de-

clared it to be the last infirmity of noble minds. Mr. Pennant has improved upon the text, and first taught us to anticipate the pleasure of dissolution. But the desire of life and reputation increased with the supposed extinction. The sensible warm motion of the ingenious Naturalist soon chose to resume its functions. The Pæonian herbs from *Hindostan* have convinced the public that he had only suffered a suspended animation; and it would be kind if he would inform us all, but authors in particular, what dreams attended him in this sleep of death.* The Progressionist, full of his own ideas, has no desire of becoming a *kneaded clod;* but waits patiently for his destiny.

Yet if I were in his situation, I should take the celebrated Peter Porcupine,† for my example; I may here observe, that America has not a more active, zealous and useful citizen, or Great Britain a warmer friend, than honest Peter. In his literary features he is rather roughly stamped; but he understands the time. He can descant upon the deformity of it, and hold a looking glass to the world, wherein they may see strange sights. There is a vigour, a simplicity, and an upright intention in all his works, which speak to the heart. When nature and honesty are working at the root, the plants will be sound and healthy. *Læta et fortia surgunt, quippe solo Natura subest!* I offer, with pleasure, this passing tribute to a bold, sensible, industrious, spirited, and most deserving man.

I wish the Progressionist would profit by his modesty and imitate it. Let him say fairly for once with Peter; "I should never look upon my "family with a dry eye, if I did not hope to outlive my works."‡

But though the Author of the P. of L. "*HAS HAD HIS DAY*," *and is no more;* yet I still think we hear of his work, and other countries hear of it too. It seems as if they would not willingly let it die. In the

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* See the Life of *the late* Mr. Pennant, written by himself. Since his departure from the world he has published a history of *Hindostan*, in 2 vols. 4to.

† William Cobbett.

‡ See the Republican Judge, or the American Liberty of the Press, &c. by William Cobbett, or Peter Porcupine, p. 49. Printed for Wright, Piccadilly. This pamphlet should be read.

very day of turbulence, terror, and rebellion, Ireland thought proper to adopt and *naturalize* it. Literary leisure still found a place with loyalty in her best subjects. May the times of refreshing and restitution soon arrive, *Custode rerum Cæsare!* May the words of a poet be soon realized by the great and good CORNWALLIS, in that deluded, unhappy, and distracted kingdom.

Janum clausit, et ordinem
Rectum, et vaganti fræna licentiæ
Injecit, amovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes!

I am also pleased to record, that beyond the Atlantic, in that country which has resisted, and is at this instant resisting, with a temperate, collected, firm, and reflecting wisdom and spirit, the tyranny, the arrogance, and the shameless insidious corruption of the Ministers of France; this work on the Pursuits of Literature is *now* circulating. The inhabitants of the United States find in it the true principles of practicable government, and the exposure of pretended patriots. They find the principles of religion recommended and enforced, without bigotry and superstition, or the indifference of an accommodating philosophy. Whatever is important to man, to social order, and to the bonds of all good government, is shewn by reason, by precept, and by example. They find the men, the measures, and the doctrines marked, which conduce to that end.

I now speak only of the work, as the author himself *is no more;* and even the Progressionist may adopt the sentiment and expressions of his favourite Horace:

Qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas, *extinctus amabitur idem.*

It is indeed singular and surprising, when we are told, that "*the very* "*purpose* of my *deceased* friend's work is to exalt, or depress the fame "of contemporary writers at his sovereign will and pleasure."* Such is the assertion of the Progressionist. The kindred malevolence of his *Impartial* Brother informs us in terms much stronger, and with still more

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* Progress of Satire.

effrontery, that "The Pursuits of Literature is an *indiscriminate abuse* "levelled against genius and ability of *every* description;" and that it is "An endeavour to depreciate the abilities, the learning, and the morals "of THE BEST, THE WISEST, AND THE GREATEST OF THE SONS" (a) of Great Britain.

An appeal to the work itself is the best answer. If you turn to the book, you will not be less disgusted, than indignant at such a charge. The incubation of heated dulness upon malignity could alone generate such an abortion. For my own part, I wish you would once again have recourse to the pages of the Pursuits of Literature, which, as we are told, is "An *indiscriminate abuse* levelled against genius, and ability of "*every* description;" and in which, as it would seem, *nothing* is to be found in praise of living contemporary writers.

Is the panegyric on Mr. Bryant, *nothing?* Are the recorded and repeated eulogies on Mr. Burke, living and dead, nothing? Is the praise so liberally given to Mr. Roscoe, nothing? Is the feeling encomium on Mr. Melmoth, nothing? Is the solemn and dignified recommendation of *parts* of Mr. King's work, nothing? Is the tribute, so justly deserved, to the philosophic genius of Mr. Atwood, nothing? Is the character of Mr. Pitt's eloquence, firmness, and ability, nothing? Is the honourable testimony to Bishop Hurd's merit, "the laureat wreath of Worces-"ter," nothing? Is the record of Bishop Watson's literary services, professional labours, and sacred eloquence, nothing? Is the memorial of Count Rumford's active and unceasing benevolence, nothing? Is the generous and just praise of Mr. Gifford, a rival poet in the same province, nothing? Are the poets Beattie, Cowper, and Cumberland; the ingenuity and deep researches of Mr. Maurice; the classical and judicious labours of that polite scholar Mr. Lumisden; the amiable mildness of the very learned Mr. Cracherode; the scientific skill and unwearied perseverance of Mr. Samuel Lysons; the honourable, virtuous, efficient, and constitutional labours of Mr. Reeves; or the pious patriotism of Mr. Bowdler, passed over in silence and without honour? Are the professional exertions of that excellent, humane, and learned lawyer, Sir John Scott; or the dignity, knowledge, and temperate eloquence of the Right Honour-

a Impartial Strictures, &c. p. 26 and 27.

able Mr. Addington, forgotten or disregarded? Are the erudition and medical skill of the venerable Dr. Heberden, Dr. Glynn, Sir George Baker, Dr. Milman, and Dr. Littlehales; the philosophical researches of Mr. Abernethy; or the rising genius, and talents of Mr. Westall; unnoticed? Is the glory of architecture, Mr. Wyatt, or the fancy of Mr. Soane, without remembrance? Is the respect paid to the learned diligence of Mr. Isaac Reed; to the polite manners, and extensive parliamentary investigations of Mr. Hatsell; and to the correct understanding of Mr. Planta, to be considered as nothing? Is the tribute to the liberality, the abilities, and generous exertions of Sir Joseph Banks, nothing? Are the testimonies to the erudition, piety, and talents of Dr. Paley, Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Hey, Dr. Blaney, Dr. Vincent, and Mr. Gisborne, nothing? Are all the just honours offered to Dr. Douglas, the Bishop of Salisbury; to Dr. Sutton, the Bishop of Norwich; to Dr. Yorke, the Bishop of Ely; and Dr. Porteous, the Bishop of London; to be considered as nothing? Are they all dead? Is their virtue all defunct? or are they not still among the *living* ornaments of their Country?

Surely this is a voluntary offering to *living* contemporary merit. I consider it, Sir, as a libation from that Pierian vase, which the Theban once described, as sparkling with the choicest dew of the vine. In this at least the Author of the Pursuits of Literature has approved himself, as the herald of *living* genius, truth, and virtue.

But must we say, that "*the abilities*, the *learning*, and the *morals*, of "*THE BEST*, *THE WISEST*, *and THE GREATEST* of the Sons" of Great Britain, are depreciated, because such persons as I shall recite, without one word of comment, from the book before me, are not mentioned with particular honour or commendation! Must we consider THEM (however good, wise, or great they may be,) as "*the best*, *the wisest*, *and the greatest of* "*the Sons*" of Great Britain? Are we to stile Horne Tooke, Dr. Priestley, Lord Stanhope, Dr. Parr, Mr. Porson, Dr. Darwin, Peter Pindar, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Knight, Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. George Steevens, Mr. Ritson, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Tierney, Gilbert Wakefield, Dr. Geddes, CHARLES JAMES FOX, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Mr. *Barrister* Erskine, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Lansdown, Mr. Joseph Jekyll, William Godwin, Thomas Paine,

Thomas Holcroft, or John Thelwall, as absolutely "THE BEST, THE "WISEST, AND THE GREATEST OF THE SONS" OF GREAT BRITAIN?

If ever contemptible sophistry and gross falsehood were to be found in a charge, they are found in this charge. Upon my word, Sir, it is either egregious trifling in the Progressionist, and his *Impartial* Brother to talk in this manner; or it is wilful, wicked, shameless, and scandalous misrepresentation. It betrays a corrupted heart, and an irritated head. There is besides such a stupidity and dulness in the mode of the attack, which all the "urticæ marinæ" or sea-nettles, so *lovingly* recommended by one of the Commentators on Shakspeare, could not excite into action. I would ask with Junius, "Is the union of *Blifil* and *Black George* no "longer a Romance?" (a)

I think the declaration of the Author of the P. of L. may be *now* fully justified. It may he deduced in all its parts; and the work itself proved to have been begun, conducted and completed upon public principle alone. The words of its Author may now appear with new force, and with truth not to be resisted. "The work was written upon *no* private motive what-"soever; but simply and solely as the conduct of the persons mentioned "or alluded to, or the manner of their compositions, or the principles of "their writings, tend to influence and affect the learning, the government, "the religion, the public morality, the public happiness, and the public "security of this Nation." (b)

The author of the Pursuits of Literature is said by the Progressionist "to have disdained *(while he was yet living)* to name any of *his adversa-"ries*, or to reply in detail to any of their accusations." I think he was right. He is said also, to have corrected some mistakes pointed out by the Progressionist, and not to have acknowledged *the kindness*. The confusion in this man's mind is equal to its irritation. I presume, before an obligation is personally acknowledged, a favour must be received. If indeed I could believe, that he had ever attended for a moment to *such* a Critic as the Progressionist, I think he must have remembered an allegory

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a Junius. Letter 57.

b P. of L. Preface to the First Dialogue.

preserved by Pausanias, (a) and beautifully restored to its original meaning by the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's. It is this. "The Nau-"plians in Argia learned the art of *Pruning* their vines, by observing, "that when AN ASS had browzed upon one of them, *it thrived the better*, "and bore fairer fruit." (b)

The Progressionist absolutely condemns the poetry of the Pursuits of Literature. This is unfortunate; but he is positive in his assertion. From *such* a judge, (for whom, I suppose, Cremona and Mantua might formerly have contended) it is difficult to appeal. He and his *Impartial* Brother produce thirty or forty lines, out of near sixteen hundred, some of which might certainly be improved, and they exult in their discovery. That author indeed appealed to the lovers of Dryden and Pope; and *(if he were yet living)* I am convinced he would continue to do so. Read his *poem* again, and I think you will be persuaded that he acted wisely. You recollect, that Dryden, in his latter days, once addressed Congreve in these pathetic lines.

"Be kind to my *remains;* and oh, defend
"Against your judgment, your *departed* friend;
"Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
"But shade those laurels which *descend* to you."

But all which I shall offer in the defence of the Author of the P. of L. shall be strictly according to my judgment, and my knowledge of him. For my own part, if I knew him right in his *poetical* education and character, I will speak of him, *as he was.*

From his very childhood he grew up in silence and in solitude; neither seduced, nor diverted from his purpose; in a quiet independence; nor embarrassed by difficulty, or depressed by neglect; constant in thought, waiting patiently for his hour; of the world not unknowing, though unknown. Much and often would he muse on other times; and dwell with the bards and sages, whose names are written in the books of fame and

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(a) Τα λεγομενα τον Ονον, ὡς επιφαγων ἀμπελε κλημες, αφθονωτερον ες το μελλον απεφηνε τον καρπον. Pausan. Corinth. lib. 2. c. 28. p. 201. Ed. Khunii.

b Tale of a Tub, sect. 3.

eternity. His studies and his meditations were an habitual poetry. To those who observed the mantle he would sometimes wear in his *youth*, it seemed

> Inwrought with figures dim, and *on the edge*
> Like to that sanguine flower, *inscribed with woe*.

But he never blamed his fate. Most of all, he reverenced the lyre ; and sought out those who could strike the strings most cunningly and sweetly. One such he found. He looked abroad through all the realms of Nature ; through her scenes of majesty, of softness, or of terror ; the wilds of solitude, the stormy promontory, the cultivated prospect, the expanse of forests, the living lake, the torrent, or the cataract. By the shores of the interminable ocean, on the cliffs, and on the ragged rocks, he found and felt the power of inspiration. But still his fancy wandered chiefly in the mild retreats of the elder poetry, the banks of Mæander, and the Mincio. The scenes of ancient Greece and Latium were the hermit haunts of his imagination. In the valley of Tempe, by the hill of Hymettus, and the grove of Plato, he first heard, and learned

> The secret power
> Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
> By voice, or hand; and various measur'd verse,
> Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
> And His, who gave them breath, but higher sung.

Sometimes reclined on the verge of Castalia, he would drink of the *original* fountain, whose murmurs were familiar to him. Last of all, in the moments of divine and of serene delight, he would ascend the chariot of the Muses, and fix his eye, but not without *superior* guidance, upon the central heaven. Such, indeed, is the right of poets, whose interest is that of their country ; whose gain is not lucre, but the hope of an honourable acceptance.

I speak as if I could myself take a part in these ennobling labours, and august contemplations. But other cares await me. I feel myself dragged back once more to darkness, and the Progressionist. The descent to Avernus is said to be easy, but I choose Homer, Virgil, or Dante for my guides and companions in such a region.

Recall then for a moment all that I have advanced. Consider and estimate the temper, the conduct, the sentiments, the scurrility, and

what the penury of language constrains me to call, the *arguments* of the Progressionist. He has lavished upon the Author of the Pursuits of Literature every opprobrious and brutal term, which even *his own* language could supply. He has called in sophistry and falsehood to assist him in misrepresenting his words, his actions, and his intentions. And now—will you give me credit when I repeat it?—He gives at last three solitary lines to the praise of a passage or two, which it seems, are spirited and eloquent, in behalf of public order, morality, and religion. If I had been the Author of the P. of L. I would have returned such impudent panegyric upon his hands, with the contempt he deserves, and has incurred. *Tollat sua munera cerdo.* Let the cobbling donor take his gift back again. Pope is still more to the occasion :

> Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
> It is *the slaver* kills, and not the bite.

To conceive, Sir, that such men *can* confer praise, is an insult to any understanding. The public do not wait to discover what is eloquent and spirited, from such wooden oracles. The State will acknowledge its best friends, and Literature its best defenders, without their assistance or direction. Such men have neither part nor lot in the region of the Muses. In the temple of immortality their voice cannot be heard. Even the names they would fain present to the guardians of that temple, would be rejected from the unworthiness of the votaries. The Swans would drop their beaks, and the stream flow backward.

I would not have stooped to notice this man, and his *Impartial* Brother, for *their own* sakes. Writers of their description are quite innocent, when they are quite angry. But there is a respect due to the English Nation, which the Progressionist terms "*the addle-headed* "*Public*," and which, I maintain, has honourably received a work dedicated to their service. If I knew the names of either of these writers, I would not embalm and preserve them in this Apology for my *deceased* friend. The Progressionist may be suffered to sink in *his own* verse and prose. I would leave *Sir Fretful* between Sneer and Dangle. But as to the deliberate defender of Mr. Lewis's "Monk" in the face of an insulted kingdom, I would consign him to the vindictive malice of the Cloyster, and all its impurity; or to the more wretched drudgery of palli-

ating ribaldry, and blasphemy. *Such* are the men, Sir, who declare themselves the enemies of the Poem on the Pursuits of Literature. But the spirit of its *departed* Author may have yet some consolation.

Non *illâ* manes jacuere favillâ,
Nec cinis *exiguus* talem compescuit umbram.

Whoever indeed stands forward at such a perilous period as the present, with boldness, confidence, and an honest intention in the public service, with a name or without a name, known or unknown, is surely worthy of some regard, and I should think, of kindness. But when a gentleman (without *any* interest, but that of every other subject in the country,) has devoted his time, fortune, and ability in the hope of being useful, it is but a common cause to rescue *his memory* from the gripe of injustice, and the fangs of malignity. When he has defended THE TRIPLE FORTRESS of Religion, Morality, and Literature, from its foundation to the topmost battlements, must he be left on the field without the common honours of a common soldier? Because a few trumpery Poetasters, half-critics, jugglers in science, or indecent Commentators are held forth and consigned to ridicule or contempt, as they have respectively deserved, must this work on the Pursuits of Literature be degraded and depreciated? I trust not. The Public will never suffer such impotence and dulness, such Under-conjurers and Journeymen Astrologers, the Sidrophels and Whacums of the day, to read *backwards* for them the great page of Literature, and declare the interpretation of it. When the Sun is high in the heaven, who asks for subsidiary light?

Literature indeed, at this hour, can hardly be divided from the principles of political safety. Satire also has a character, which she was never before called upon to assume. Sensum cœlesti demissum traxit ab arce! She must *now* co-operate with the other guardians, and watchful powers of the state in her degree.

Such AN UNION is now demanded of the minds, the talents, and fortunes, of the souls and bodies, of all the inhabitants of Great Britain, as never before entered into the hearts of Englishmen to conceive. We must be preserved from the tyranny and power of France; from all her principles, and from all her arms, open or concealed, mental, moral, or political. I have pride and satisfaction in seeing, and feeling that we

are all *so* convinced. We know we must die, or defend ourselves from THE MONSTROUS REPUBLIC.

Instat terribilis vivis; morientibus hæres;
Nulla quies: oritur prædâ cessante libido;
Divitibusque dies, et nox metuenda maritis;
Emicat ad nutum stricto mucrone minister!

If we consider it from the commencement, it has threatened, devoted, and given over all its victims to desolation, wretchedness, plunder, and final death. BLOOD is the cement of the Republic of France.

Some victims have bled for principle, others for example, some for funeral pomp, and some for a civic feast. Blood must flow. Each Faction has delivered over its predecessors to death. The Priests of Reason hold their rites in the field of Mars. First indeed, they soothe awhile their savageness with song and festival. But these are the preludes of sanguinary cruelty; the stops and pauses of their war-symphonies. With their laurel and cypress branches bound together and dipped in blood, they advance to the altar, and perform their abhorred lustration. The Manes of all that is brave, and all that is ferocious, are invoked in their democratic incantations to Reason and her Republic.

Sævis opus est, et fortibus umbris;
*Ipsa facit manes; HOMINUM MORS OMNIS IN USU EST.*

On the blood of their murdered Monarch they have sworn hatred to tyranny; and they have established a Directory. On the blood of innocence and virginity they have sworn to restore, and to protect the female dignity; and they have annulled the bond of marriage, and the charities of consanguinity. On the blood of their Generals streaming on the scaffold, and on the blood of armies partially devoted by other Generals in the day of battle, they have sworn to give honour, and *encouragement* to the Defenders of the Republic. Such are their decrees; such are their oaths registered in blood. All is contradiction with them, yet all is in action. Principles of the moment, principles of reflection, principles of desolation, principles of safety, all have had their hour; all have risen and fallen. Banishment and deportation have now superceded the axe of the guillotine, and the sabre of ruffian massacre. How long?---All changes with them: all, but the fixed lust of plunder, and aggrandise-

ment, and the rooted hatred to Christian Religion. To every government, and to every establishment in Europe they apply but one axiom, "WHATEVER IS, IS WRONG!"

Whoever strives to resist such an adversary, upon principle and reflection, with eloquence, or wisdom, or learning, in the plain robes of state, or in the vestments of religion or law, with arms in his grasp, or with well directed opulence, by counsel, by precept, or by example, must be numbered among THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

I am most serious in my words, and earnest in my thoughts. I have been instructed by these great events, to consider all actions as of some weight, and that nothing is *now* to be neglected, as wholly unimportant. If the efforts of the united genius, learning, poetry, and eloquence of a country can be directed with strength and discretion, in their proper and natural courses, we may yet have confidence. Enterprises of *great pith and moment* will succeed, and a righteous security may be established. Consider for a moment what is the hope of bad men. The Orator of Athens has declared, "Their hope of safety is placed *IN THE EXCESS "OF THEIR WICKEDNESSS, AND INIQUITY ALONE.*"* The haunts, and caves, and tenements, and skulking huts of sophistry, anarchy, rebellion, democracy, and Jacobinism, will at length be fully revealed, and *finally* levelled and ruined. When the fountains of hallowed fire are once opened, and flowing with liquid purity in the silence of the night, the objects which darkness would conceal, are not only discovered, but destroyed.

The force of France is indeed formidable; but HER PRINCIPLES, wherever they take root, and grow, and bear, are *alone* invincible. If we think otherwise, I fear, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not *with* us. France invites every European government to suicide. Her high Priest† told her long ago, that no Government could perish but by its own hand, and by its own consent to die. The Government of Great Britain has given no such consent. Her King, her Nobles, her Commons, her Senators, her Statesmen, her Lawyers, her Artists, her Merchants, her Citizens, her Peasants, all maintain and declare with *one*

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* Εν τη της πονηριας υπερβολη την ελπιδα της σωτηριας εχει. Demosthenes Orat. 1. Contra Aristogiton. page 483. Ed. Benenati Gr. 1570.

† Voltaire.

voice, and with arms in their hands, "GREAT BRITAIN HAS GIVEN NO "SUCH CONSENT." She has not lifted up her arms against herself: she is willing and desirous to live. She has humbled herself before GOD the Judge of all, through the Great Mediator of humanity. She knows her strength, and has felt her infirmity; she is earnest for her preservation from her foes within and without; and having done all, and still committing herself, and her cause, TO HIM who judgeth righteously, She hopes yet to stand.

Whether the end of all things may be at hand; and what the decrees of Eternal Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness may intend in the last resort, we acknowledge to be inscrutable. But we trust, it cannot be deemed an unwarrantable presumption, to suggest or to affirm, that, if the attributes of God are true; if man is *his* creature, and governed by *his* laws; the opposers of this overbearing, desolating, impious, and UNIVERSAL Tyranny must be justified BEFORE HIM. As to us, the inhabitants of Great Britain, if we would exist at all, we must be preserved AS WE ARE. Our Constitution is not lost; and the ramparts we have raised around it, will maintain it entire. Our liberties are supported equally against arbitrary power, and against the engines of licentiousness and democracy. UPON US the destiny of Europe, and perhaps of the whole civilized world, ultimately depends. It seems placed in our hands: a fearful and an awful charge.

*Omnia Fata laborant,*
*Si quidquam mutare velis; UNOQUE SUB ICTU*
*STAT GENUS HUMANUM!*

I am sure words on this subject cannot be thought out of season, or out of place, while terrors are yet gathering around us. Circumstances have instructed us all, not to regard any thing as common, which is designed for the public service.

In consideration *therefore* of the importance of every *single* effort, and of the tendency of individual zeal and labour in the common cause, I have written this letter, and now deliver it to the public. I have stood forth as the apologist and defender of the principles, the justice, the severity, and the composition of the Poem and Notes on "The Pursuits of Lite-"rature." My business has been not to produce what is excellent in the work, but to shew the futility and falsehood of the objections to it. I

know not whether it called for any defence; but it is not uncommon for some persons to suffer themselves to be misled by superficial and malevolent writers and observers, when they have a specious appearance.

The numerous appeals, in the notes to "The Pursuits of Literature," to various authors in languages not universally understood, or partially studied, have diminished some portion of its general effect. I have designed to remove this inconvenience by the present attempt. If any person shall hereafter be enabled to understand the force of Grecian or Roman wisdom better than he did before; or if one English reader, and a lover of his country, shall be induced to peruse the work, who without this translation, would not have attended to it at all; I shall not look upon my labour as useless, or unrewarded.

I have prefixed to the Title-page a few lines from Pindar of some signification. You will consider them, as if *the departed* Author of the Pursuits of Literature did himself address you by me. The paraphrase and the meaning of them *in a very extended sense*, is this. "The Time is now arrived, in which all persons should fully understand whatever is of importance sacred or civil. There should be no ambiguity; all should be laid open, and justly comprehended. Though without authority, and in a very private station, I will consider myself in some measure, as sent forth in the public service. I have declared, recommended, enforced, and appealed to the wisdom, the eloquence, the doctrines, and the experience of our forefathers in every age, and in every country. I have shewn what is that heroic virtue, and dignified deportment which are required of my countrymen in this revolutionary age; that they consist not in patience, but in action; and that the sword, the voice, and the pen must be united in the common cause for the common salvation. I will preserve this integrity to the last: *I WILL SPEAK THE TRUTH.*"

I am, &c. &c. &c.

END OF THE VINDICATION.

# TRANSLATIONS

OF THE PASSAGES FROM THE

GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH WRITERS,

QUOTED IN THE

## NOTES AND PREFACES

TO

## *THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.*

# TRANSLATIONS.

## MOTTO TO THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE WORK.

" YE, who from your natural disposition, as well as from your education, are in all things good and kindly affectioned, moderate, and worthy of the kingdom which you uphold, be favourable to this Work."

Athenagoræ Atheniensis Legatio Imperatoribus Antonino et Commodo. *Ad fin. Op. Justin. Martyr.* edit. Paris, 1636. p. 39.

PAGE 9.

" Through evil report and good report."

PAGE 10.

" From his phraseology, his manner of speaking, his peculiar diction, and other circumstances, I am convinced that the whole work, or the greater part of it, is the composition of Hieronymus Alexander. From my constant, familiar, domestic intercourse with him, I am as intimately acquainted with his genius and disposition, as he himself can be."

*Erasmi Epist.* 370. c. 1755. op. fol. edit. opt. Lugduni.

## MOTTO TO THE INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

PAGE 13.

" Retired within the magical circle, he murmured words of mightiest power. Thrice he turned his countenance to the East, and thrice to the

realms where the Sun declines ; ' Whence (he cries) is this delay? Do ye wait for words more secret than these, or of greater potency ?"

*Tasso. B.* 13.

## PASSAGES IN THE INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

### PAGE 14.

" As to what some persons may say of me, let them look to their own words; but nevertheless they will talk." *Cicero Somn. Scipionis.*

### PAGE 15.

" He is greedy of life, who is not willing to die, when the world is perishing around him." *Senec. Traged.*

### PAGE 16.

" Destroy the insolence, and high language of these heresies, and make them of none effect."

*Liturgia Sancti Gregorii Alexand. Liturg. Orientat. Collect.* v. 1. p. 107. *Ed. Paris*, 1716.

" The first who strengthened the exalted strains of Archilochus, with a rampart of firm and solid words." *Anthol.* p. 393. *Ed. Brodæi.*

" To examine the excellent with the excellent, and compare their several merits with each other."

*Dion. Halicarn. Ep. ad Cn. Pomp. Epist. de Platone.* p. 757. sect. 1. vol. 6. *Ed. Reiske*, 1777.

### PAGE 17.

" I will magnify my office."

### PAGE 18.

" The compact and condensed power of the understanding."

*Basil. Archiepisc. Cæsareæ Op.* v. 2. p. 698. ed. 1618.

### PAGE 19.

" If I smile at the perfumes with which Rufillus is scented, or at any similar piece of folly, must I of necessity be stigmatised as a man of an envious and malicious disposition?" *Hor.*

PAGE 21.

" If indeed you require me to chuse a companion, how can I forget the divine Ulysses? His heart, his affections, and his spirit are tried, ready, and prepared for every enterprise." *Hom. Il.* 10. v. 242.

" The present of the fatal branch, now seen again after a long period." *Virg. Æn.* 6.

PAGE 22.

" I have once spoken in this great Cause (prepared to repeat my words, if required) with that spirit which I am ever wont to assume, the spirit of an accuser." *Liv.* l. 2. sect. 61.

PAGE 23.

" The mouths of the cavern which leads to cruel Tartarus."
*Virg. Æn.* 7.

" For my own part, I can see no danger to which you are personally exposed, separate and apart from the destruction of us all."
*Cic. Epist. ad Fam.* l. 6. e. 1.

PAGE 24.

" Without attempting some adventurous flight, when I had pinions to support me; that I might present no ignoble example of myself."
*Petrarc:* Part 2. Son. 86.

" The King and his Ministers might perhaps peruse these memoirs, which most assuredly are not the composition of an uninformed man."
*Gil Blas.*

PAGE 25.

" Difficulties of hard solution."

PAGE 26.

" Nothing can be more exalted than speculations like these; they are the very heights of the world. The great public mansion of Nature herself is contained within these boundaries." *Manil. Astron.* lib. 1.

" These are the vauntings of Him who fighteth against GOD; who glorieth in the strength of his wickedness; who threateneth utterly to

destroy and confound the boundaries of nations, (once delivered by THE MOST HIGH to his angels and messengers;) and to make the whole Earth one scene of plunder and devastation; who boasteth that he will shake all the sons of men, and subvert and change the state of every ancient ordinance, institution, and regular government."

*Euseb. Demonst. Evang.* l. 4. s. 9.

PAGE 29.

" (It cannot be supposed) that speaking or writing in the Greek language, in preference to any other, can have any peculiar efficacy in promoting the interests of true piety or learning."

*Casaub. Exercit.* 16. *ad Annal. Eccles. Baronii.*

" His brow was not brightened with cheerfulness; and his countenance was dejected." *Virg. Æn.* 6.

PAGE 30.

" The strains were harsh; it was the harmony of horror: shrieks, and groans, and lementations loud and deep, were heard to agree in strangest consonance." *Ariosto. O. F.* cant. 14.

" Awakened, as from slumber, among the spirits of the elect, where the soul enjoys a more intimate communion with her Maker."

*Petrarch.*

" A gale of odorous sweets is wafted around, as from meadows of freshness and of choicest fragrance."

*Dionys. Halic. Ep. ad Cn. Pomp.* sect. 2.

PAGE 31.

" The heads of arguments and objections against certain persons of morose, peevish natures, and without erudition." *Erasmus.*

" For it is now high time to offer some assistance from the cœlestial vessel (called the Ampolla) to those heads, which are either empty, or scantily provided with sense." *Ariosto O. F.* cant. 38.

" Hecate, with her triple head, a fatal and tremendous prodigy, the child of Tartarus." *Orph. Argon.* v. 974.

" The divine Bellona, and the Tritonian goddess, Minerva."

*Lycophron*, v. 519.

PAGE 32.

" Beggars, players, and varlets of every description." *Hor.*

" The lawful possession and right of the Muses." *Pind. Pyth.* 1.

PAGE 33.

" Ulysses stripped himself of his sordid garments, and leaped upon the great threshold of the mansion. His bow and quiver, full of arrows, were in his hand, and he scattered the shafts of destruction before his feet." *Hom, Odys.* 22. v. 1.

Pause; and reflect, that a day like this may never dawn again.
*Dante, Parad.*

PAGE 34.

" Wisdom herself can scarcely number seven persons, from among all the sons of men, whom she can honour with such a name."

PAGE 35.

" The virulence of the infection has corrupted and destroyed all that is sound, beautiful, and healthy." *Hor. Ep. ad August.*

PAGE 37.

" I strike no feeble chords with an idle, unavailing impulse; but holding my residence by the *Auruncian* temple, (where sleeps the spirit of *Lucilus*) I bend before the tombs of mightiest masters, and raise my voice with boldness." *Statii. Sylv.*

END OF THE INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

## THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

PAGE 39.

" Whoever thou art, who feelest thyself inspired with the spirit of the fearless Cratinus; who turnest pale over the page of the indignant

PAGE 56.

" Trivulzia, brought up and nourished in the sacred cavern."
*Aristo O. F.* Cant. 46. st. 4.

" That work often affected us, and our cheeks turned pale as we were reading it; but there was one circumstance which quite subdued us.—As we were proceeding, I exclaimed, ' Alas! what softness of sentiment, ' what extacy of rapture, conducted these wretched souls to the paths of ' sorrow." *Dante Inf.* c. 5

" He gives admonition to all, and cries with a loud voice through the shades; Give ear unto me, and be warned; revere justice, and despise not the power of the Gods." *Virg.* Æn. 6.

PAGE 59.

" The offices of kindness and *fidelity* are yet cultivated among men: some are still to be found who will perform the duties of friendship to the departed." *Plin. Epist.*

PAGE 60.

" Lands, edifices, estates, possessions of every species, all have been seized within their grasp; the heaven above, and the sea excepted, all have been declared public property, by gift, by *assignment*, by auction."
*Cic. de Leg. Agrar. Or.* 3.

" If you are in earnest for a *Revolution*, you must *begin* by annihilating the Catholic religion in France." *Mirabeau.*

PAGE 63.

" (They feel) by what prostration of soul, by what prayers and strong conflicts of the spirit, even the slightest and most imperfect knowledge of GOD is to be obtained!" *Augustin.*

" The founder of that denomination of worship was CHRIST, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered the punishment of death under the Procurator Pontius Pilate." *Tacit. Annal.* l. 15. s. 44.

" There is not one who judgeth with true judgment; no, not one: their trust is in nothing; they talk words of vanity; they have conceived mischief, and brought forth iniquity."

PAGE 64.

" Go, Lictor, and bind his hands." *Liv.* 1.

" Their entertainments are in the Greek fashion; and the *pictured emblem* appears without a veil: you might expect to see the dancing-girls (from the East) displaying their attitudes before the guests." *Juv.*

PAGE 65.

" Wisdom is first pure, then peaceable."

" Would he had always written so!" *Juv.*

PAGE 66.

" The smiles of a pretty girl are the tears of the purse."

*Italian Proverb.*

" He composed eight volumes, not without elegance, but without sufficient discernment." *Sueton. Claud.* Sect. 41.

PAGE 67.

" Prepare your *stomach* for these delicacies; and feast upon the fish which has been preserved for your times." *Juv. Sat.* 4.

PAGE 68.

" A body without a soul." *Hor.*

PAGE 69.

" The short span of life." *Hor.*

" Great efforts for great trifles." *Terent.*

PAGE 70.

" How long will ye idly support these sons of fire?"

*Apulei. Matam.* l. 7.

PAGE 71.

" Born for nothing but to eat and digest."

PAGE 74.

" May he re-assume the weight and dignity of the tragic buskin."

" These subjects, you may say, are certainly pleasant in a Satire, to enliven and amuse a reader who loves to laugh. But I want the proof; let me have it in regular form. I agree with you; well, Doctor answer me, and take your seat quietly, as in the schools. *What is a Commentator?*

*Boileau, Sat.* 8.

PAGE 77.

" The manner is neither good nor respectable; when the verses, or the subjects of them, enter the very marrow, and the effeminate, lascivious accents provoke and irritate the inmost sensations." *Pers. Sat.* 1.

" Such effusions of verse and fancy, as even Lycoris herself might read." *Virg. Ecl.* 10.

PAGE 78.

" This was the only point in which *Fabricius* was deficient."

*Juv. Sat.* 4.

" All sea-nettles provoke a certain degree of prurency by the keenness of which they stir up the still and almost extinct desire."

*Johnson Hist. Nat. de Exang. Ag.* p. 56.

PAGE 79.

" (Minerva) approved the strains of the Muses, and their honest indignation." *Ovid. Metam.* l. 6. v. 2.

PAGE 80.

" Such is the power of insinuating flattery; it steals away the understanding of the best and the wisest. *Hom. Il.*

PAGE 83.

" THE DOGS descried him: first rushed forth Melampus, Pamphagus, and Dorceus, and the swift-footed Lycisca, with her brother, the quick-scented Ichnobates; and Asbolus, black and shaggy, and the powerful Nebrophonos, Lælaps, and the fierce Theron, Labros, and Agriodos, and the shrill-toned Hylactor, and others which I cannot name. The whole pack, eager for their prey, follow in full cry, where the path is rough and difficult, and even where no path at all is to be traced.

Alas! he flies from his own attendants. Fain would he have cried out, I AM ACTÆON; behold in me your lord and master.---He wished to be away from them: but in vain. *He is left in their power.*"

*Ovid Metam.* l. 3.

PAGE 84.

"Himself and his faithful attendant." Or, "The knight and his squire." *Homer.*

PAGE 86.

"My resolution is to die in a tavern; may wine be placed before my lips as I am expiring; that the angelic choirs, when they appear, may say, 'Heaven be propitious to this jovial drinker!"

*Drinking Song, by Walter de Mapes, * Archdeacon of Oxford, in the 11th century.*

"Many were inclined to consider him as a deep scholar, engaged as he was with old-wives' fables and trifles, and passing a learned old age among the Milesian Tales of his own Apuleius, and the child's-play of literature." *Julius Capitolinus in Vitâ Clodii Albini ad Constantium Augustum.*

"Subtle and sagacious in useful discoveries." *Hor. A. P.*

PAGE 87.

"The towering head-dress of the Sorceress Sagana."

*Hor.* l. 1. sat. 8.

PAGE 88.

"Mercy rejoiceth against judgment."

"I would confidently put it in competition with any of the ancients." *Quintil.*

PAGE 89.

"Phantoms of the dead, without strength or substance."

*Hom. Odys.*

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* Quoted by Mr. Warton, in his second Dissertation, prefixed to his History of English Poetry.

" See what allegations I have made in favour of Priests and Presbyters; and so may every grateful *Clerk*, with his sweet-heart, say a paternoster for me and my sins!"

*Drinking Song (as above) by Walter de Mapes, in the 11th century.*

PAGE 90.

" If any one presume to say, that a Bishop may have his failings, let him be accursed." *Decree of the council of Constance.*

" This book* is *conglutinated*, or made up, of as many books as would serve *one fat cook* for fuel, to dress sheep, oxen, swine, pigs, ducks, turkeys, and geese, without number; or as many as would be sufficient for *one High-Dryer* to heat a hundred stoves." *Epist. Obscurorum Virorum.*

END OF THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

## THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

PAGE 91.

" Yet untouched and without a wound, I pass through the thickest of the ranks; and may Minerva lead me by the hand, and defend me from the *missile* weapons of the enemy." *Hom. Il.* 4. v. 540.

PAGE 93.

" Drawing forth the belt, and the paternal sword, buried deep under the cliffs and rocks sounding with storms, I again take my stand of observation.†" *Lycophron. Cassand.* 1321.

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* *i. e.* The Notes on the Edition of Shakspeare, by Johnson and Steevens, &c. &c. &c.

† This dark allusion of Lycophron is to a legend concerning Theseus. See Plutarch in the Life of Theseus. If I recollect right, there is a picture, in Lord Exeter's collection at *Burleigh*, on this subject.

PAGE 94.

" He shall regret it, and become the burden of some popular song."
*Hor.* l. 2. S. 1. v. 45.

PAGE 98.

" Tearing in pieces their own Republic, we see them, lions opposed to lions, relations to relations, madly and foolishly fighting with each other, FOR THE CHOICE OF TYRANTS." *Boileau* sat. 8. v. 132.

" The God of battle kindles the flames of war in the land, and sounds the sanguinary blast from his trumpet. The kingdom all around presents one scene of devastation, and the fields are bristled with spears, waving thick as the ears of corn. Lamentations wafted through the silent regions of the air, are heard from the pinnacles of the towers, with the rending of veils, and the shrieks of women, waiting for misery upon misery, and calamity upon calamity." *Lycophron Cassand.* v. 249.

PAGE 100.

" To gather together, in the recesses of the cavern, a thick night, palled in the dunnest smoke of hell*, while the darkness is mixed with fire !" *Virg.* Æn. 8. v. 254.

" Where error drives them in endless deviations from the right path." *Hor.* l. 2. sat. 3.

PAGE 103.

" To deliver dogmas or sentences in verse, and to rhyme chapter by chapter." *Boileau*, s. 8. v. 116.

PAGE 105.

" He drinks from his glass goblet, shaped like a Priapus."
*Juv.* s. 2. v. 95.

PAGE 106.

" History is always pleasing, write it as you will." *Plin. Epist.*

---

* Expressions from Shakspeare's Macbeth.

" But still it has a value." *Hor. A. P.*

" Little Cupids with little wings"

PAGE 109.

" All things which are habitual, such as motions to which we are accustomed, are favourable to sleep. For a sailor you will recommend the reclining on ship-board, a voyage at open sea, the sounding of the shore, and the noise of the winds, and the roaring of the waves, &c. &c. &c.

*Aretæus, de Morbis Acutis*, c. 1. p. 7. Edit. *Boerhaave.*

" Names worthy to be inscribed in the choir of Apollo."

" That music, which is felt internally; it is not the ear, but the soul itself, which is affected."

PAGE 111.

" Happy and fortunate in his cares and engagements! For him the garlands of Helicon, and the *idle* laurels which bloom on the brow of Parnassus, *have no charms!* But the powers of his understanding are vigorous, and his mind, from long experience, is bound up to bear the vicissitudes of the world." *Stat. Sylv.*

" In early youth he devoted all the powers of his illustrious mind to the higher philosophy; not, as the manner of some is, to shelter sloth under the covert of a splendid name, but, by a steady and deliberate firmness against the accidents of life, to prepare himself for the administration of the state." *Tacit. Hist.* l. 4. c. 5.

" Superior to *avarice*, of a persevering *rectitude of principle*, and unmoved by fear." *Tacit. ib.*

" Economy is a great possession." *Cic.*

PAGE 112.

" The frog of Mæcenas (i. e. his seal bearing the figure of that animal) was an object of great terror, as the instrument of levying money." *Plin. Nat. Hist.* l. 37. c. 1.

" His sagacity was peculiarly his own; gifted by nature with intuitive skill, he had moreover such promptitude of counsel, as gave him a

decided superiority in advancing all that was necessary upon any subject, and on the spur of the occasion. *Thucyd.* l. 1. s. 138.

PAGE 114.

" An unfinished thunder-bolt."

" Mr. BURKE himself has *thus* translated this passage in part 5, chap. 5, of his treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, as an example that words may affect without raising distinct images. " *Three rays of twisted* " *showers, three of watery clouds, three of fire, and three of the winged* " *South wind; then, they mixed in the work, terrific lightings, and sound,* " *and fear, and anger, with pursuing flames.*" *Virg. Æn.* 8. 429.

PAGE 115.

" Since the teeming womb of Julia has produced so many crude births, or rather abortions, which confess their incestuous sires."

*Juv. Sat.* 2. v. 32.

" While the earth is burst asunder from its foundations, and the very depths of Tartarus disclosed and laid bare to view."

*Long. de Sub.* sec. 9.

PAGE 116.

" When shall they look upon his like again ?" *Hor.*

PAGE 117.

" He has delivered down to all posterity, who may enquire after them, the monuments and records of these transactions. Young men of character and ability will be desirous of *his* company and conversation, and will learn from him, as from an oracular decision, the path which it is their interest, or duty, to follow. He will instruct them, and will form their minds. Like an experienced pilot, he will shew them what is necessary to direct and preserve the vessel, when the gale is prosperous, or when the storm is raging. He will be led to this by a sense of duty and of common good, and even by the pleasure he finds in the office itself."

*Quintil.* l. 12. c. xi. s. 1.

" Are you about to undertake the management of a cause of great importance ? First consult your own self: say fairly and honestly, who

and what you are; an orator of power and strength, or Curtius, or Matho. Understand well the measure of your eloquence and ability."

*Juv. Sat.* 11. v. 32.

PAGE 118.

" I was apprehensive that you, Aurora, might seize upon him, for your own Cephalus." *Ovid. Epist. Sapph. Phaoni.*

PAGE 119.

" Drops of infection distilling from the moon." *Lucan.* l. 6.

N. B. Shakspeare, in his Macbeth alludes to this piece of ancient witchcraft.

" On the corner *of the moon*
Hangs *a vaporous drop* profound;
I'll catch it, ere it fall to ground."

PAGE 121.

" He was the Scribe, or Secretary of Nature, dipping his pen into mind." *Suidas.*

PAGE 123.

" Will not violets spring from the spot where his manes repose, from his tomb and favoured ashes?" *Pers. Sat.* 1. v. 38.

PAGE 124.

" The shoots of a wild fig-tree are sufficient to burst them asunder."

*Juv. S.* 10. v. 144.

N. B. Juvenal alludes to the wild fig-tree stretching its roots deep under ground, and then shooting out with strength sufficient to break the stones of sepulchres.

PAGE 125.

" To bring forth the matured birth in due form." *Hor.*

PAGE 126.

" Consider, I beseech you, all that I have undergone; have compassion on a mind which has suffered most unworthily." *Virg. Æn.* 2.

PAGE 127.

" We will preserve his name for an example to late posterity."
*Milton ad Patrem.*

PAGE 128.

" A *Physician* of consummate skill; generous, liberal, not to be corrupted; a friend to the poor and needy; *a gentleman in principle;* a regulator and conductor of youth; a man of sanctity, justice, and piety; whose attainments have reached the utmost heights of erudition."

PAGE 129.

" Plead then quite naked; madness is less to be censured."
*Juv. Sat.* 2.

N. B. Juvenal alludes to the indecent summer dresses of the Roman advocates in the courts of law.

PAGE 130.

" I speak of the *love-lorn* Sacripante." *Ariosto. O. F.* c. 1.

PAGE 131.

(This note is addressed) " To the intelligent."

" I, poor Medoro, in gratitude for the *favourable* reception I found in this place," &c. &c.* *Ariosto. O. F.* c. 23. s. 108.

" It was written in the *Arabic* language, which the noble Earl understood *as well* as he did Latin." *Ariosto, O. F.* ib.

" I cannot allot any more of my verses to Ferraù, or Sacripante (or even to *Carlisle;*) the Prince of Anglante calls my attention from them; &c." *Ib. Cant.* 12. s. 96.

PAGE 132.

" The Gods in compassion to the race of men † born to toil and trouble, gave the Muses, and Apollo, and *Bacchus* as companions of their festivals." *Plato de Legibus*, lib. 2.

---

* Part of the inscription on the entrance of the cave or grotto, where Angelica and Medoro were accustomed to meet.

† Some manuscripts read here, " politicians."

Εκλυσις,---εκβολη,---ψαλμος αντιφθογγος.

N. B. These are Greek musical terms, and technical words, which it would be needless to explain, and indeed would answer no purpose. Dr. Burney's History of Music will, I believe, give their explanation at large.

PAGE 136.

" O ye Gods of my country, tutelary Deities of *Troy*, ye cannot surely have resolved to extirpate the sons of Teucer, since ye have inspired the breasts of our youth with such loyalty of zeal, and with such determined bravery." *Vir. Æn.* 9. v. 247.

END OF THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

## THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

PAGE 139.

" The arrows rattled in his quiver, as he moved along in all the fierceness of his wrath. His march was like the Night. He took his station at a distance from the ships, and sent forth a shaft; and the sounding of the silver bow was terrible. His first attack was on the animals, the mules and *dogs;* but after that, he smote THE ARMY ITSELF with many a deadly arrow, and the funeral piles of the slain blazed frequent through the camp." *Hom. Il.* 1.

PAGE 141.

" I present these considerations as the result of accurate and solemn investigation; they are offered in behalf of YOU ALL; in the cause of Truth, your Constitution, and your Laws; for your common Salvation, your Religion, your Honour, and your Liberty."

*Demosthenes*, Περι Στεφανε.

PAGE 142.

" Look upon 'the great Vision * of that guarded mount,' see what a power holds his watchful residence on the summit of the cliff, a power able to overthrow you from your foundations!"

*Callimachus, Hymn. ad Delum.* v 125.

* An expression adapted from the Lycidas of Milton.

N. B. The poet is speaking of Mars personified on the highest mountain of Delos.

" Ramparts, and walls of stone may be shaken and fall at the blast of Strymonian Boreas; but THE GOD is immoveable! Such is the power who surrounds and protects thee, O my beloved Delos."

*Callim. Ib.* v. 25.

PAGE 143.

" A Region, long the subject of speculation and wonder to all the surrounding nations; a kingdom which abounds in every production which is valuable, and which is defended by the *internal, consolidated* strength of her own natives; yet she appears to have possessed no greater object of love and veneration, or more illustrious than THIS MAN."

*Lucret.* l. 1. v. 728.

" The Alpine mountain, whence Pelorus is torn."

*Dante Purgat.* c. 14.

" These subjects he saw by the power of his mind; he comprehended them by his understanding; and by his eloquence he cast a brightness upon them." *Paterculus concerning Cicero.*

PAGE 145.

" It was a storm of accursed quality; of rain, cold, heavy, and frequent, with hail-stones and sleet, and thick discoloured snow, pouring down in torrents through the darkened regions of the air."

*Dante Inf.* c. 6.

" Thou sleepest the sleep of death! But we are not unmindful of thee, O Achilles; in life and in death thou art equally the object of our regard and veneration." *Hom. Il.*

PAGE 146.

" I record the praises of *Corinth*, a state mild to its own citizens, hospitable to strangers, famed for opulence, the sacred residence of Neptune, whose youth are renowned for courage and ability. There dwells Eunomia, the goddess of well-ordered governments, and her sisters. Justice, the unshaken basis of every state, and Peace, of like manners;

the dispensers and arbiters of wealth, the golden daughters of Themis, whose counsel never deceives. It is their wish and purpose to chase away injury, the bold-tongued parent of satiety and insolence.

Here too the Muse breathes out her sweetest, softest inspirations; and Mars himself flourishes anew in the prowess of her youthful heroes."

*Pind. Olymp.* O. 13.

"Shall I not rouse myself at such a call, and attack them? Shall I not hold up the torch of Satire to works like these?" *Juv. Sat.* 1. 51.

PAGE 147.

"Not to be interested, or take any part in the welfare of a State, which never allowed them to share any advantage."

*Dion. Halicarn.* l. 5. 64.

PAGE 148.

"The *Romans* were nothing humbled, as might have been expected, engaged as they were in an arduous war, and deserted by all their Allies. But on the contrary with a firm reliance on their *internal* powers alone, they rushed forward to the contest with still greater alacrity, and with a courage, inspired by danger and necessity. They were bold and confident of their ability (under the guidance of good counsel) to carry on the war with effect by their own native courage and virtues, without any to participate their glory and success."

*Dion. Halicarn. Rom. Hist.* l. 5. s. 62.

"To pierce with the sword the inmost concealments of *the Greeks*."

*Virg. Æn.* 2.

PAGE 149.

"Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow." *Virg. Æn.* 6.

PAGE 151.

"The fame of some vain pretenders to poetry, has been noised about *Greece*, to the disgrace of a learned and distinguished art."

*Athenæi Deipnosophist.* l. 14. p. 617. *Ed. Casaub.*

PAGE 153.

" Communication to the author of the P. of L. by Monsieur Peltier, editor of " The Picture of Paris, &c. &c."

" PLACE OF TRANSLATION.

" JOHN NORBURY, Doctor in Divinity, Canon and Fellow of Eton " College. *Aged SIXTY-EIGHT years.*

" STEPHEN WESTON, Bachelor in Divinity; an Abbé, a Traveller, " and a maker of verses; *formerly* Rector of a parish. *Aged FIFTY* " *years.*

" CHARLES COOTE,* Doctor in Divinity, a Dean in Ireland. *Aged* " *FIFTY-TWO years*, according to the Register.

" EDWARD TEW, Bachelor in Divinity, Canon and Fellow of Eton " College. *Aged FIFTY-SEVEN years.*

" *GUILLOTINED after the Greek fashion, 25th of*
" *Floreal; 5th day of the Decade*, 1796."
*Extract from the Register of THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE.*

N. B. *They ascended the scaffold with great resolution; at a quarter past ten in the morning their heads fell.*

---

* P. S. " I have received a letter from Monsieur Peltier, for whom I entertain *the highest consideration*, who has informed me, that there is a little mistake concerning DR. COOTE, the celebrated translator. He says, that Dr. Coote was not an Irish Dean (and consequently a great Theologian) but a Doctor in the Civil Law in England, *deeply versed in the Greek Grammar.* Mr. Peltier, with a zeal for truth of the most edifying nature, and with great devotion of mind, has requested me to correct the Register, and the Poetry in this particular; and has also signified to me, that the Rev. MR. NARES, a very amiable author in his way, and editor of the periodical work called *The British Critic*, was very eager and solicitous on the same account. Unfortunately, it is wholly out of my power; and I returned an answer with great frankness; " My dear " Peltier, when once a doctor's head is off, what can be done?" (Nov. 1797.)

" Extract from the Report made to THE COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS, by the Executive Minister of Literary Justice."

" Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the strain of woe."

*Moschil Epitaph. in Bion.*

PAGE 154.

" I find in *Elmsley*, the bookseller, an adviser of much wisdom, knowledge, and discretion." *Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Deyverdun. Letters Miscel. Works.* vol. 2. 4to. p. 596.

PAGE 156.

" An oath is not sublime of itself; but the place, the manner, the occasion, and the circumstance of introducing it, make it so."

*Longin. de Subl.* sect. 16.

PAGE 158.

" Into all the meandrings of verbal obliquity."

*Lycoph. Cassand.* v. 14.

" If a courtezan wears ornaments of gold, let them be confiscated, or *let her* person *be public.*"*

" From his writings I discovered him to be a man of a glowing genius, extensive reading, and comprehensive memory; but in general more copious, than choice; and his style and phraseology rather confused, than clear and chastised." *Erasmi Ep.* 1248.

PAGE 159.

" The Cyprian verses are not marked with the accent on the antepenultima." *Photii Biblioth.* p. 984. edit. 1653.

PAGE 160.

" Let them rather present us with the features of his mind than of his body." *Tacit. Vit. Agric.*

---

* The construction depends upon the mode of placing the accent on word δημοσια.

" If your Cook's name is *Mystyllus*, why may I not call him also *T'arat'alla.*"* *Mart. Ep.* l. 1

PAGE 162.

" Not of absolute right, but only † usufructuary."

" That they may *revisit* the superior regions, and again manifest an inclination to return to their *corporeal, visible forms.*" ‡ *Virg.* Æn. 6.

PAGE 163.

" Take this reward as a prize, thou venerable *old man*, and preserve it for a memorial of thy skill." *Hom. Il.* 22.

" Once under more favourable expectations."

PAGE 164.

" I present the illustrious youth with this distinguished mark of my regard, and of his merit." *Virg.* Æn. 5.

" When I became *a man*, I put away childish things."

PAGE 165.

" In this manner we may attempt to fill up the measure of Grecian literature." *Hor.*

" What? when the hair is absolutely grey with years--do you ask me to overlook such folly?---No; no; no." *Pers. Sat.*

PAGE 169.

" The spirit feeds it within; and the soul, by infusion into every member, agitates the mass, and blends itself intimately WITH THE WHOLE BODY." *Virg.* Æn. 6.

---

* The words *Mystyllus* and *T'arat'alla*, are a play upon two Greek words, which cannot be explained in English.

† Term in the Roman law.

‡ This was an Eton allusion to Dr. Norbury's series of old clothes, re-appearing, after having been locked up for many months. It is hardly possible to translate the spirit of it in English.

" Anchises finished his speech, and led his son Æneas and the Sibyll into the midst of the Convention, and the buzzing crowd. He then chose a rising ground, that he might observe the whole company as they came successively in review before him, and mark with discrimination their countenances, as they passed by." *Virg.* Æn. 6.

PAGE 170.

" They do what they will with our whole body." *Juv. Sat.* 13.

PAGE 171.

" They swear by the light of the sun, and by the thunder-bolts of their TARPEIAN JOVE; by every instrument of warfare in the celestial regions." *Juv. Sat.* 13.

" I received them outcasts from their own coasts, in exile, and in poverty; and in an hour of madness, folly, or inconsiderateness, I *almost incorporated* them in the kingdom." *Virg.* Æn. 4.

PAGE 175.

" Through this threshold the Conqueror Alcides himself passed. *Virg.* Æn. 8.

PAGE 176.

" The haven, as it were, and the sabbath of all the contemplations of man." *Bacon de Augm. Scient. ap. init.* l. 3.

PAGE 177.

" Render yourself worthy of the Deity." *Virg.* Æn. 8.

PAGE 180.

" He prunes his own vineyards." *Hor. Ep. ad. Aug.*

PAGE 184.

" The whole body and frame of Nature is thus thrown into confusion and disturbance, and the position of every principle is made to change its place." *Lucret.* l. 4. v. 670.

PAGE 186.

" Being in an agony he prayed more earnestly."

" With the unceasing perpetual notes and commentaries of Doctor *Guillotine*."

" In my opinion, the whole of their systems present to us nothing but the gross darkness of ignorance, and the blackness of deceit, with errors wide and infinite; mere fancies, and crude conceptions, and ignorance which sets all comprehension at defiance, I have therefore submitted to examine them, from a desire to point out the contradictions which prevail in their writings, and to shew that they lead into discussions incapable either of limit or of definition; and further to convince you, that the end and result of them all is unsatisfactory, and productive of no advantage whatsoever; without any support from matter of fact, or from the evidence of reason." *Hermiæ* Διασυρμος *(sive Irrisio)* των εξω Φιλοσοφων.—*Sub fin. Ed. Paris: Justin. Martyris Op.* 1636.

PAGE 187.

" A man of supreme eminence."

" The honeyed globules of language."

*Petron. Arbit. Satyricon.* c. 1.

" It is far easier to comprehend the doctrine of the rising and setting of the stars, than to understand these strange contortions and eccentricities of speech." *Cic: de Fato*, Sec. 8.

PAGE 188.

" Holding lights in their hands, and trilling out melodies and verses between ancient and modern."* *Aristoph. Vespæ*, v. 219.

" The matter is all safe; he actually is setting up for a philosopher; pray what was his name? † a strange one."

*Plaut. Captiv.* A. 2. S. 2.

" It was suitable to the majesty of Neptune, that the offspring of his godship should acquire a more ample form, the time of his gestation being protracted." *Aul. Gell.* lib. 3. c. 16.

---

* It is impossible to render the original Greek word in English, which is compounded ludicrously. An explanation could serve no purpose whatsoever.

† The name in the original Latin cannot be translated with any effect, for the reason given in the last remark on Aristophanes.

" For the embraces of the immortals are not ineffectual." *Hom.*

PAGE 189.

" In rich and good soils they thin and lop the corn while it is growing, to prevent its being rank and luxuriant."

*Theophrast. Hist. Plaut.* l. 8. c. 7.

PAGE 190.

" He became celebrated for an affected style, and ambitious *wordiness*, without any advantage whatsoever to the state."

*Tacit. Ann.* l. 4. s. 20.

PAGE 194.

" Let merit ever here obtain its reward." *Virg. Æn.* 1.

PAGE 196.

" The whole Pierian choir and the Roman Phœbus himself answer for him." *Sulpiciæ Sat.* v. ult.

PAGE 198.

" To him every Muse is propitious, and Apollo claims him for his own." *Vida. A. P.* l. 1. v. 327.

PAGE 199.

" Those regions where Aurora has fixed her palace, and holds her festal solemnities, and whence the sun himself " begins his state."*

*Hom. Odys.* l. 12. v. 3.

END OF THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

## THE FOURTH DIALOGUE.

PAGE 201.

" Neptune, who shakes the earth, was not idle in his observation, as he was seated on the loftiest summit of the wood-crowned Samos, lost in

* An expression from the Allegro of Milton.

wonder at the contest and the war. From that eminence appeared all Ida, with the city of Priam, and the ships of the Grecians. He then descended from the craggy mountain. *Three* steps he advanced in his march, and at *the fourth* he reached his destination at Ægæ; where his imperia palace, emblazed with gold and gems, was erected in the depths of the abyss, unperishable, enduring forever." *Hom. Il.* v. 10

PAGE 203.

" His shade, which had left us for a season, is now on his return."* *Dante. Inf.* c. 4.

PAGE 205.

" O ye chiefs of the land, does this require a censor to punish it, or an augur to explain the prodigy? Do ye call for the arm of the law, or the lustration of religion?

PAGE 207.

In this our country we have our religious rites, and the sepulchres of our forefathers. Here we enjoy the freedom of intercourse, society, and conversation; the blessings of lawful marriage, relations, and children, and the charities of life. All these we enjoy in common with you; and from these obligations we hold ourselves worthy of your trust and confidence.". *Æschines de Falsa Legatione*, sect. 11.

PAGE 208.

" But ye, who boast yourself of *Trojan* ancestry, find excuses for one another; and such actions, as would disgrace the meanest mechanic, are esteemed honourable in men of rank and dignity."

*Juv. Sat.* 8, v. 181.

PAGE 210.

" He seems to be confined and shut up as in a kind of workhouse."

PAGE 211.

" Men indeed of eminence and of high attainments."

---

* Dante is speaking of the shade of Virgil in the Inferno.

" In my opinion a competent judge, and for this reason; he was accustomed to hear him speak often, and he did not publish his sentiments on his works till the orator himself was no more. From this circumstance there is no reason to think that he has gone beyond the truth from the partiality of friendship." *Cicero. de Clar. Orat.* sect. 15.

PAGE 212.

" For this is the tribute which we pay to the departed. *Hom.*

PAGE 213.

" Thus with slow and wandering steps we passed through *the palpable obscure*, through the solid temperament of darkness, mixed with drizzling rain. Our talk was of the life to come."

*Dante Inf.* cant. 6.

" The mind busied and beset with (political) considerations, finds but few intervals for the polite literature." *Dial. de Oratorib.* sec. 29.

PAGE 214.

" Bodies are slow of growth, but their dissolution is rapid."

*Tacit. Vit. Agric. sub init.*

" My presence gave cheerfulness to the minister." (Colbert)*.

*Boileau Ep.* 10.

PAGE 215.

" The aged tree casts a shadow with its trunk, not with its foliage."

*Lucan.* l. 1.

" To manage metaphors with discretion, is the mark of a just and comprehensive mind." *Aristot.*

" The metaphors which are drawn from analogy, generally meet with the greatest approbation." *Aristot. Rhetor.* l. 3. c. 10. sect. 3.

---

* Boileau is speaking of the great Colbert and those who honoured him with *their* friendship. Such times are now passed forever in France, and perhaps in England.

PAGE 216.

" They endeavour to impute to them the charge of being enemies to the people. Some were destroyed from private malice, and others because they were the creditors of their murderers."

*Thucyd.* l. 3. s. 81.

" The chiefs of the factions had each of them a specious name and pretext. Some held forth a political equality among the citizens, and some a plan of a more temperate aristocracy. Their speeches had a reference to the common prize of contest, power and sovereignty; and every art was used by the antagonists to defeat each other. Having obtained their ends, either by unjust sentences, or by acts of violence, they were prepared to fill up the measure of their crimes and iniquity."

*Thucyd.* l. 3. sect. 82.

PAGE 217.

" The rage after desires hard to be attained, is increased by the difficulty." *Pind. Nem. Od.* 11.

" The shades of the happy spirits in Elysium had a gloom on their appearance. I saw the Decii, the parent and the son, souls which might well expiate the guilt of war; and Camillus himself in tears. Cataline stands in frantic exultation with his chains burst and broken asunder, and by him the Marii, terrible of aspect, and the bare, naked Cethegi. I saw the Drusi, names of popular celebrity, Tribunes extravagant in their proposals of laws and decrees; and the Gracchi, gigantic in their enterprises. Bound in the dungeons of Pluto, they rattled their adamantine iron chains in sign of applause; and the guilty inhabitants of Tartarus seemed to claim for themselves the mansions of the just and good."

*Lucan. Pharsal.* l. 6. v. 784.

PAGE 219.

" To create all things anew in that state; to make new offices of government with new names, with new authority, with new men; to make the poor rich; to dismantle ancient cities; to transport the inhabitants of one place to another; and briefly, to leave no one thing or condition of life untouched, and not to suffer the existence of any one species of rank,

or order, or state, or possession, without an acknowledgment of YOUR having granted it, and that the occupier holds it OF YOU."

*Machiavel Discorsi.* l. 1. c. 6.

PAGE 220.

" Except in the case of a *Gallic* war." *Lex de Vacatione.*

The law concerning exemptions from military service.

" Moreover the country itself, from its vicinity and the ancient renown and valour of *the Gauls*, was an object of considerable terror to the Romans who were about to undertake a war so near home, and upon their own borders. In particular, as the Gauls had once taken their city. On this account they made a special law, that the priests should enjoy an exemption from all military service, except in the case of a Gallic war. The very preparation itself proved the nature of their apprehension. For it is not recorded, that the Romans ever had so many *myriads* in arms at one time, either before or since that period."

*Plutarch, Vit. Marcelli*, p. 244, vol. 2. *Ed. Bryan.*

PAGE 221.

" He poured no libation from this cup, to any of the gods, save to Jove alone." *Hom. Il.* 6. c. 227.

" There is not a man, worthy of being a Roman citizen, who would think of availing himself of any indulgence, or exemption from service, in the time of a *Gallic* war, according to the laws and customs of our ancestors."

N. B. The object of that oration of Cicero was to inculcate this doctrine: " Gallis fidem non habendam, hominibus levibus, perfidis, et " in ipsos Deos immortales impiis: *i. e.* " That no trust or confidence " whatsoever should be placed in the Gauls, a nation fickle, perfidious, " without faith, and impious against the Gods themselves.

*Cicero pro Fonteio*, Sect. 16. sub fin.

" A voice from the interior shrine, worthy of the temple."

PAGE 224.

" The thunder-bolt rages against its *own* temples, and without any matter to obstruct it, both in its fall and in its return, spreads devastation far and wide, and collects again its scattered fires." *Lucan.* l. 1.

PAGE 225.

" In words like these the Sibyll utters her tremendous oracles of dubious import, and sounds them forth from the cavern, blending truth with obscurity." *Virg.* Æn. 6.

" The avenger of Europe dedicates these lofty trophies to the Genius of Britain!" *Inscription at Blenheim Palace.*

PAGE 226.

" He looked to that which is eternal and incorruptible." *Plato.*

PAGE 227.

" All the company of the stars hide themselves, and the constellations pass away without a name." *Manil. Astron.* l. 1. 477.

PAGE 228.

" He was an experienced warrior, and his nature inclined him to military pursuits. But as to the other habits of his life, he was temperate and collected, of a philanthropic disposition, and so attached to Greek literature and Greek writing, as to make the professors of them the objects of his praise, and even of his veneration."

*Plutarch, Vit. Marcelli.* p. 242, vol. 2. Edit. Bryan.

PAGE 230.

" They yield to the first notes of the enchanter, and tremble to wait for the second invocation." *Lucan.* l. 6. v. 527.

PAGE 231.

" That funereal dirge, that strain which appeases *the minor shades.*" *Stat. Theb.* l. 6. v. 123.

PAGE 233.

" He could not rest; but nourished, as he was, with the laurel of Apollo, poured forth his oracular strains." *Lycophron, Cassand.* v. 3.

PAGE 235.

" He sustained the attacks of the Cimbri, and met the last extremities of the state, and by his single prowess supported the city in all its terrors." *Juv. Sat.* 8. v. 249.

PAGE 236.

" Such a man, taking all these things into his consideration, living in quietness and tranquillity, (like one who takes shelter when the storm is raging,) occupied wholly in his own concerns, and seeing the world around him filled with all manner of iniquity, is contented to pass the time of his sojourning here in peace; pure himself from all unrighteousness and the works of unholiness, and with calm confidence expects his dismission and departure in all the fullness of hope."

*Plato de Republica*, l. 6. p. 496, Op. vol. 2. Edit. *Serrani*.

PAGE 239.

" These were only the sportive fancies of a poetical pen, not the serious opinions of a *catholic* mind."

PAGE 240.

" The Romans had also their allegories upon the *double sun* in its succession at different times of the year. They applied them to their *Remus* and *Romulus*. The names are allegorical, and all of them *relate to the year*. *Mr. Gebelin's Primitive World analyzed and compared with the modern*, Vol. 4. p. 264.

" They changed the festival of the *Le*mures into *Re*mures." *Ib.* p. 263.

" We have *seen* in the preceding chapter that *Romulus* was THE SUN; that every argument *proved* it!" *Ib.*

" The name of his mother, that of his father, his brother, the death of his brother (Remus,) his own name," &c. *Q. E. D. Ib.*

" What the Greeks meant to express by the Apotheosis of Hercules, the Romans expressed by the Apotheosis of their Romulus." *Ib.*

" Quirinus (a name of Romulus,) being the literal translation of *Melcarthe*, or *Melicerta*, among the Tyrians, IS ANOTHER PROOF, that they considered *Romulus* AS THE SUN." *Gebelin, Ib.* p. 269.

PAGE 241.

" The wild speculations of learned men."

PAGE 242.

" If you regard *the captive* nations, behold the Molossi, the inhabitants of Thessaly, and Macedonia, the Bruttians and those of Apulia; if you consider the splendid ornaments of other countries, look at the gold, the purple, the statues, the pictures, and all the luxuries of Tarentum."

*Flori Hist.* l. 1. c. 18.

PAGE 243.

" He attempts to express the language which nature has denied him."

*Prolog. ad Pers. Sat.*

" What? attack poor Chapelain? ah, no; he is such a very good sort of man. To be sure, if he had taken my advice, he never would have made verses. He absolutely exhausts and *kills himself with rhyming.* Why does he not write prose?---This is what the world in general says of him; and do I say any thing else? *Boileau Sat.* 9.

PAGE 244.

" If I indulge myself in a smile at such trifling follies, must I of necessity be an envious and malicious tempered man? Surely not." *Hor.*

" An offering worthy of Apollo.* *Hor. Ep. ad August.*

PAGE 245.

" A mere critic, whose whole business is to torture, hack, and abuse without mercy, every book of every description; to stab, or reduce with his pen, all commas, syllables, points, words, and sentences; will not such a man withold his unrelenting talons, from attempting to destroy the good order and government of such a kingdom as this?"

*Orat. P. Burmanni Lugd. Bat.* 1720.

" The principal feather of the vainglorious bird is plucked and fallen."

*Aristoph. Acharn. sub fin.*

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* Horace is speaking of the Palatine library, erected at Rome by Augustus.

PAGE 249.

" The very form, substance and image of poetry in all its brightness."
*Procli Comment. in* Πολιτειαν *Platonis*, p. 403. Edit. fol. *Basil.* 1534.

" When feeling the power of enthusiasm, and fully subdued by the influence of the Muses, he calls forth into action all the primal, original, and divine energies of poetry." *Procl. ut sup.*

" The enthusiasm of poets, when it is roused and set in motion, and communicates the impulse to others; when it receives its fulness from above, and diffuses to all around the light imparted from heaven."
*Procli Comment. ut sup in* τρεις Ιδεας της Ποιητικης. p. 401.

PAGE 250.

" I call upon the Muses to send forth their united voices, full and symphonious, in all the varied power of harmony; such as they are recorded to have celebrated in choral bands at the tomb of Achilles, in Homeric strains and immortal inspiration. Let us therefore, the sacred Pierian choir, join and breathe in one all the fulness of the song; and I, Apollo with the clustering locks, seated in the midst of you, will myself preside." *Porphyr. in Vita Plotini; Oper. Plotin: Ed. Ficini. Basil.* MDXXC.

" The disposition of your son has a strong impulse to learning and the sciences." *Marcellini Vit. Thucyd.* p. 8. Edit. *Hudsoni Oxon.*

" If you are desirous to read and study works like these, you must be free from the cares and anxieties of business, that your mind may be at full liberty to comprehend the force of poetry. As to myself, though I was produced on the very mountain of the Muses, where the consecrated Mnemosyne, with her nine offspring, bore to Jove the whole choir of the arts: though I was born in their very school; though I have obliterated from my soul the very traces of the love of money and possessions; though I have adopted and exercised the profession, against even the appearance of success; yet it is with reluctance that I am received and enrolled in the assembly. I may be told, I have undertaken a work of weight and dig-

nity: but, allied as I am to all the literature of Greece, why, from indolence and sloth, should I abandon the honour of my native country?"

*Plædrus.* l. 3. *Prolog.*

PAGE 251.

" I wander not through the Aonian grove with the steps of a stranger; nor are my brows now, for the first time, encircled with the fillets of the Muses." *Stat. Achill.* l. 1. v. 10.

PAGE 252.

" Alas! I have never visited that abode of enchantment, those scenes of beauty and delight, where Virgil hath so often sung. But I swear by the poet and his sublime strains, I will visit them; I will pass the summits of the Apennines; I will repair thither, full of his great name, full of his consecrated verses, and repeat them among the very scenes themselves which inspired the bard." *De Lisle. Les Jardins.* L. 1.

PAGE 255.

" And, if any opinion of mine is worthy of attention, I will give it freely in his favour." *Hor. Od.*

PAGE 256.

" In this manner did Æneas place the gems of honour in the very front of the scabbard." *Juv. Sat.*

" Like Stentor, with a heart of courage, and a voice of brass, whose speech was equal to that of *fifty* men united." *Hom.*

PAGE 257.

" Let others celebrate in song the charms of many a neighbouring Venus, and the dances where the Graces preside; it is our province to record the austere doctrines and decrees of truth. The chords of our lyre sound in deeper and more solemn tones."

PAGE 258.

" How is the branch of Apollo's own laurel shaken! how is the whole temple convulsed! Hence, avaunt, ye profane. Apollo himself approaches; and the sound of his steps in the threshold is propitious!"

*Call. Hym. ad Apol.*

" A *house-wife* doctor, or schoolmaster." *Juv. Sat.* 7.

PAGE 259.

" O ye gifts of the gods not yet fully understood! All-hail, Frugality, thou guardian and friend of virtue and modesty; thou curb of luxury, and tutelar genius of life itself!" *Prudentius.*

PAGE 260.

" Being, as I thought, in possession of the vantage ground, with the opportunity of cutting up by the roots, or of curbing the headstrong impetuosity of youth, I was earnest in my endeavour, and exerted every faculty of my courage and understanding, not from dislike or hatred, to any one, but from an honest hope of correcting the errors, and healing the disorders of the state. The Republic is sorely smitten and afflicted!"

*Cic. Epist. ad Attic.* l. 1. *Ep:* 18.

" Hail to thee, Eton, Thou great nursing mother of learning and of men!"

PAGE 261.

" Learning is struck dumb with apprehension."

" An academy of Arcadians and Italian *Buffos* or comedians."

" I have leisure, without prejudice or partiality, to drop a tear on the degenerate race and kindred of NEWTON."

PAGE 262.

" Achilles stands astonished as he first breathes that air. He asks, what places are these? what waves he hears? where is his beloved Pelion? he finds all things either overthrown and altered, or strange to his view; and he even hesitates to acknowledge his own mother."

*Stat. Achill. l.* 1.

PAGE 263.

" A chosen generation, a peculiar people, a royal priesthood."

" The scenes of Thebes are not far off; and the gulf of darkness is yawning before us." *Stat. Theb.* l. 6.

PAGE 266

" Who confers the tribute of reward on Enceladus and the learned *Palæmon*, in proportion to the labours and fatigue of public instruction?"

*Juv. Sat.* 7.

PAGE 267

" The word " *state* " (or condition of life) is derived from " to stand" because when a man is in possession of *one good prebend, we say, he stands well in the world.**"

*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.*

" You remember our friend Marescottus used to say, that he was indebted to our sacred art (of medicine) for three things, which he never should have enjoyed, if he had taken upon him the order of priesthood, as his parents proposed to him. The advantages were these: a strong athletic habit of body to his eighty-second year; a *hundred thousand pounds;* and an intimate acquaintance and friendship with men of rank and eminence."

*Sammarthani Elogia*, p. 83, et 84.

PAGE 268.

" The priest is invited, but *not* to an *equality* in the glasses."

" My Lord himself drinks of the most costly vintage matured by years and good keeping."

*Juv.*

" It is a certain fact, that Pope PAUL the Fourth, who was a man of a great mind, and of immeasurable thoughts and designs, was convinced, that he could HIMSELF rectify all the disorders of the state, by his pontifical authority alone. He never conceived the necessity of having recourse to any prince in these affairs. It was his custom, never even to converse with the ambassadors, without thundering in their ears, that HE himself was above all Princes and Potentates; that he would not suffer any one of them to live in habits of familiarity with HIM; that HE could change and dispose of kingdoms; that HE was the direct successor of HIM, who had cast down and deposed kings and emperors."

*Sarpi Istor. di Concil Trident.* lib. 5.

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* The Latin words are ludicrous.

PAGE 269.

" Wherever the Pope resides, there is Rome! forever and ever, till time shall be no more!"

PAGE 271.

" In the year 1544, the Merindoliani and the Caprarians, &c. the poor existing remnant of the *Albigenses*, presented to Francis the First, King of France, the following Confession of Faith, which they had received by uninterrupted tradition from their ancestors, from the year of Christ, 1200," &c. *Sandii Histor. Ecclesiast.* p. 425.

" From one single offence, learn the nature of them all." *Vir.* Æn.

" In imitation of the oracular voice of the obscure Sphinx."

*Lycophron, Cassandra*, v. 7.

PAGE 273.

" Hail to thee, in awful concealment, and conscious pride; great is the shadow of thy name!" *Stat. Sylv.* l. 2. Carm. 7.

N. B. Junius's motto to his Letters is, " Stat *nominis* umbra." Lucan. " *There is only the shadow of the name.*"

PAGE 274.

" Stand firm upon the old paths."

PAGE 275.

" Why are they not all so?"

PAGE 276.

" Who will be eager to appropriate to himself what is generally expressed?"

" Who will make himself known out of season, and without necessity?"

" Why do they glory in the title of *Doctor*, but to instruct and teach others?" *Erasmi Epist. ad Cardinalem Lovanium.* 1520.

PAGE 278.

" The epistle was written from Rome, when Paul stood before Cæsar Nero for the second time."

PAGE 279.

" He gave it in strict charge to the Ædiles, not to suffer any Roman who wore the toga or gown, to remain in the forum, except he laid aside the *Lacerna** or *Pænula*." *Sueton. Octav.* cap. 40.

" When the pænula, or cloak, was dripping with the rain."
*Juv.* Sat. 5.

PAGE 280.

" In an indissoluble connection and agreement acccording to the rules of the best reason." *Plat. Timæi Locri. de anima mundi Plat. Op.* Edit. Serrani. vol. 3, p. 95.

PAGE 281.

" O ye old fellows, who feel that you *have need* of a wife," &c. &c.
*Opera. School for Husbands.*

" When the genial breeze of Favonius begins to blow, *the ætherial race* first declare the power of thy impulse, thou goddess of soft desire," &c. &c. *Lucret.* l. 1.

PAGE 282.

" The account of the injurious transaction is rather long, and the particulars of it tedious." *Virg.* Æn. 1.

" Hail, fortunate and favoured people, whose *temples* and palaces are rising again under such auspices!'—Such were the words of Æneas, as he was surveying the pinnacles of the city." *Virg.* Æn. 1.

PAGE 284.

" A man who reflects honour on his distinguished situation, and opulent fortune; of an erect and independent spirit." *Claudian.*

" A coal instead of a treasure." *Proverb.*

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* The Lacerna was a garment worn over the toga or gown, in bad weather; but chiefly on a journey. The old Scholiast on the first satire of Persius, v. 68, calls the Lacerna and Pænula both, *Pallia*. The pallium was a long open manteau.

PAGE 285.

" Let us pour forth our libations to the Ocean." *Virg.*

" Too expensive for a private man's purse." *Juv.*

" Whence is that look, paler than a stock-holder at the sight of a decree, which cuts off a quarter of his income? Who, or what, has plunged you so deeply in chagrine and melancholy? Is there any edict in force *for the reformation of the kitchen?* *Boileau*, Sat. 3.

" Be advised, my son; choose what is useful; lay aside all your books and your studies. Be conversant in these sublime sciences; fling away your Plato, and take this *Guide* to the knowledge of finance."

*Boileau*, Sat. 8.

PAGE 286.

" Opening his *triple* throat raging with hunger." *Virg.* Æn. 6.

" May he take leave of life, as a guest satisfied with his entertainment." *Hor.*

PAGE 287.

" They send forth a sound, loud and deep as the Nile, when he deafens the neighbouring shores with all his cataracts."

*Ariosto*, *O. F.* l. 16.

PAGE 288.

" Better be a mechanic, a builder, a mason, if such is your talent, a workman of character in some necessary art or trade, than an ordinary writer, or a common maker of verses," *Boileau*, *A. P.* ch. 4.

PAGE 289.

" By divisions of subjects, and heads of sections, to dogmatize in verse, and rhyme chapter by chapter." *Boileau*, Sat. 8.

PAGE 290.

" These are the archetypes, the exemplars of your soft and delicate life; these are the shameful and scandalous tenets of your theology; these are the doctrines of your fornicating gods.—As to pictures or ima-

ges; you have the little figures of Pan, and naked girls, and obscene protrusions in forms gross and palpable. Your very ears are impure; your eyes have committed fornication; your countenance is adulterous. Shame! shame! ye have done violence to the nature of man, and by your corruptions ye have debased all that is divine in his composition.

*Clement, Alexandrini* Λογος προτρεπτικος, *seu Admonitio ad Gentes*, p. 30, &c. Edit. 1616.

" I think this circumstance fully sufficient to mark the morals of the man. This alone clearly displays the nature of the affections and passions of his mind. For when a man stands in no awe of the disgrace which attends bad actions, and has no concern for his character, there is no way of transgression in which that man may not walk. With a countenance clothed in shamelessness and audacity, he easily and naturally proceeds from one bad action to the most profligate attempts."

*Procopii. Histor. Arcan.* lib. 9. p. 46. Ed. fol. *Lugduni* 1623.

PAGE 292.

" May it pass into an example."

PAGE 295.

" (He does this,) because he has no *other* object to engage his attention; since he is cut off from every mode of action, and cannot display any *other* courage and ability *(at present)* in more arduous enterprises."

PAGE 296.

" Would to heaven he had given up to trifles like these, all the times he devoted to savage and cruel purposes." *Juv. Sat.* 5.

PAGE 297.

" Wrought up to a high pitch of fury."

" A melancholy office! after the manner of their ancestors, they held the lighted torch to the funeral pile, and turned *aside* their faces."

*Virg.* Æn. 6.

" The tongue is a fire; a world of iniquity: it defileth the whole body, setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

" A conversation and behaviour honest before men.—The meekness and mildness of wisdom."

PAGE 298.

" Endeavouring to secure his own existence and the return of his companions; but in vain. He could not *secure his friends*, however anxious for their support." *Hom. Odys.* l. 1.

" Since he had brought the sacred citadel of Troy to destruction."
*Hom. Od.* l. 1. v. 2.

" He took away at once the power of the Senate. As the measures were proceeding, the words of Gracchus received still stronger confirmation.—The whole strength and power of the government *narrowly* escaped an utter subversion."
*Appian. de Bello Civili.* l. 1. p. 363. *Ed. Steph.* 1592.

PAGE 299.

" (He said) the citizens were under a mistake, if they thought the Senate had *now* any weight in the constitution."
*Cicero Orat. pro Sext.* c. 12.

" They stand in silent astonishment; and wait for the fall of the yet dubious thunderbolt." *Stat. Theb.* l. 10.

PAGE 300.

" How willingly do I receive and acknowledge thee, thou bravest, boldest of the Trojans! with what pleasure do I call to my remembrance the words, the voice, and the spirit of the great Anchises!"
*Virg.* Æn. 8.

" I wandered from my own home, without a blush for my folly."
*Hor.*

PAGE 301.

" Let us change shields, and adapt the devices of *the Greeks* to our own." *Virg.* Æn. 2.

PAGE 303.

" A celestial *animal*, having nothing of pride or vanity in its nature, sent down immediately from heaven for the preservation and guardianship of men below." *Themistii Orat.* 1. p. 3. Ed. Fol. *Harduini.*

" In Greece, which ever was ambitious of the sovereignty in eloquence, and particularly in Athens, the parent of every science, in which the highest power and strength of speech was first cultivated and brought to perfection;" (no peroration was ever permitted.)

" The custom of the city precluded him from the use of the peroration." *Quintil.* lib. 10. c. 1.

On which Turnebus thus comments:

" It was not permitted to attempt to move the passions; and they denied an orator the epilogus or peroration."

PAGE 304.

" If the city, O Athenians, were indeed confessedly composed of slaves, *things* made over and bought, and not of MEN who consider themselves worthy of the rule and governance over others, ye would scarcely have endured the affronts and insulting language of this man; which he is daily pouring forth in the market place, in the assemblies, in the very tribunal itself; stigmatizing men better than himself, and far higher descended, as poltroons, and slaves, and the sons of slaves."

*Demost. Orat.* Κατα Ανδροτιωνος. Gr. Edit. *Benenat.* 1570. p. 398.

PAGE 305.

" Let Æolus swagger in his own hall!"

" Oh heavy report! to whom is the empire of the ocean, and the unrelenting trident *now* consigned!" *Virg.*

" *The crimes of the land* are wafted with impunity on the sea: from the time when the ship, loaded with the plunder of Jason, first disturbed the rights, the repose, and the majesty of the ocean!"

*Stat. Achill.* l. 1.

PAGE 306.

" The war-cry of the Roman legions rushing to conquest, and the shouts of the seditious, surounded with fire and sword, were heard aloud,

There was no mercy for age; nor could dignity find any respect. Wasted and gaunt with famine, they bellowed forth their groans and lamentations. All the Peræa and the neighbouring hills resounded, and made the tone deeper and deeper. The calamities and sufferings were more formidable than the tumult itself."

PAGE 307.

"The composition and words are so sublime, and the sentiments so weighty and full of matter. The whole body of the narration is dramatic, and abounding with action." *Longin. de Sublim.* sect. 9.

"The age and completion of all things is gone backward: we will mark our late dissolution and death with honour and renown! our death shall be delayed, and not without honour." *Statius.*

PAGE 308.

"They take orders from them without being conscious of it."

"Behold Crispinus again: I must often call upon him, a monster whose faults are not compensated by a single excellence." *Juv. Sat.* 4.

"If his limbs had not yielded so quickly to the stroke, he might have deserved a second thunderbolt." *Stat. Theb.* l. 10.

PAGE 314.

"He toils and labours with a desire of uniting reason with madness."

PAGE 315.

"(He opens) his large bundle of clothes, *green* and *red;* his suits of clothes all of one colour, and his second-hand velvet suits a little faded." *Gil Blas.*

"You are very fortunate in having applied TO ME, in preference to any other person. Heaven be praised, I carry on my profession in a plain, honest manner. I am the only *old-clothes-man* who has any *morality* about him." *Gil Blas.*

"We shall now have a criterion to distinguish THIS MAN from all other living beings, and be enabled thoroughly and distinctly to understand *the whole* of him." *Sext. Empirici. Institut. Pyrrhon.* l. 2. c. 5.

PAGE 316.

" Who spite of all his piety certainly is not an author with impunity, (or without paying for it,) and who has the satisfaction of reclaiming women of dissipation, and of preserving spouses, shaken by seducing lovers, firm to their duty. But it cannot be said, that all his *homilies*, and his works, are equally strong and delicate. *Gil Blas.*

" To have with him a man (like myself) who knows something of literature, and writes a good hand, *to make a fair copy of his homilies.*"

" He had nothing in the tenements." *Law Latin.*

PAGE 317.

" The most sacred Doctor Gregorius who bedewed, and even *inebriated*, the church with the honey-heavy dew of his preaching."

*Johannes Salisburiensis.*

PAGE 318.

" In truth it is a great *capriccio* (or whimsical fancy;) but in this he keeps up to his own style."

PAGE 320.

" And when the pride of Babylon was to be humbled and despoiled of Ausonian trophies; when the unappeased spirit of Crassus was ranging for revenge; they engaged in contests which never would admit of a triumph."

PAGE 321.

" Pan would acknowledge himself vanquished, even by the decision of *Arcadia.*" *Virg. Ecl.*

" I address this observation to those who do not understand me."

PAGE 323.

" He seems rather insolent and flushed."

PAGE 325.

" Rushing upon them with her whole force."

" O Venus, thou sovereign goddess, visit those temples where *Warton* and *Steevens* call upon thee in pious sacrifice."

" We who cultivate the muses of a more chastized spirit, cannot indulge ourselves in such licentious freedom of speech." *Martial.*

PAGE 327

" All Etruria rose up together with just resentment, and with instant arms demanded that the king should be brought to * *Punishment.*"

*Virg.* Æn. 8. 394.

PAGE 328.

" Lucilius, as with a drawn sword in hand, roused himself into ardent indignation." *Juv. Sat.* 1.

PAGE 329.

" We only touch slightly on the various kinds of books; it is not our business to digest whole libraries. *Quintil.* l. 10. c. 1.

" The child, with a cry, shrunk back into the bosom of his nurse."

*Hom. Il.* 6.

" He made three steps as he marched along; at *the fourth* he reached Ægæ, the boundary of his passage." *Hom. Il.* 13.

" As he observed the plume nodding awfully from the top of his helmet." *Hom. Il.* 1.

PAGE 330.

" Nor has the shrine of Phœbus deceived me." *Virg. Æn.*

" He dragged head-long into the deep with himself the rudder (not torn from him but voluntarily abandoned) whose care was committed to him, and by which he was engaged to direct the vessel." *Virg.* Æn. 6.

PAGE 332.

" Preserved by precautions like these, even under such an administration" *Juv.* Sat. 4.

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* The modern democratic word for *murdering* kings and priests.

PAGE 333.

" The Deity, in infinite space, as in his own *sensorium* has an intimate perception of all things." *Newton. Princip. Schol. General. sub fin.*

PAGE 334.

" God created the universe; Linnæus disposed it in order!"

" Nature stood in awful apprehension, looking upon *the God* who alone rules the elements!" *Stat. Achill.* l. 1. 488.

PAGE 335.

" We will not suffer the laws of nature to be changed."

PAGE 336.

" They are seen by the understanding." St. *Paul.*

" Tears are a debt due to human misery, and the woes of mortality affect the mind."

PAGE 337.

" The united effulgence of numerous collected stars shining together." *Plutarch. de Placitis Philosophorum.*

PAGES 341 AND 342.

" We have given this narration, to the intent that the nature of GOD may be made manifest to those who are ignorant of it, how various it is and how manifold; that all events come to pass in their appointed season, and that HE declares what shall be hereafter. We have related these to shew the ignorance and unbelief of men, by which they were not suffered to foresee any part of these events, and were delivered over to the calamities, without a mode or possibility of escaping them.

*Joseph. Antiq. Jud.* l. 10. s. 3. p. 499. *Ed. Hudson. Oxon.*

" Thou man of God, faithful minister and steward of the mysteries of God, thou man of the desires of the spirit, I call upon thee as a pillar and support of the church, holding fast the word of life, and the mainstay of faith, and the resting-place of the spirit."

*Gregor. Nazianz. Orat.* p. 286. Ed. *Prunæi Par.* 1609.

PAGE 343.

" Like Achilles himself, they wield the divine armour."

*Juv. Sat.* 8.

PAGE 345.

" He passeth from himself, (a) as the image to the archetype, being already in the possession or enjoyment of the end of his earthly pilgrimage."

*Plotini. Ennead.* 6. lib. 9. c. xi.

" Such is the life of gods, and of godlike, happy, highly favoured men; a deliverance and separation from the low cares of mortality. It is a life which receives not its pleasures and satisfaction from the things of this world; an ascent or flight of the soul, which is one, simple, and uncompounded, to that Being who is ONE, *and* ALONE in an eminent and incommunicable sense, GOD HIMSELF! (b)

*Plotini. Ennead.* 6. l. 9. c. xi.

PAGE 346.

" The whole company of the Stars, and the great Sun himself, are not bodies of fire."

*Procli Comment. in Timæum Platonis*, p. 141, *Ed. Basil.* 1534.

" A species of fire *accommodated* to the nature of the stars."

*Plotin. Ennead.* 2. lib. 1. p. 99. Ed. *Basil. cum Comment. Facini.*

PAGE 347.

" Such is the sacred offering of the Muses." *Hesiod. Theogon.*

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a Μεταβεβηκεν εκ τε Θανατε εις την ζωην. Evang. Johan. " He is passed from death to life."

b The language of Plotinus in these passages is so sublime, and full of meaning, that without a paraphrase it is absolutely *impossible* to express the ideas contained in them, particularly in these few words, " Φυγη " Μονε προς MONON." The translator feels what every Greek scholar will experience on such an attempt. It is sufficient if the sublimity of the ideas is comprehended by the reader.

PAGE 348.

" I would stile this work the gift of the Muses." *Horat.*

PAGE 349.

" May they close their labours in a manner worthy of the character of men of virtue, and suitable to their consecrated works."

PAGE 350.

" I have a message full of sorrow to deliver to you; would it were not so!—Achilles is no more." *Hom. Il.*

" But even in death he was not left unpraised or unsung: for the virgins of Helicon encircled the pile and tomb of the hero, and chaunted their memorial dirge. It seemed good to the immortals, that so great a man should not pass from the world without the hymns and harmony of the Muses. *Pind. Isthm. Od.* 8.

PAGE 351.

" His reward is with THE MOST HIGH!"

" Fortunate old man, favoured of heaven! Jove himself, and Apollo, and the God of eloquence must have shed their mildest influence on your birth; for no man *can* be *the* friend of a great Poet, who is not himself dear to the immortals. Favoured thus, you enjoy a green and flowering old age. The honours of your brow are preserved; your understanding is vigorous, and your mind in full possession of its adult faculties. In the name therefore of Clio, and of the mighty Phœbus, all hail, thou *venerable* MANSUS, hail for ages yet to come! *Milton ad Mansum.*

" A faithful friend to so great a man; and a steady admirer of such distinguished excellence."

PAGE 354.

" May he add to the glories of this our age!"

PAGE 357.

" Nature creates and produces, at one and the same time, the rudiments, and principles of the whole body, and of every component part."

*Bacon. de Augm. Sc.*

" The Cretan Rhadamanthus sways over these realms of unrelenting severity." *Virg.* Æn. 6.

PAGE 358.

" One deep calleth upon another."

" The sound of the storm, rushing with a mighty noise from the conflicting clouds, roared with a deep intonation."

*Nonni Dionys.* l. 41. v. 84.

" A sharp-edged sword pierceth through my soul."

" The true goods of this life, and those which are found to be essentially different, when the mist of error is dispersed." *Juv. Sat.* 10.

PAGE 360.

" It is man: the name will explain, or excuse the rest." *Menander.*

" So ferocious and infuriate was the soul of *Cacus*. He left not a species of crime, wickedness, treachery or fraud, unattempted or untried." *Virg.* Æn. 8.

PAGE 361.

" Opportunity is instant; experiment is hazardous."

" Whatever they think proper, they declare to be national property; and what they decree to be so, they expose to public sale."

*Cicero Orat de Lege Agrariâ.*

" It cannot be determined, whether their severity is more grievous, or their alliance and favour more expensive to the objects of it."

*Cic. ut sup.*

" I am not of the number of those men who are perpetually troubling and disturbing you; I hold not any office of trust, or of administration in the State. I therefore come forward with confidence, and denounce transactions and crimes like these."

Κατα Αριστοκρατες, *Demost. Op. Gr. Ed. Benen.* 1570.

" I would not allow the admission of *a trivial truth* in the decrees of council, or a clearness which is too easy and familiar. I choose to have a subtle kind of truth, an elegent perspicuity, a natural manner but not

wholly without art, set off with words of pomp, unexpectedly raised with a roundness of phraseology, with *intermediate vocatives*, and indefinite adverbs." *D'Alembert Lett. Hist. et Polit.* vol. 4. p. 176.

PAGE 363.

" A treatise concerning Zoology."

" Oh, if you did but understand Greek!—They who understand, or think they understand Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, Persian, or Chinese, think and speak in the same manner, and for the same reasons."

*D'Alembert Melang. de Literat. et de Philos.* v. 5. p. 526.

" The science of politics is the supreme and master founder of the rest. It is her province to declare and ordain what sciences shall be cultivated in States, which of them is proper for each person, and to what point, and how far.—We see already some of the most respectable powers bending under *her* dominion." *Aristot. Ethic. Nichom.* l. 4. c. 2.

" I want fifty pieces of gold; I do not want letters. If you love me, give me money."

" *Alciphron.* l. 1. ep. 40. *Ed. Bergleri.* 1791. p. 61.

PAGE 364.

" All the ancients were very careful not to use words of an inauspicious sound, and in particular, the Athenians. They therefore did not call the Prison, the Executioner, or the Furies, by their direct appellations, but by softer terms*, such as a Mansion, a public minister, the venerable Goddesses, &c. &c. &c.

*Helladius Besantinous apud Photii Biblioth. sect.* 279. p. 1563. *Ed.* 1653.

PAGE 365.

" The statues, and the couches of the deities and every spot which they had honoured with their presence and favour are yet shewn."

*Stat. Achill.* l. 1.

PAGE 366.

" Instead of giving a plain, open avowal of their opinions, they have recourse to sophisms, and glosses, and exceptions, and *(demurring)* dec-

* The synonimous words will hardly bear a translation.

larations. Such is their character; men without virtue, principle, or justice.

*Demosth. Orat.* Προς Λακριτ⁊ Παραγραφην. *Demosth. Ed. Benen.* 1570. p. 546.

"He found it of gold; he left it of paper."

PAGE 368.

"The times demand not *exhibitions* such as these."

*Virg.* Æn. 6.

PAGE 369

" I will not be torn away from thee, *O Rome*, O my Country, till I embrace thee in thy last agony. Thy name also, LIBERTY, will I venerate and cherish; and will follow after thy very shadow, when it can avail no more." *Lucan*, l. 2.

END OF THE LAST DIALOGUE.

# THE PREFATORY EPISTLE.

## MOTTO TO THE TITLE-PAGE.

PAGE 373.

" THIS is the season for the right understanding of the subject which is before us. I, as a private man sent forth, in some measure, in the public service, will speak the truth; while I am declaring to you the whole political or sacred counsel and wisdom of our ancestors, and all their heroic virtues displayed in war." *Pind. Olymp.* O. 13.

PAGE 375.

" After many years of inactivity, roused, as it were, out of a long slumber, the Muse (of *Britain*) wakes and expatiates among the *Roman* choirs. But her compositions are subjected to a more severe censure, in proportion to their celebrity and general attention they have excited.

The merit however of the cause itfelf, and of the warfare in which she is engaged, joined to the predilection for *Stilicho*, ensures the affection and favour of the nation."

PAGE 377.

" It is not adviseable, after the example of many Commentators, to treat these topics in a dry and barren manner, or to leave them wholly untouched; nor like others, to introduce a mere babble of words, and endless disquisition. But it is necessary to set the whole composition fairly before the reader; and to place in a clear point of view, to those persons who have leisure, the full subject of it. To consider and investigate the species, the matter, the principles, taken together, and the great purpose which pervades the whole. By this method the complete design, scope, and intent of THE DIALOGUES may be made manifest to those who will attend to it." *Ex* PROCLI *Commentariis in Platonis* Πολιτειαν. edit. Gr. *Basil.* 1534. page 349.

PAGE 379.

" Not to mistake what is unknown for what is known."

*Cicero de Offic.* l. 1.

PAGE 390.

" He delights in what is strange or monstrous, and in all the tumult and confusion of the mind." *Lucan.*

PAGE 395.

" Athens looked with astonishment at the torrent of their eloquence, while they wielded at will the passions of the full assembly."

*Juvenal. Sat.* 10.

PAGE 396.

" Let us weigh Hannibal." *Juvenal. Sat.* 10.

PAGE 398.

" The retreats and skulking places of their accumulated crimes are destroyed: THE GUILTY NATION has no longer any plea left. They know their own." *Lucan.* l. 4. v. 192.

PAGE 400.

" He complained deeply for the sake of the State; of the man himself he said nothing." *Cicero.*

PAGE 402.

" He could, with equal skill, pretend not to be, what he was; and to be, what he was not." *Sallust.* B. Catil.

PAGE 404.

" When any thing is prohibited to be done; whatever tends or leads to it, as the means of compassing it, is forbidden at the same time."

PAGE 405.

" Do you conceive that dust and ashes, or the buried Manes can have any concern for this?" *Virg.* Æn. 4.

PAGE 408.

" There is a particular tree, which grows in the great mountains of Helicon, whose scent is able to destroy the life of man."

*Lucret.* l. 6. v. 786.

PAGE 410.

" His Instructors are indeed enviable, who at such a considerable expense, taught him to be so foolish." *Cicero.*

PAGE 412.

" He has filled up the measure of mortality." *Tacit. A.* 3.

PAGE 413.

" They rise up lusty and vigorous, for Nature is working at the root, and the soil is wholesome." *Virg. G.* 2.

PAGE 414.

" He closed the temple of Janus, established a just order, and curbed the licentiousness of the time. He removed the causes of offence, and called back the ancient arts which had disappeared. *Hor.*

" The man who, from his real or supposed merit, is hated by his contemporaries, becomes an object of affection, when he is no more.

*Hor. Ep. ad August.*

PAGE 421.

" His Manes rested not under the embers of *that* pile; nor could the sprinkling of a few insignificant ashes quench the ardour of a spirit like his." *Luc.* l. 9.

" She hath derived her origin, and the spring of action from the regions above." *Juv. Sat.* 15.

PAGE 422.

" She (a) is an object of terror and dismay to all the living; and she claims the inheritance of those who are ready to perish. With her there is no pause. When plunder ceases, lust awakes and rages: the rich tremble by day, and the married, by night. At her nod Satellites, with their swords unsheathed, start forth prepared for action.

" She (a) requires in her service the spirits of the cruel and of the brave. She herself creates them. She finds her account in death under every form." *Luc.* l. 6.

PAGE 424.

" The fates and fortunes of all around totter and shake, if you attempt to change what exists. The whole human race stands or falls in the issue of this one conflict!" *Lucan.*

a Applied to the Republic of France.

THE END.

Cleaned & Oiled

November 1979